







#### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The Parks Department of the state of Oregon was on a routine moose-tagging mission when we located this item, a strange dust-covered book, lying in the center of a mossy clearing. Quick perusal reveals paranoid ramblings, demonic sketches, descriptions of nonsensical creatures, and uncrackable ciphers.

We believed this to be either a prank by high schoolers or the ramblings of a local fraud. But since discovering this book, a number of our troopers have had headaches and disturbing nightmares. We have logged it in our records and are now putting it up for purchase at our annual Confiscated Items Sale/Bake-Off.

Please take this cursed thing off our hands.

Hoperty)

9/2

Ad astra, per aspera!

# June 18,

It's hard to believe it's been six years since I began researching the strange and wondrous secrets of Gravity Falls, Oregon.

In all my travels, never have I observed so many curious things! Gravity Falls is indeed a geographical oddity.



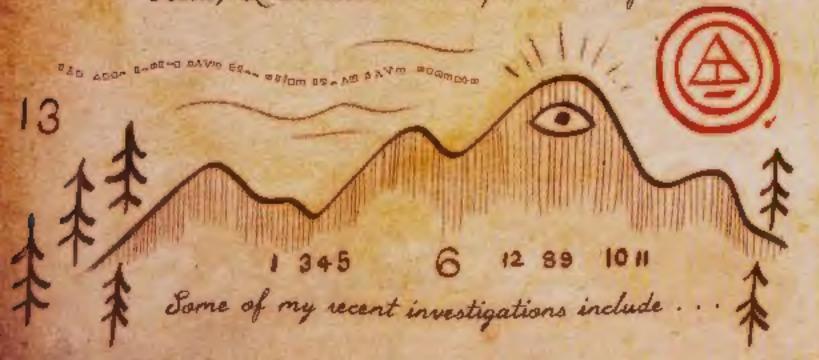
But the strangest thing about this town is the question: WHY?? Why is it that this one remote location houses more paranormal, alter-average, and super-usual phenomena than any other location on Barth? There must be a hidden law of nature, a "Grand Unified Theory of Weirdness," which explains how everything in Gravity Falls is connected. My benefactors trust that I will use their grant money to discover something incredible, and I believe this Theory could be it.

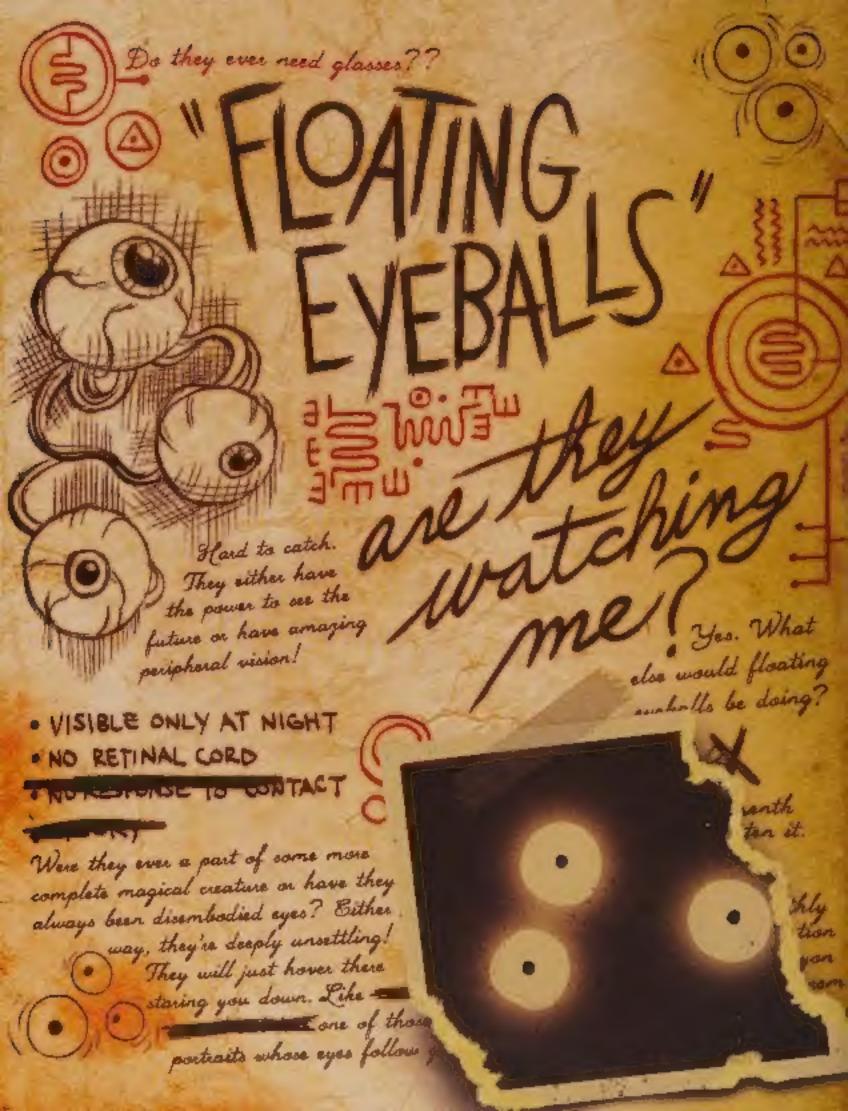
### MY CONTINUING MISSION:

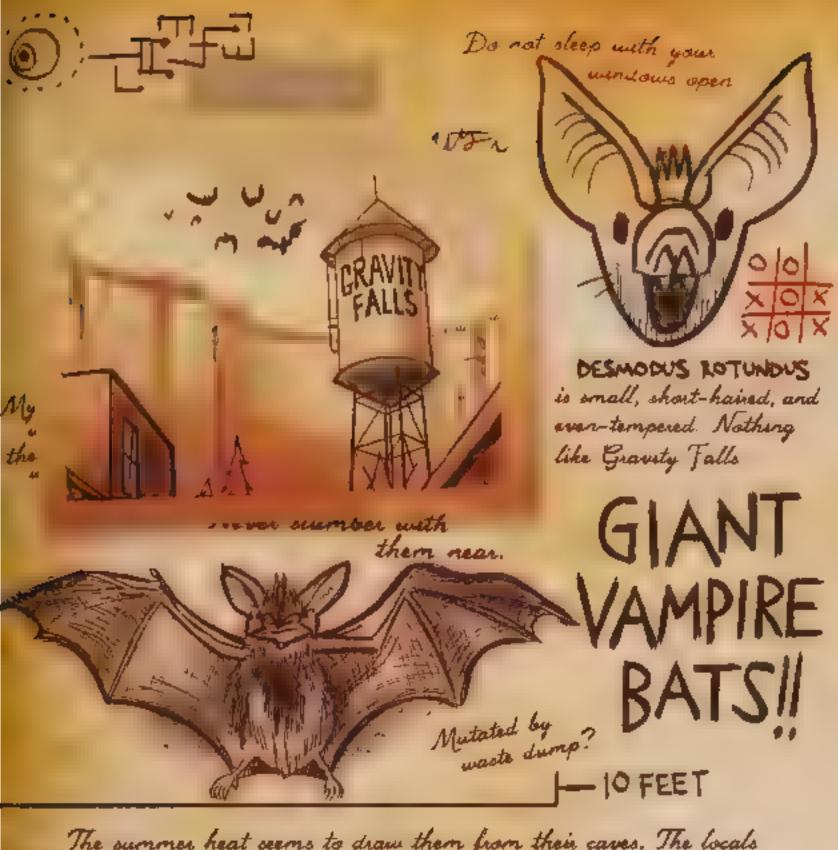
Investigate the Oddities of Gravity Falls

Discover the GRAND UNIFIED THEORY OF WEIRDNESS

Publish theory and join the ranks of Newton, Tesla, & Binstein in the pantheon of science!

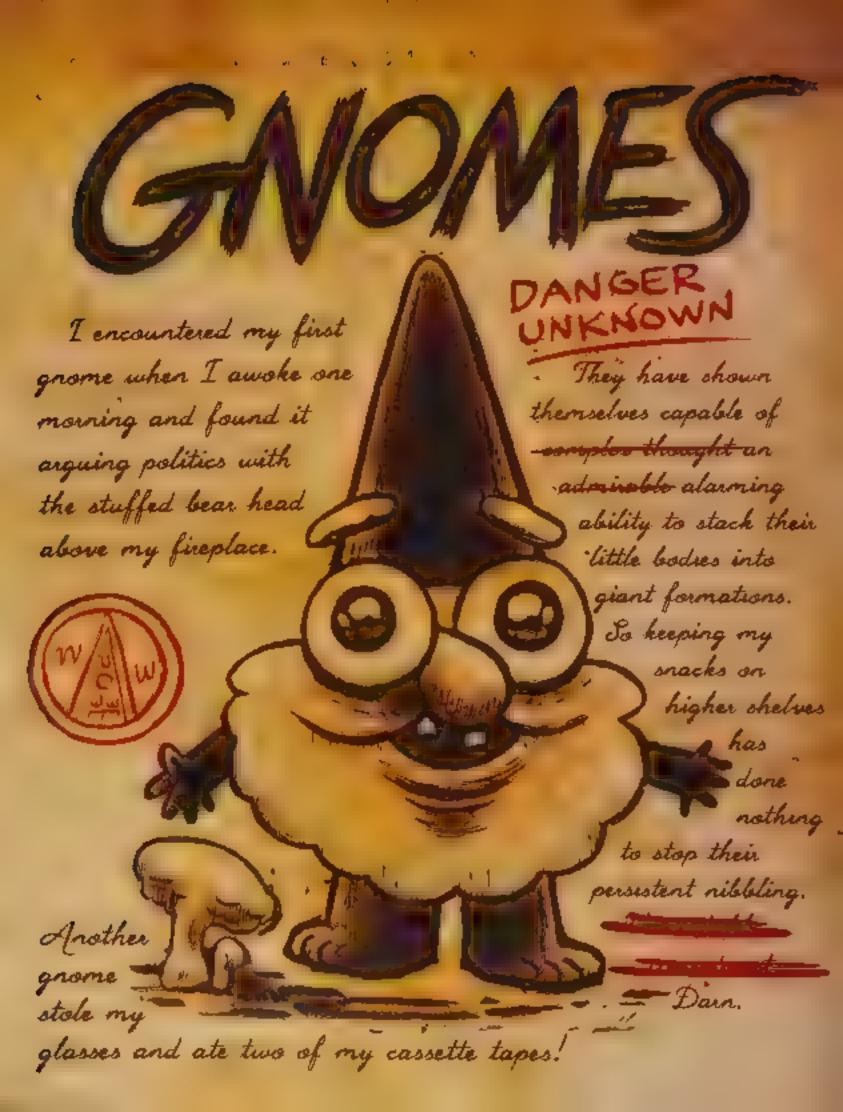


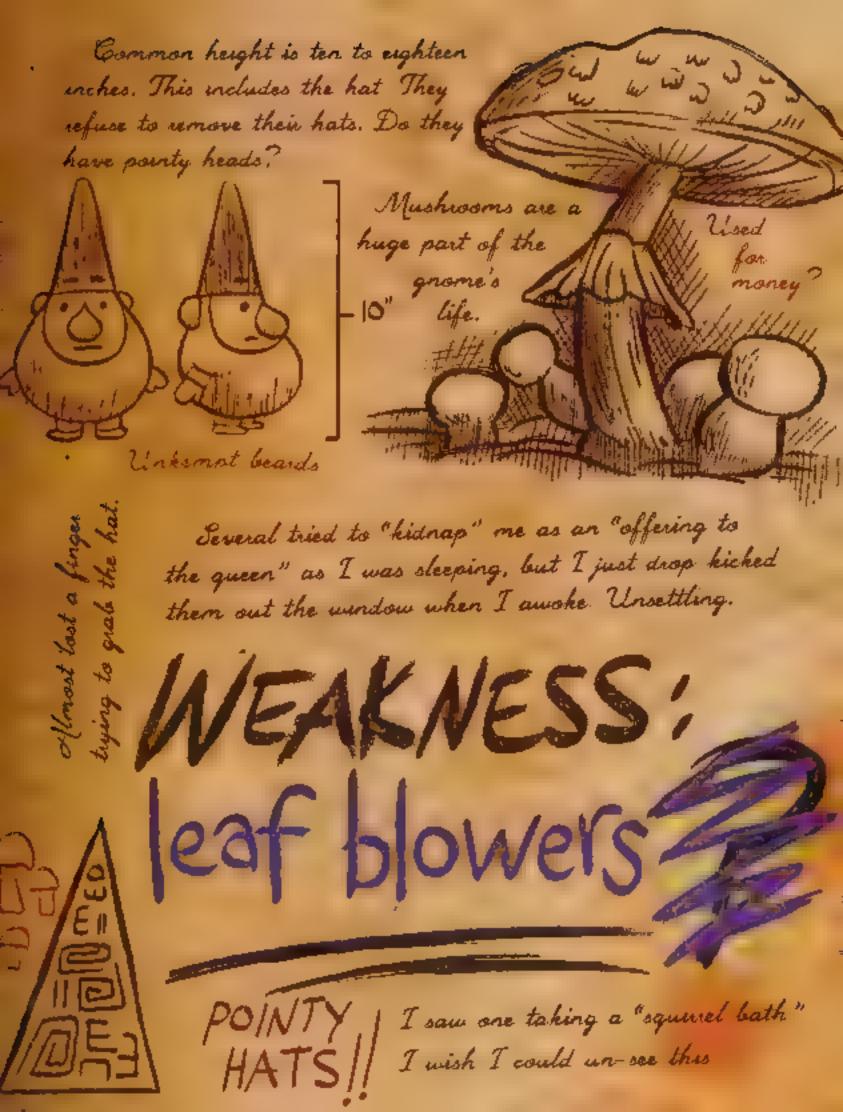




The summer heat seems to draw them from their caves. The locals pretend it's "mosquito season," but then why not use bug spray instead of garlic necklaces? Who do they think they are fooling? The bats will settle for cows or sheep but would much rather feed off some feeble human. Human blood tastes between I can only ASSUME human blood tastes better. I have not sampled blood.

金瓜 田岩



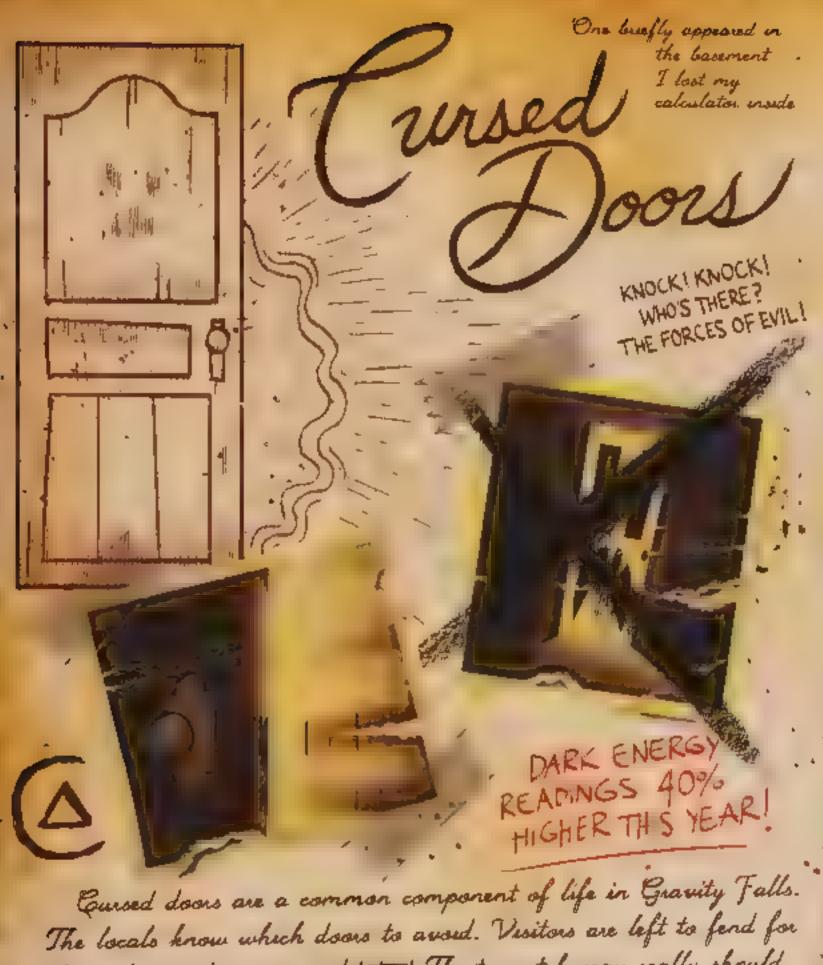


## Case #28



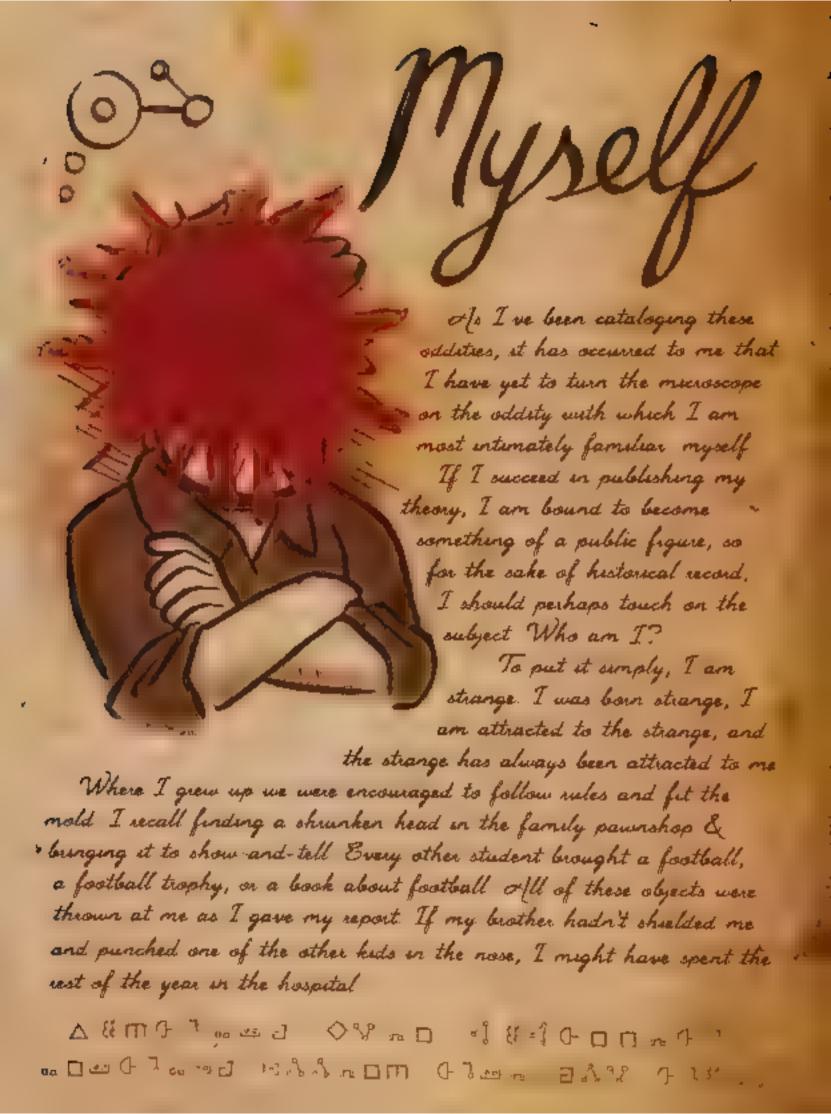
Never would I have believed that a simple doorway could spell your doom, but I have seen several tourists go through ordinary-looking doors and simply disappear into thin air, never to be seen again. This phenomenon is unexplained.

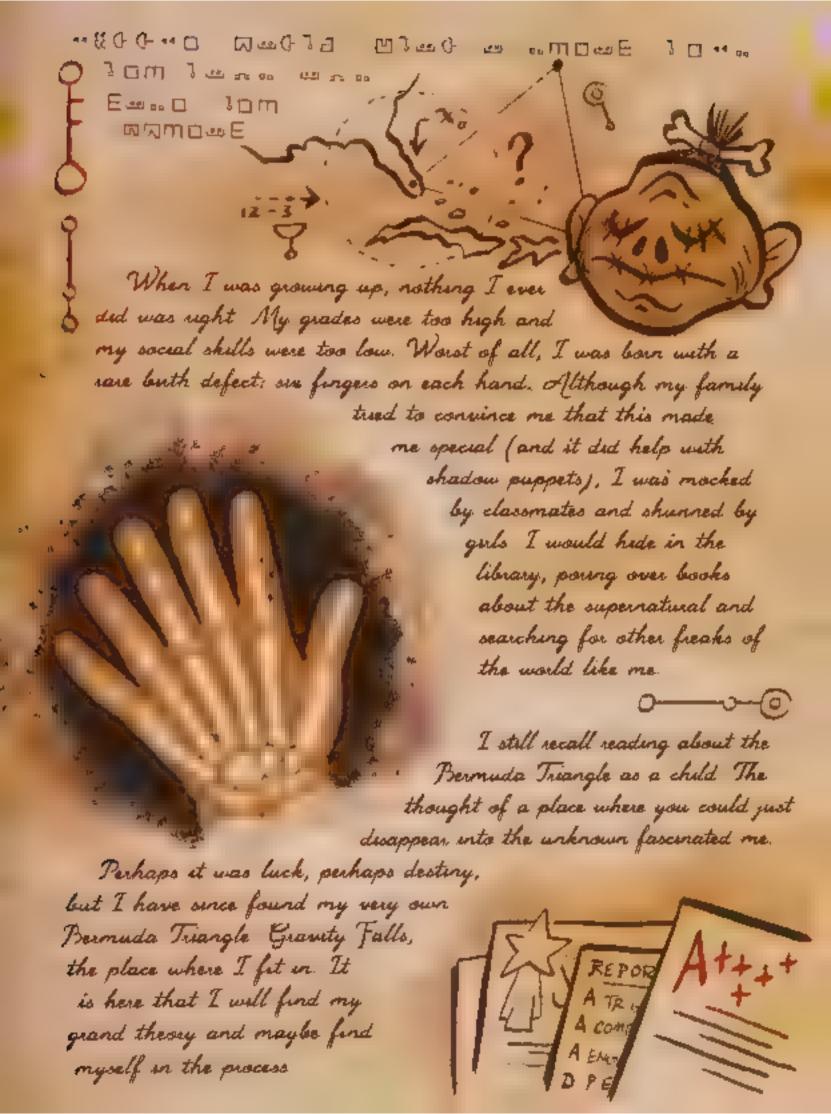


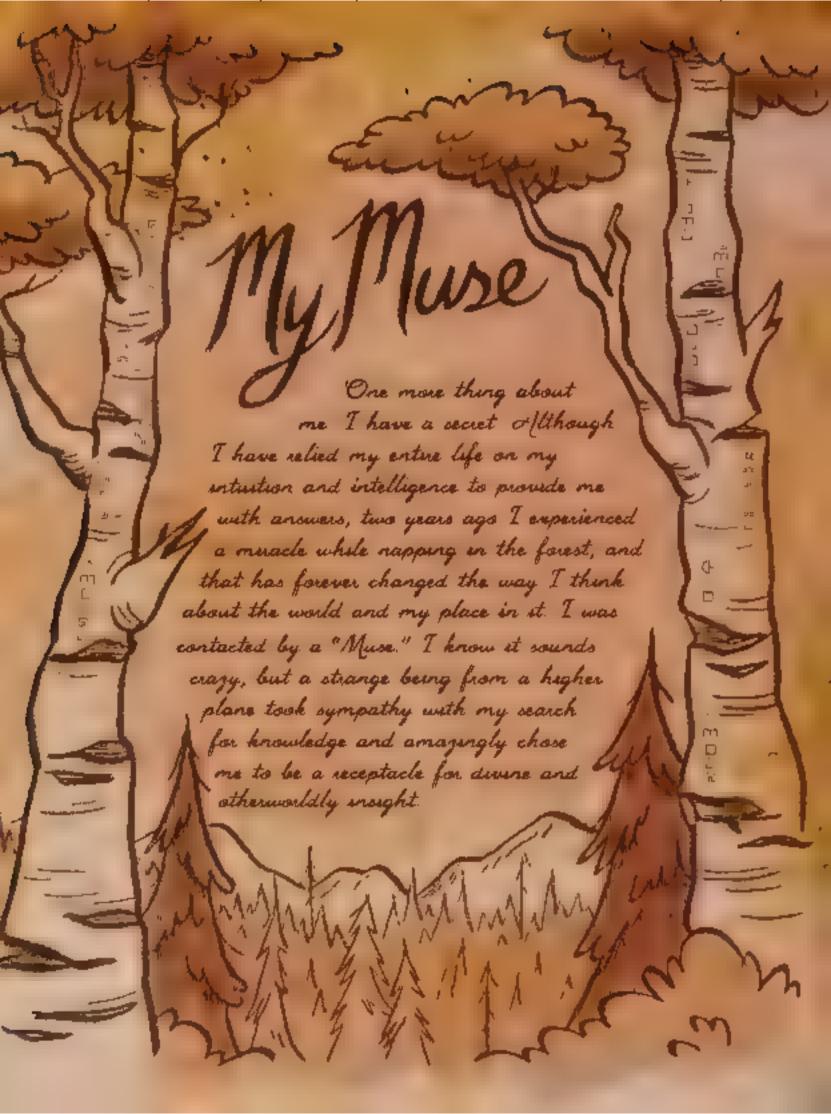


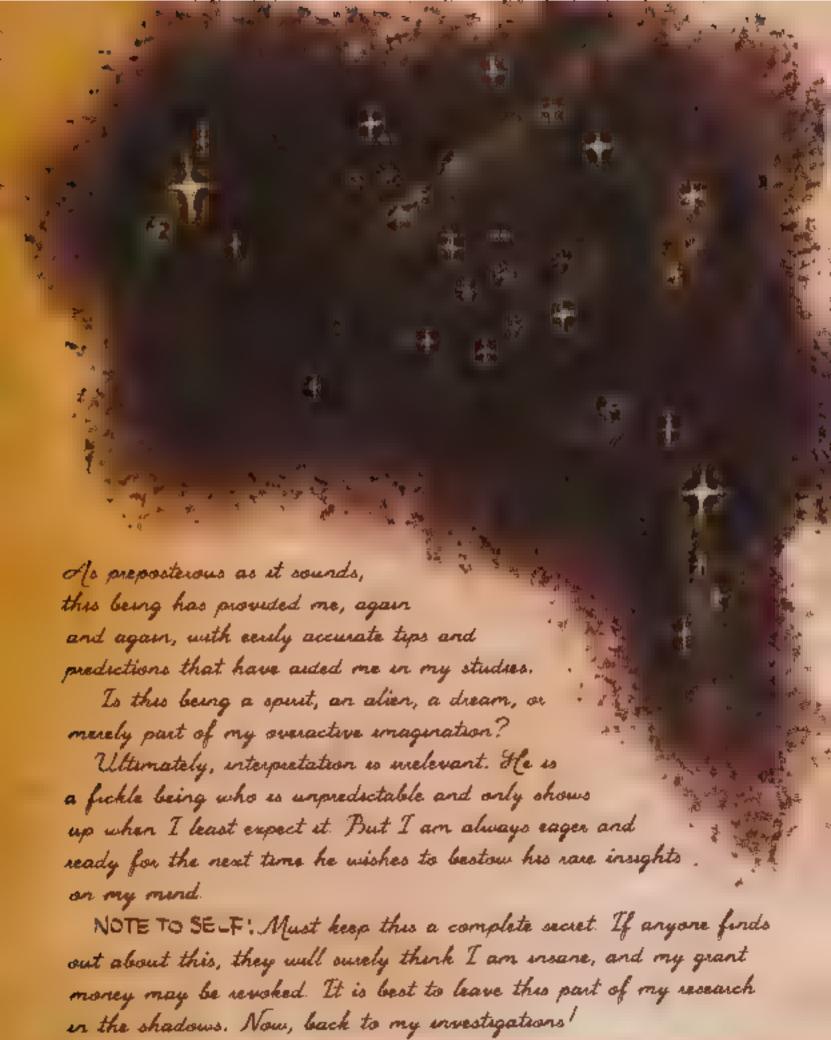
themselves. The tourist bureau really should publish some sort of pamphlet.

NOTE TO SELF: Write letter to tourist bureau.



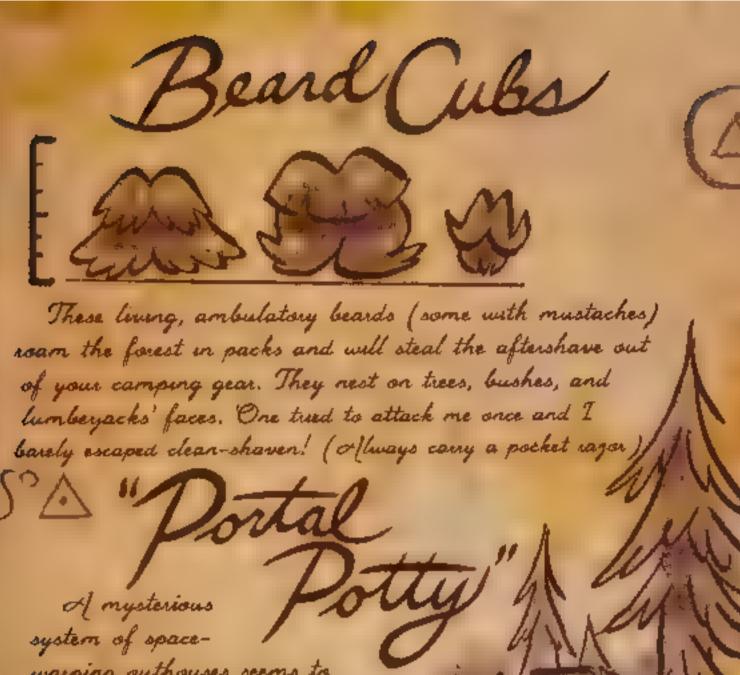




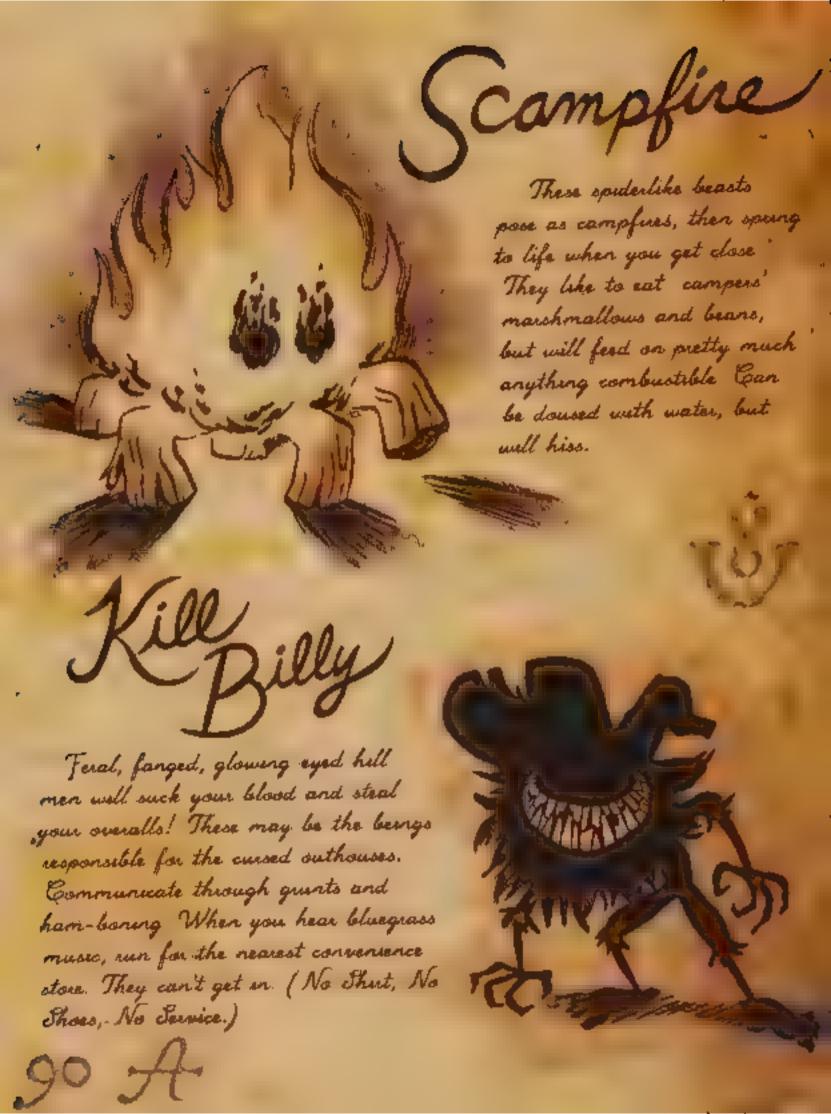


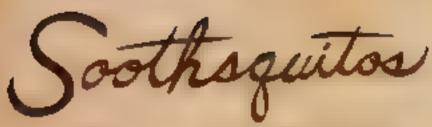
NOTE: BURN THIS PAGE AFTER RESEARCH IS COMPLETE!



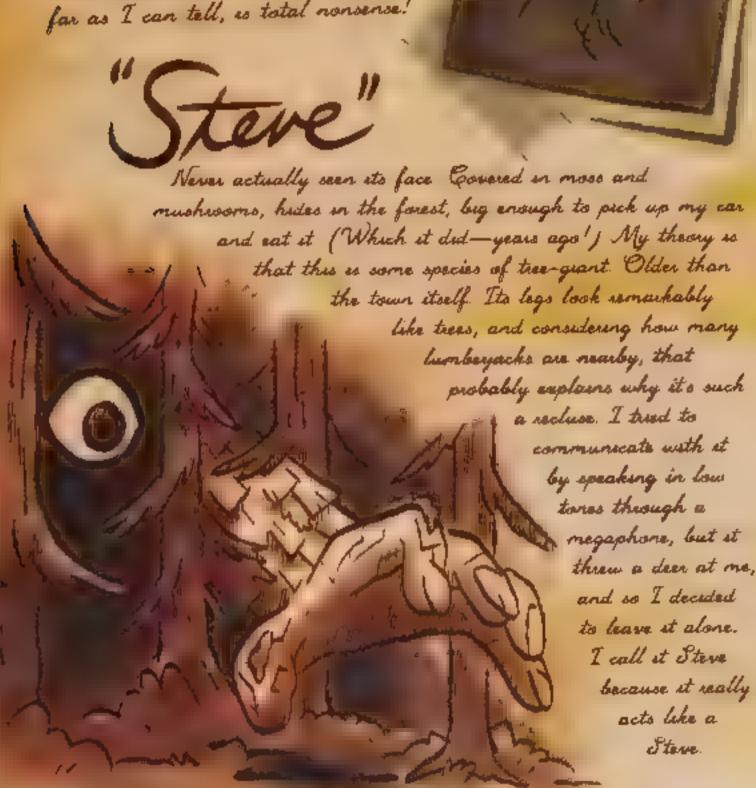


system of spacewarping outhouses seems to
be strategically spreading
throughout the town's forests
I was able to successfully
use one to transport myself
but wound up in the
meddle of the desert and
had to hitchhike home.
No idea who created
them but I'm never
going in again.
Sometimes it's just
best to hold it.





Then beter spell out due messages for your future, except they're frequently messpelled I was told to "BATCH OUT FOR WILL," which, as far as I can tell, is total nonsense!



## The Orvisible Wigard POINTY

HAT

With a hat like that, he has to be a ungard Lowh at that reduculous thing!

S GLOWING RAINBOW WAND

The wand ss really quite beautiful Just stare at st

Don't believe your eyes? Good You don't have to! This begane conceres is completely empossible to see with the naked eye However, with night-vision goggles, I was able to get a buef glance of him trying on my suits in my closet. (He later turned my goggles into a bat)

> Purcing blue eyes, chiseled he wasn't invisible.

> > BELT OF POTIONS These must be

to stay envisible, and possibly to teleport through time I don't know

where he a from, but judging by the omell, I'm going to say it was a time when they hadn't yet envented showers.

> How to get red of him? I may need to find another wegard to perform a "WIZZORLISM." (More on those in Journal 2).

WAY HEBES







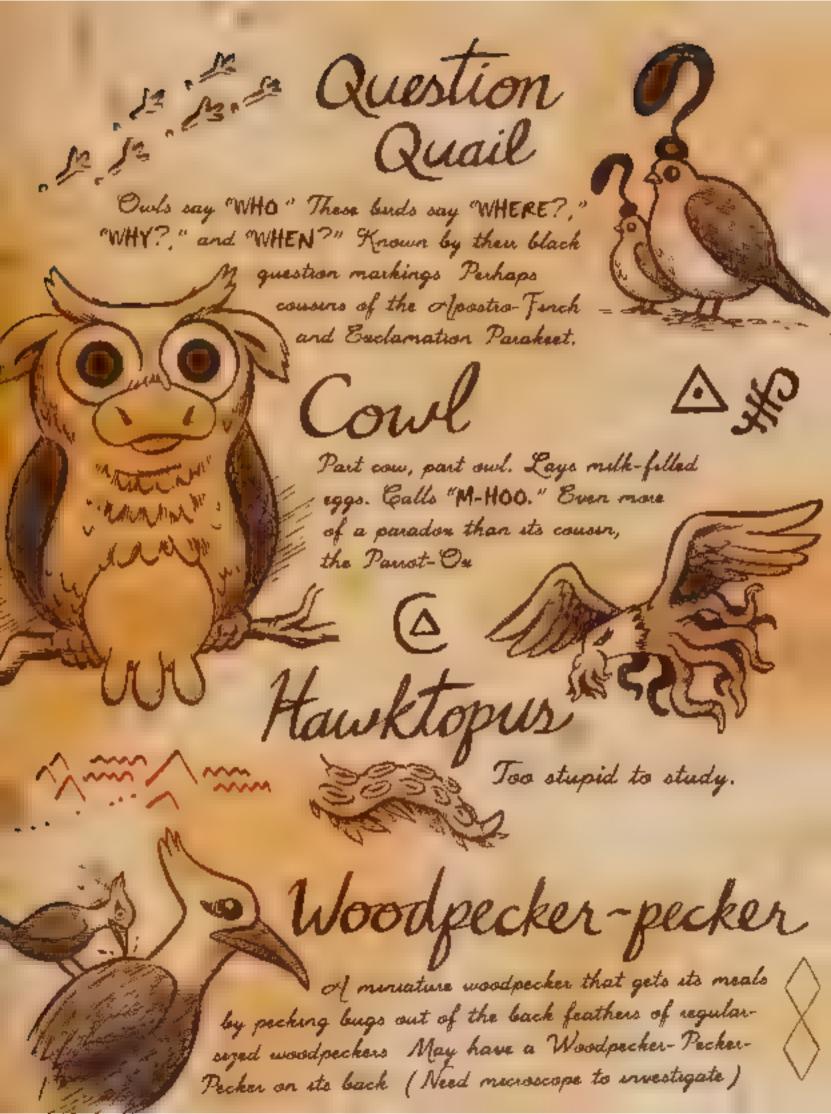
Gold cours fell out of his beard I pocketed a few, but later discovered they were plastic Everything about this creature is frustrating.



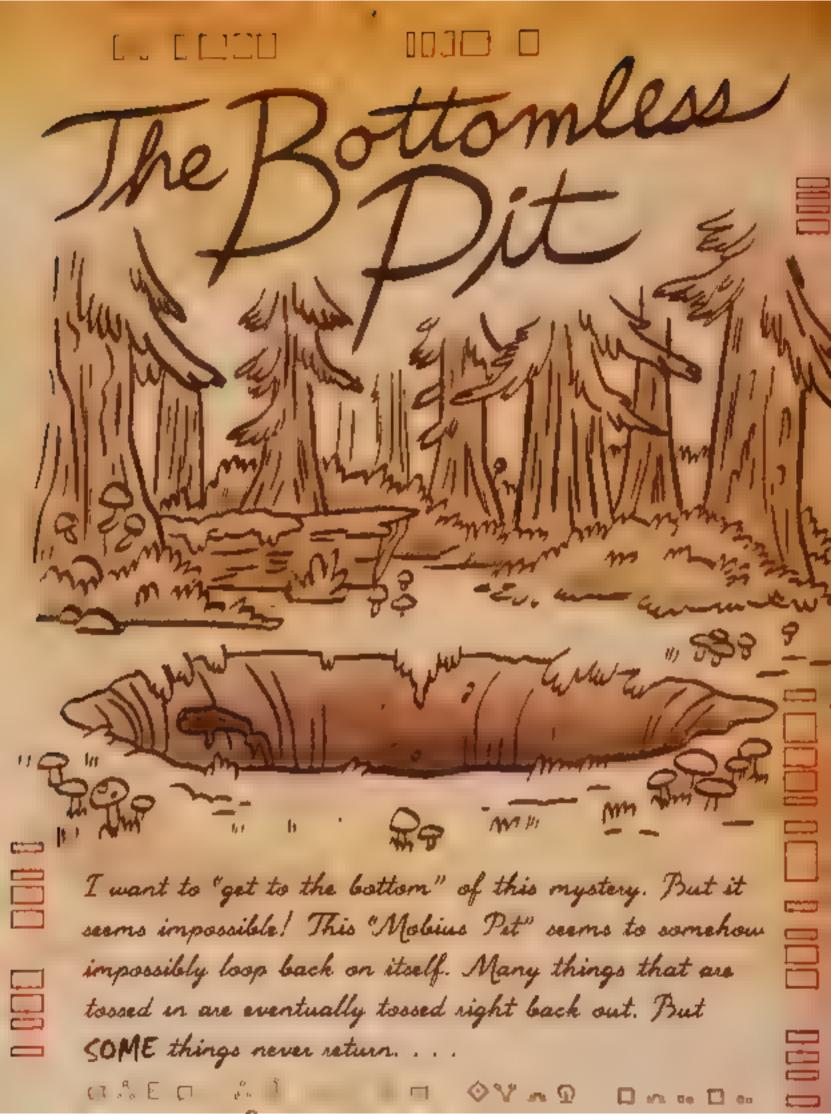
SOHDVH

I shudder to think how such a horrific being came into this world (Although, for the record, I will state that actual unecorns are just as annoying.) 00 E C







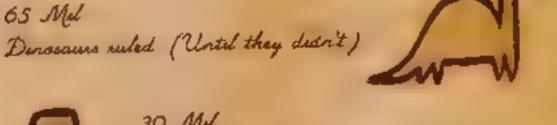




Weeks have passed, and I'm still no closer to discovering the Grand Unified Theory of Wendress! Whenever I feel as though I've hit a roadblock, I like to read up on Gravety Falls' part in the public library This town's history may hold clues to the source of its wardness!

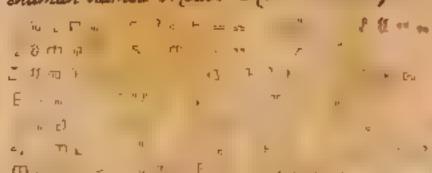
GRAVITY FALLS: ASSEMBLED HISTORY

65 Mel



650 original impact Valley formed Tree ring interruption/radiation tests confirm. Tell no one about this

AD 1000 Native people mysteriously evacuate town in a hung Describe Gravity Falls as "cursed land" Leave behind treasure trove of pottery, blankets, & symbols Tome art depicts my Muse, and his interactions with a champer named Modor offit hounded by Northwests.





1842 Town is founded by Nathanal Northwest Quentin Trembley, 1849 - Gold Rush 1850 - Lesser Known "Flannel Rush" 1851 - Mining crases after miners claim sightings of prehistoric beasts (Need to investigate) "High Five" supposedly invented by Oregon Trail settlers Grady & Fertellia Mecc (Fertillia sets record of 42 children.) 1883 - Great Train Grash of 83 (Conductor distracted by "flash of light" & careens off cliff) 1920 - Maple Syrup Prohibition leads to secret Pancake Speakeasies. 1937 - Plane cash in mountains Woman escapes into forest "Amelia was here" carred in mountain side 1947 · UTO sighted. Headed east Ronald Sprott & claims to shoot it with his shotgun. 1900 Greasy's Diner salvages crashed train parts for restourant. 1975 - My arrival in Gravity Falls. The Future 20712 GIANT BABY TAKES OVER THE UNIVERSE! .. NIA A ATIII

Odd
While researching history in the library archives, I found an unnoticed rusty ancient box with the word "FINES" scrawled on it and an etching of a key Courseus, I broke it open and found this I cannot understand the code, so the meaning is lost on me One day I may decipher it understand the code, so the meaning is lost on me One day I may decipher it

Wini, Haexiv scl Zettt!

Opwcive ztze Me rcevwcbyc dxdvry XV glw nmnv 1883, sci V las bumk amgxwg ga igemf xzpb vx odcyh gcm geg gmngz nwn. (M ydb glw xire xgwz xzt ubzat "Zrxmgv Oewzenvvh bb xzt Xnwi Ponmf 3;" ipvgz xa eijgeiv kgraaco ssj Igzi Sr gien ne kwurr.) Qdc'ii hgwoetag tsi p tbx gu yhikigbek, pvg ex me xzt miifia bj Otgeheporhvdv zef. X ibri gtngw nwh!



Wg wme."k !pnx zpxcift! Njltz Tpggvnv. A lif kwibvry p TBX gw nyec uwe pghgak s vtnhapbbv xxowx id Djs uwgyhjtv Rzwc bwsmvp V kgi wl ngg jngc (pnrch nbv lwg. fg ipr asn.). W jwatba gwnvgwga xihi knpdxvt gw wcexx,t amuzvngwh. Bvgw Qioc zxwfidw knpdtl z' Fd-Nemwclvr Taianac! Lb cg.) saso Ipnx ai'a ymct bb pakm ymct bwel?

YCFX Sh Q JEK IPVYCXVE M ODCYN YXDY EFNDUMFV NDV LXWY FSGGF VWHXYGI. IPVW OTGEN IGGNYYAM TYG HPDAWS CC MF DG GVWPWF EFS ANMV IPNX ZE EDYDS WNOW HCE LXWY FSGG AINTZ OSIWMEIV DM NKSXV NPD X PNN ID ID ASH ALECT PVW ZPVQ! MNT VYZNG JYIF VZYEI PD ZECXVE HWYGFMGCA HYVTZ CVWHAHVW, PVG AWAT. ISM ZVDA IWM EIKI! EWIF X IJSCT, DWEI HDHTAS DEMSCOYI ZPI HWWS WI FGSG GS IGIID IPESMVP GMET IAH VTAGVGN DWI WCDVVW JVVZNGAY-EFS BVGW Q.OC, IDW!

Yyuzqyc, Lxur Fsqq vwfi Irev. . . tfnglag. Vx oxty xszm brw ipbykpvq cwpzf jgg pvw edtrgmamf xg gmpsfhbvxmim. nrv Iprr IwmI hg. gwl. mk wm tsfc oi ugiaoq! Ipr xabm nkwcbf edhw fyjkqiiv-iprc gcti wwcl giwxz usdd-xesbtkgmgca byl dv gefvmesmh uvwkxwaw Tjb Ysdep nrv Scahygma awgm SYJXWHW sqwhx ow g M vx!!

By udcewn, pun etian linig xztzr mk p lugwcausfilggi epulyfi ws eytugn iggury in sinfs ur efs jemfu ur xg ycfxarm. Oyi xb jek pty e

exagect!

Bui dpag xzxvt M opvg mk w to tpkx xg y vp. kd Q'ii ttma lasgak gjb vr lwm ceki. Qg ash nhr xdz n azxtr-wwtgak lwm fmywbf, gzpbgmfv evxz wgfxgggped ugtyjta imkxbvry ipr '50w ld bec ld trejc bui Llgfx (A pkpmvtvgedag gaahbrh en iaodt iah udcyhfi enpc une e otmx.)

M opvgiv in plans byl ipr sds Erwi, inb. Ani emif X beenttrh ztzr, M srkvanchopdon ictapzra jxoux ac nesfi as e igivr sci zc lxur xsem jek approxitzra acob jaubi tatkra (Saab. M lagao lam gysxv zmyab went obra das xzt zamda. Potaucypą ipax ahvg mf ipr lahobyą gwbok!)

Pviasn Q nyki enriti gs kpg asi in jsjag nfgjb z! A'km zefporh id jyifs ga xg ipr tgecyeut, iah A vng e bdj nn s emponi enxum zrtsxzzef X'dr edhn pemvpg sft ns xzdar ggdt tsds znmz tzn hahmnwn bwei'gm fs haxhpsg ga xztar xabmf, efs Q ng dddvry ipr rghbnpyxi! Giscsf jgg iyp gdce lnax, nrv xn nrg igzi svmaxk rnzi ddwxmfv nbv et, brpd iprg gdc gsf' saso chgiaco!

In researching the town love, I have found quete a few begane laws and customs passed down from the founders days. For example, an old law forbeds a horse from holding office "until it is of legal age." (To do what?) There are also 46 different laws involving when, where, and how to properly court a woodpecker for "marriage."

(Don't ask.) Most of these abourd laws are attributed to "town founder"



General Nathaniel Northwest, a man whose only battle shills appear to have been wearing a jacket with fringes and posing for daqueneotypes.

Due to this legend, Nathaniel's descendants (including current patriarch Audman Northwest) have enormous power in this town, owning everything from Northwest Realty to Northwest Mud Flaps to Northwest Weather Vanes (weather vanes that often seem to unfairly favor the directions north and west)

It would seem that their power is unquestionable However, a new piece of evidence throws the whole history of the Northwest family into an entirely different light!

In my investigations, I recently made a discovery. Nathaniel Northwest may not be the founder of Gravity Falls! Imagine—his entire family legacy a fraud!

I believe the proof of this secret is bursed somewhere in the enclosed document. If ONLY I could crack the code

Hey, it wasn't so hard to crack. All you need to do is make it into a hat!!

I mean, this is like Basic
Code Cracking 101.



Time to UP YOUR GAME, AUTHOR! LOVE, MABEL

### August 3rd

The strange document has proven undecepherable Nonetheless, I believe its very existence is proof enough that the Northwest family history is a fraud.



I traveled to Northwest Manor to confront Old Man Northwest with this evidence of his family's decait, but instead was met by his snotty son, Preston, and his pet for, "Hunter"

Not wanting my well-rehearsed trade to go to waste, I launched ento a list of his

Lying about founding the town!

Breaking treaties with the natives!

Making self-promoting weather wares!

The boy was unmoved
until I offhandedly mentioned
the Great Flood of 1803 He
was so parisched about what I
said that he had me forcibly
escorted from the premises.
Have I stumbled upon one more
misdeed of this accursed clan?



I put one cover-up acide and have begun to investigate another!

# The Great Secret of the Great Flood

I followed the flood path back from Northwest

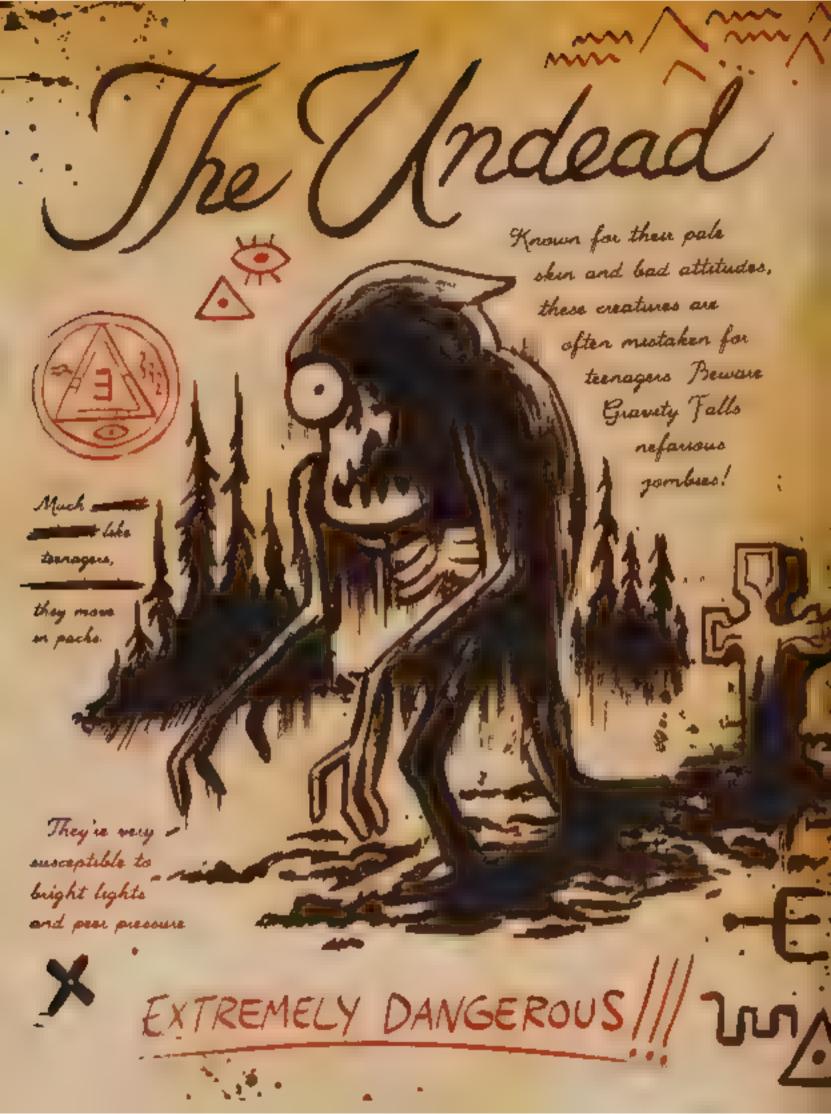
Manor toward my own house and made a
gruesome discovery. Countless lumber
folk died in the Flood of '63,

and all of them were under the
Northwests' employment. And
it seems that many, if not
most, of their cadavers had
washed up DIRECTLY under
my own porch, 100 years
before I was here!

No wonder. Northwest
Realty sold this land to me

Realty sold this land to me at a discount—this property is built on a graveyard! Which may explain why I have had so . many recent sightings of . . .

Unlucky soul!



1 mmin / 0 RETURN LIBRARY BOOK! Many seem to be undead lumberjacks from the flood, but since they bite new victims when they rise each month, I have seen a zombie mailman; a zombie cop, and a zombie Boy Scout. (I refused to buy his cookies.) What if their numbers to the increase? Must stop them at all costs Destroy there before they rise. Their skulls are unbreakable. I cannot find a single weakness. I will watch my back at night and keep a flg. B shovel handy. Perhaps there is a nonphysical way to defeat them? DECHES Fince learning how dangerous my own lab grounds are, I have been researching forms of magical defense against jordies

Enchanted daggers

are handy! (I don't

recommend "double-edged

(4) owords," though)



Potions

It is possible to cure jombification!

Mux one cup formaldehyde, one teaspoon salt, two teaspoons paint thinner, one quart newt's blood, and a pinch of cunnamon (for taste)

00

This only works until the tenth hour following contamination.

If you take it any later, you're undead meat!

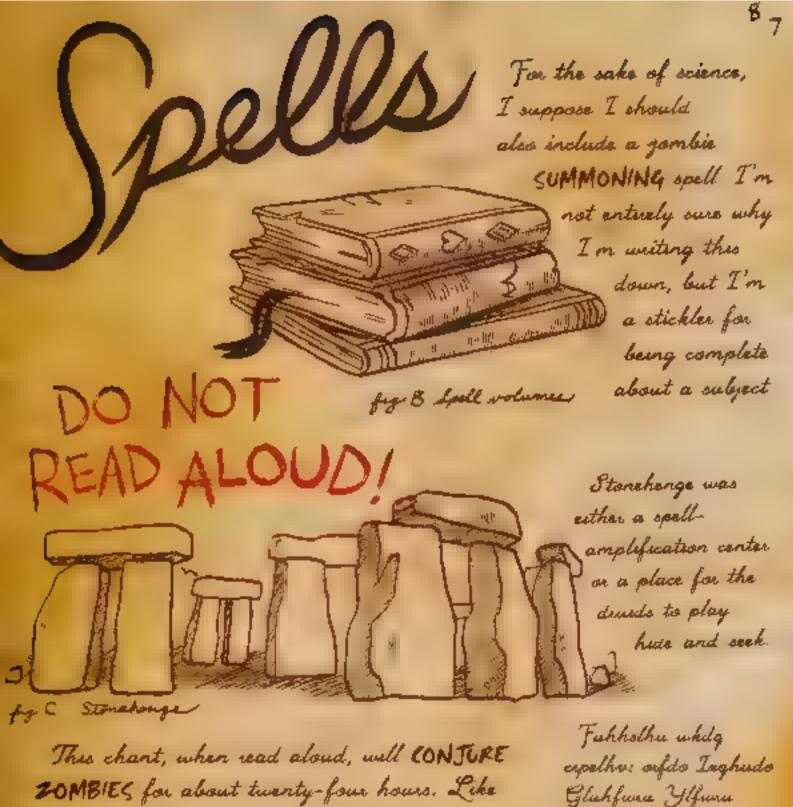
#### 定 多 琴

A zombu shull, ground up, can be used to coat your body. The smell will trick zombies (and anyone else, really) into avoiding you.





ZOMBIE CURSE

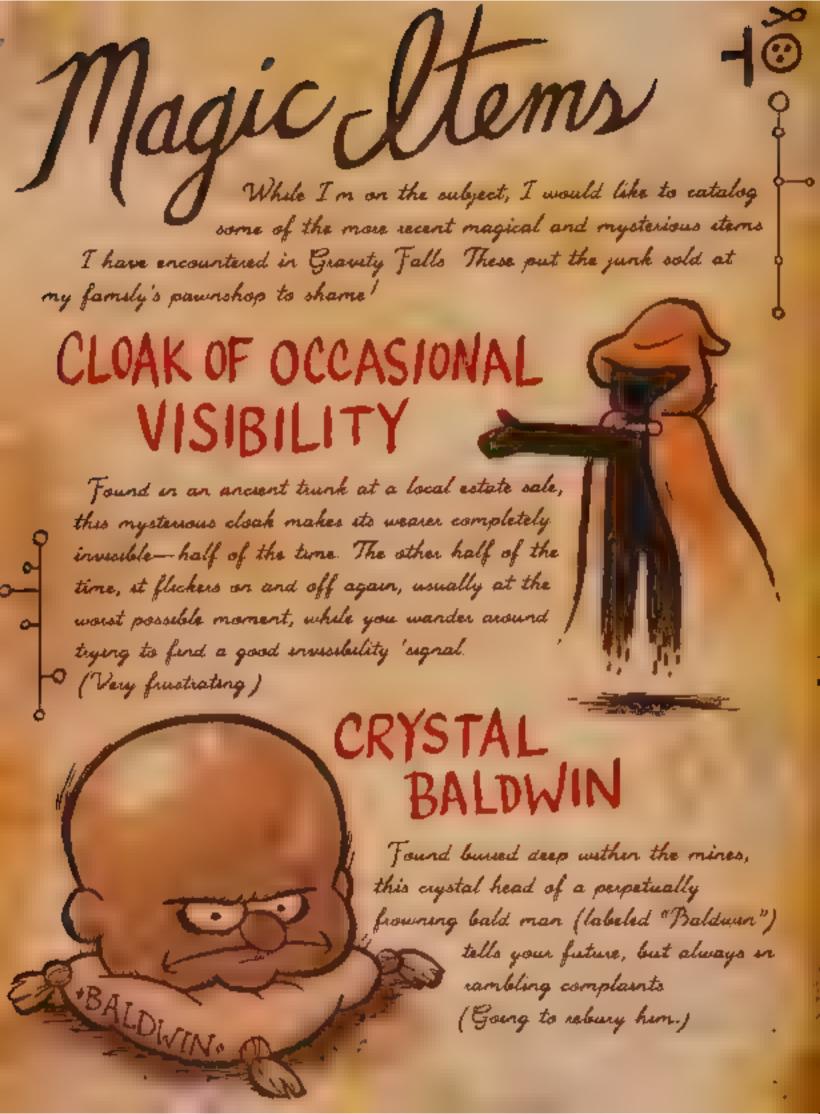


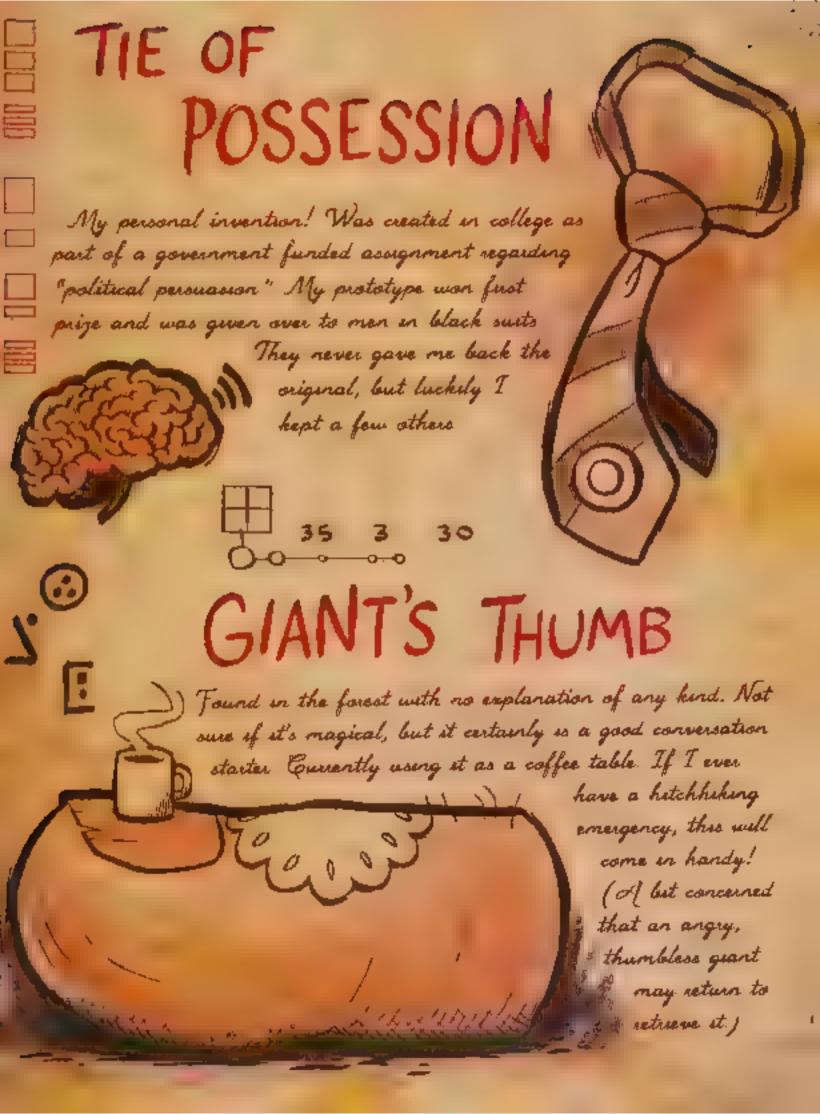
most curses, it is both a blessing and a curse Actually, it's just a curse.

> Corpus levitar Diablo Daminium mondo Vicium

Glahfuna Ylfuna Ydohqwlgr & klv vng, "Juhyb Y."







# Twith Telling) Teeth (a)

of weapon to use against deceivers (at least ones with no testh)!

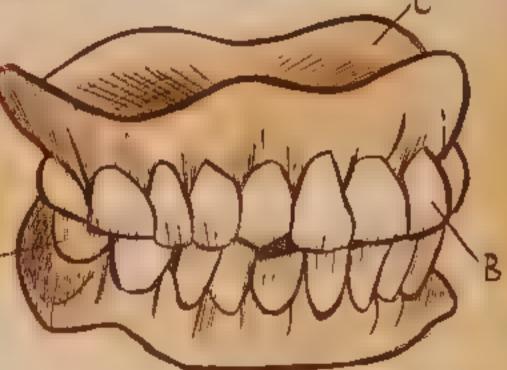




fig 81 A

Bursed 'neath a tree stump in the deep forest are truth teeth, which force upon the wearer an enability to lie. Not sure who created these, but I certainly think a number of humans (politicians, lawyers, TV) executives, etc.) would be improved by their use!

fig 81B

It would be quite interesting to see what my brother and mother would act like whole wearing these'

As an experiment, I tried wearing them for a day. They fit over my regular teeth quite snugly, but I found immediately that people don't like me very much when I'm honest (I accidentally made the mailman cry. It's not my fault he's abnormally hairy!)

Is there a truth serum anside?



Just got

pulled over for

operating and

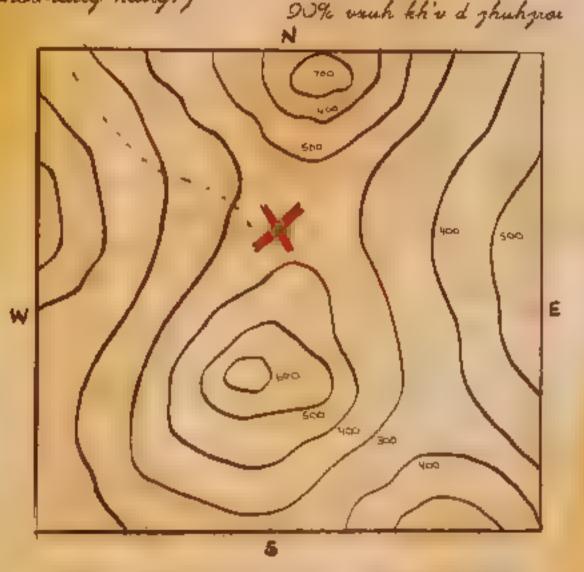
admitted to it.

The tricket was

abound! This is

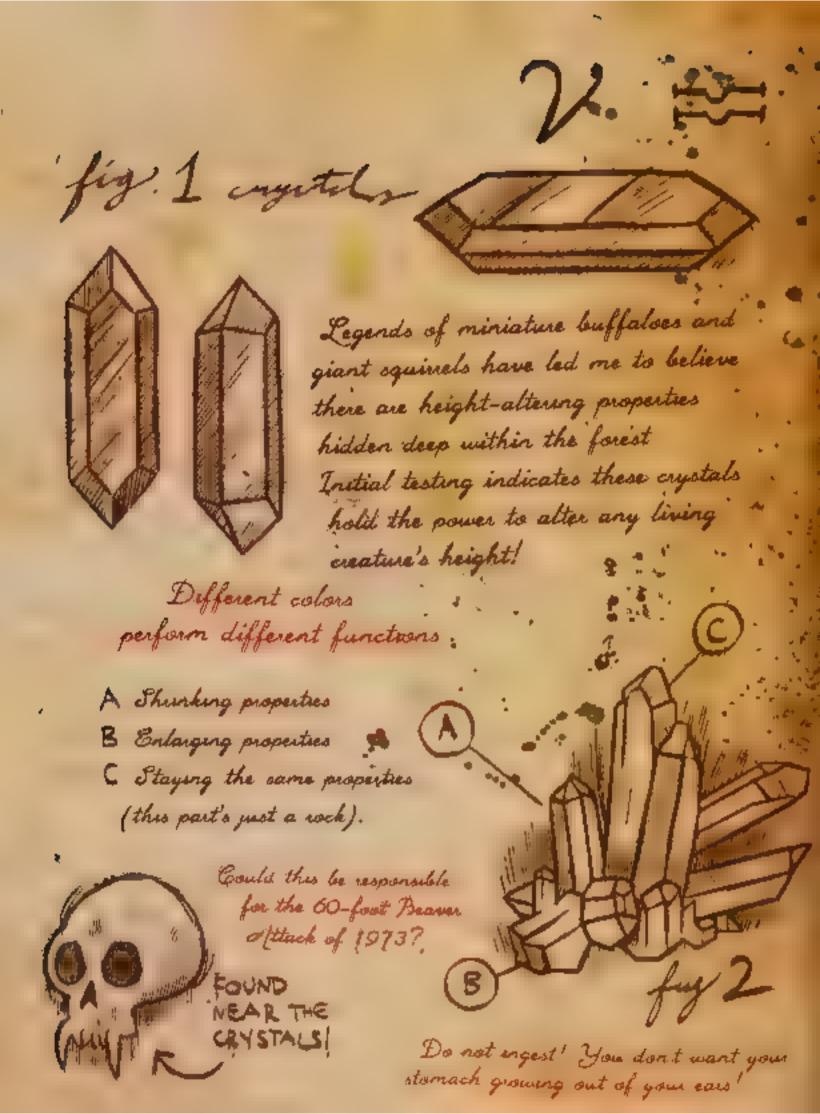
getting out of

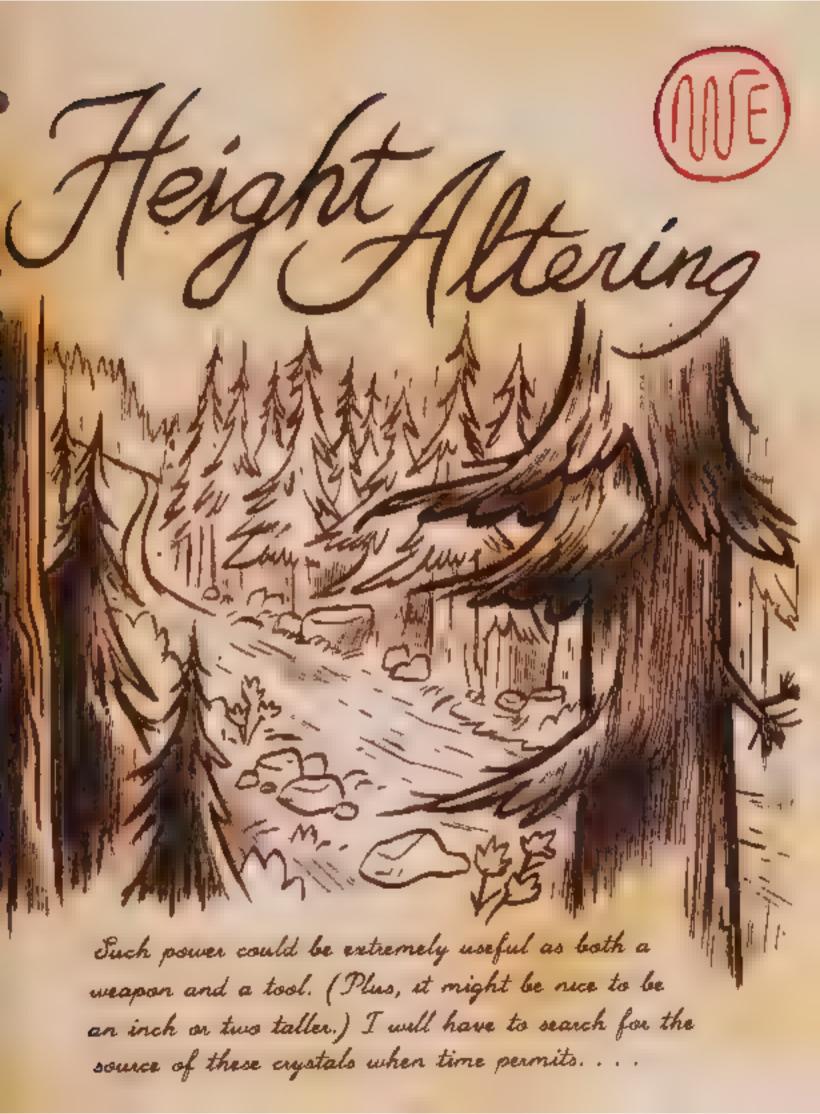
hand



I'm going to rebury these. I believe honesty is the best policy Except for when it's not, which is often.

··WOWF.



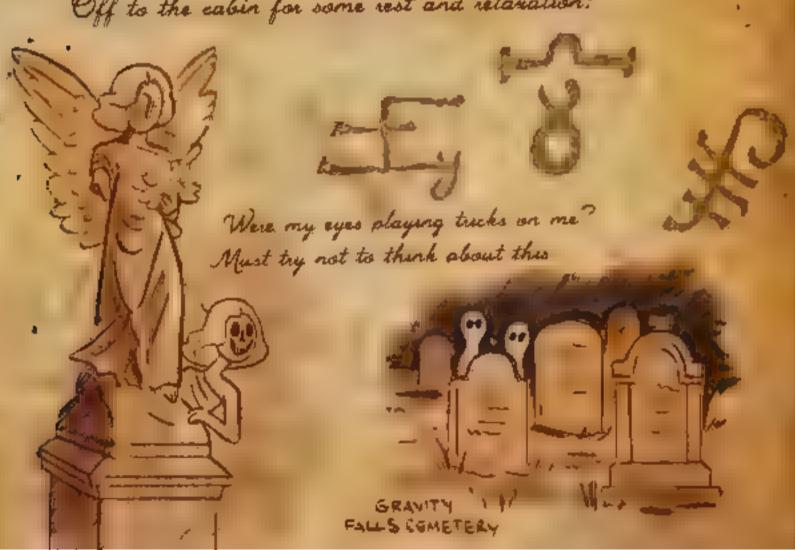


I feel myself weary from months of exhaustive research, and although I have found many incredible things, the Grand Unified Theory of Weindness cludes me. I need to get away and clear my head before I can make any meaningful progress on my theory

Local lumbergach "Boyish" Dan Gordurgy owns a majestic cabin in the most remote part of the woods. It has been in his family for generations but sets unused. He hemmed and hawed when I asked to stay there for a few nights. But after paying him so handsomely for the construction of my own humble cottage, he was obliged to agree.

He did, however, warn me to lock myself in my bedroom before the stroke of midnight or else risk losing "My Very Soul!" (Sounds like he's been inhaling too much sawdust.)

Off to the cabin for some rest and relaxation!





Thosts

I now know why Dan feared lending me this cabin: it is EXCEEDINGLY haunted! But if there is one thing I know about hauntings, it is that they

ALWAYS HAVE A REASON OF SOME KIND.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOF!

Restless sprits are looking for someone to put them to rest

ECTOPLASM SAMPLE

I will simply conduct a quick stance and ask the ghost what it needs

Although forming a circle is rather hard with one person.

BY

DON'T BE FOOLED BY GUYS IN SHEETS .

#### I was wrong about everything!

Rather than lay the specit to rest, my seance summoned an untold number of his unearthly brethren! The ghostly sphere is so much more complicated than I ever imagined! Over the past two sleepless nights, I have been bedeviled by no less than 10 distinct varieties of phantom, each deadlier than the last.



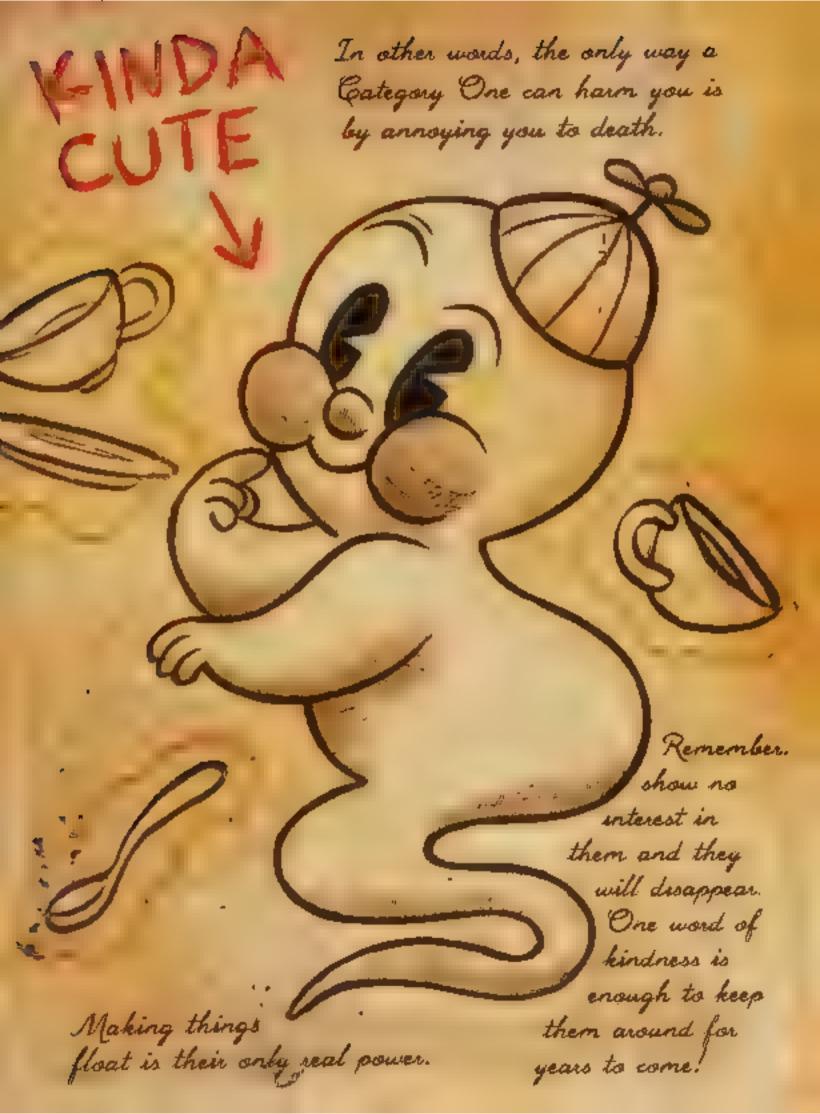
We start on the not-so-deadly end of the scale.

#### CATEGORY 1



Ghosts in this category pose no threat to humanity. In fact, their fondest wish seems to be an impossible desire to rejoin the human race—or at least become the best friend of whatever person they can latch on to. . The Category One I encountered in Dan's cabin kept trying to get me involved in "G-rated adventures," oblivious to the fact that I am a man in his thirties and not a thirteen-year-old girl

FLANSLOB ZKLISHI'HG "FOQ L NAHS BRX?" KRUULIBLOJ!



### CATEGORY 2 PRANKSTERS



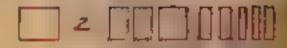
Similar in appearance to Category Ones, Pranksters usually appear in groups of two or three. That's because if any of these jerks were on their own, they'd get their transparent butts kicked all the way back to the netherworld. Always have "Kick Me!" or "Possess Me!" signs they tape to your back On the bright side, they love to pick on Category Ones.

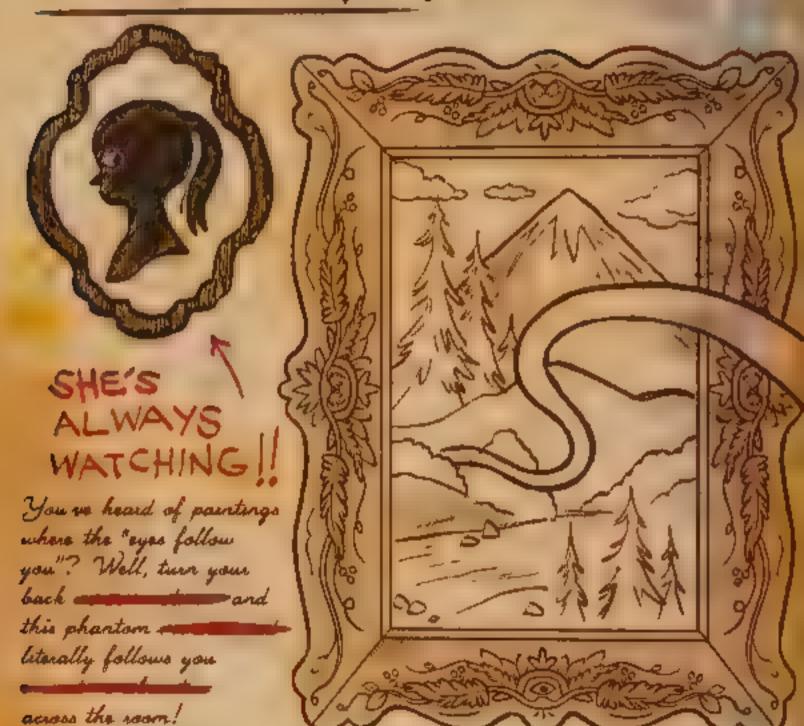


### CATEGORY 3 GLUTTONS

For creatures without physical bodies, Gluttons are able to generate an incredible amount of body odor. These rapacious weaths will breeze right past you and attack the contents of your refrigerator Unfortunately for them, they are not able to digest anything they consume. So all your food ends up on the floor. ("Gover" from the movie "Phantom Bust ifiers" was clearly inspired by these horizons.)

#### CATEGORY 4



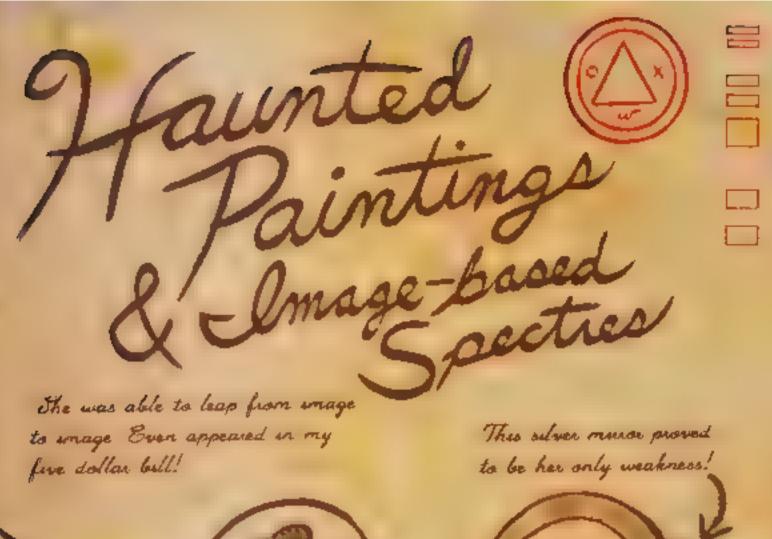


CHANT TO DISPEL GHOSTS:

EXODIS DEMONIS

SPOOKUS SCARUS AINAFRAIDUS NO GHOSTUS

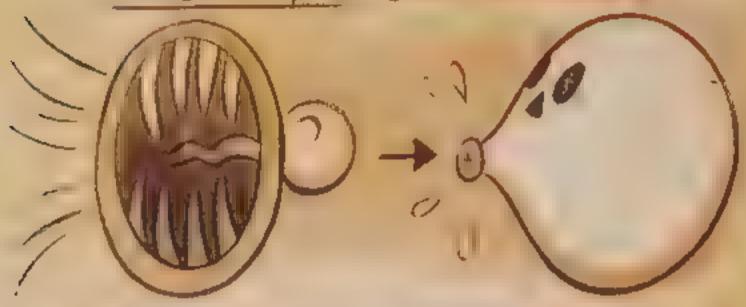
BUMPUS GOOSUS SHAMALAAAN!





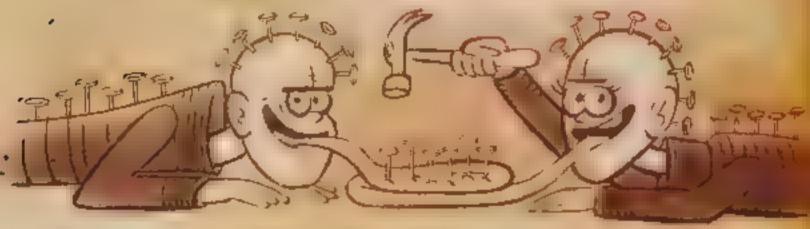
of parently trapping them inside a silver minor is the only way to stop them I had the muran in the closet to try to drown out the annoying screaming Category 4s have no "Indoor Voice"

#### CATEGORY 5 SOUL SUCKERS



Soul Juckers feed on the "life force," of their human prey. They work slowly and silently Given enough time they can consume their victims entire soul Fortunately, I discovered the one feeding off me rather quickly and squashed him like a supernatural mosquito. I have no use how to clean the bits of life force off Dan's during room table.

#### CATEGORY 6 PHANTOMS OF PAIN



These guys dress in black leather and have some soit of painful looking jewelry sticking through various body parts. But what they really want is to inflict pain on you. Luckily, they can't touch you unless you summon them. The phantom I saw at Dan's tried to pretend that I had asked for him, but I simply said, "Nope." He muttered some lame threats, shuffled his feet, and then disappeared Jerk



One desperate soul in each generation is transformed into the Eternal Key, an unhappy apparation who never knows what she's supposed to be This makes for a very noisy haunting with lots of complaining. There's only one thing that will end the Eternal Key's torment, and she has no idea what it is

#### CATEGORY & THE PETRIFYING ROCK



What she is supposed to do so open the Petrifying Rock, unleashing KRXSKXL the Unperceivable (Whoever he is, he sounds nasty) Luckely, these two have trouble synchronizing their schedules. The Key wandered around being obnovious for a half hour and then disappeared. Ten minutes later, the Rock materialized. He gave one look around the place, sighed, and vanished. I have a feeling this happens a lot.





Dream Hypsters

are refareous spirits

who specialize in

turning perfectly

pleasant dreams

into horrifying

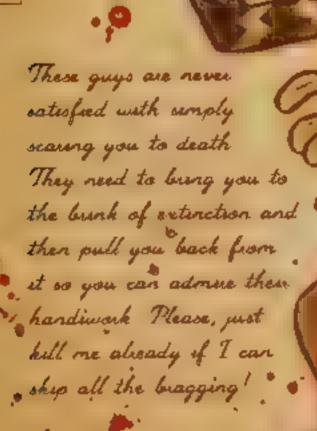
nightmares

oilnd then get

all boastful

about it

POWER NAPS INTO HORROR NAPS!



offter haunting me for 20 hours straight, the ghosts in Dan's place finally took a break. I fell asleep and immediately started dreaming

I was back in school, and everyone was staring at my hand. They all kept chanting, "Six-Fingered Freak! Six Fingered Freak!" The more they chanted, the larger my hand grew o'to usual, Cathy Crenshaw was there

I tried to chake my hand to make it stop, and it fell off my arm! My hand grew and grew, and began to chase me! Suddenly, I realized my hand wasn't chasing after me at all—it was chasing after my brother, and it was going to equespe him to death! It grabbed him and lifted him into the air. I tried to run to help him, but my feet were frozen.

"Just when it looked like my brother was done for, the Hipster appeared, and said, "LOOKS LIKE YOU FINALLY GAVE YOUR BROTHER A HANNNOD!" The entire thing was just a setup for one of the Hipster's stupid snarky puns!

I woke up suddenly, thankful to be alive, and doubly thankful that I wouldn't hear any more dumb puns However, I soon fell asleep again and the Hipster was back with another nightmare. This time, he interrupted his own work about halfway through to make sure that I knew who was responsible and that I had heard his new terrible joke.

More rightmares followed, and with each one, some stupid one-liner. Well, I am not giving him the satisfaction of seeing any of them written down in this journal!

Lowhshu guhdpe zluk ple Park. Kh wrog ph whow whole jap Lolah le jelg un fiph adfa low ruboh ols far as I can tell. Category 10's are the highest category of ghost there is, and the most dangerous. The Grim Reaper is merely the most famous of these phantoms and not nearly the most terrifying. The Grave Filler and the Slim Caeper are both more deadly. The Reaper simply has made an effort to get itself out in the public eye more than the others. Good PR

When the temperature in my cabin dropped 30 degrees, the deer heads on the wall began screaming, and the freeplace started to fill with blood, it occurred to me that I might have a Category 10 on my hands When this figure arrived, I knew for sure!

#### CATEGORY 10

1

### DANGER! ADVICE:

Get the local rich girl to apologize to them!
- Dipper

If you "ain't afraid of no ghosts," you're an idiot. Fearing them is totally rational! Also, "ain't afraid of no" is a double negative, so either way, the ghosts win



I'd had enough ghosts for one lifetime! I immediately fled from the cabin, clutching my journal and still dressed in my flannel pajamas

### WHAT DOES

My tensfying weekend at Dan's caben has left me more hopeless about my investigations than ever before,



WHAT IS THE UNIFIED

### IT MEAN?!

Fix years and three journals worth of research, and I am still no closer to finding answers than when I started What is Granity Falls secret?!



I am exhausted and must sleep on it Perhaps rest will do me some good .

THEORY OF WEIRDNESS?

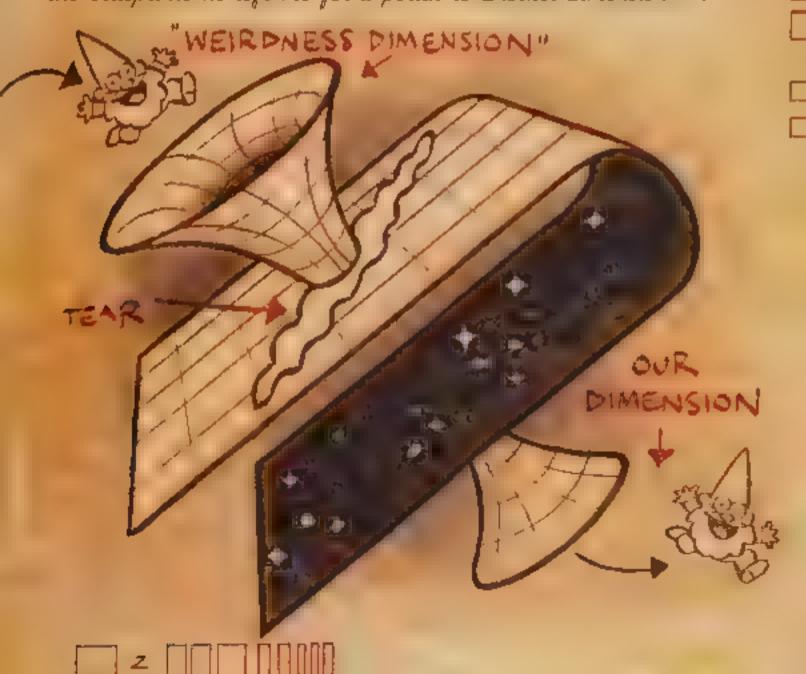


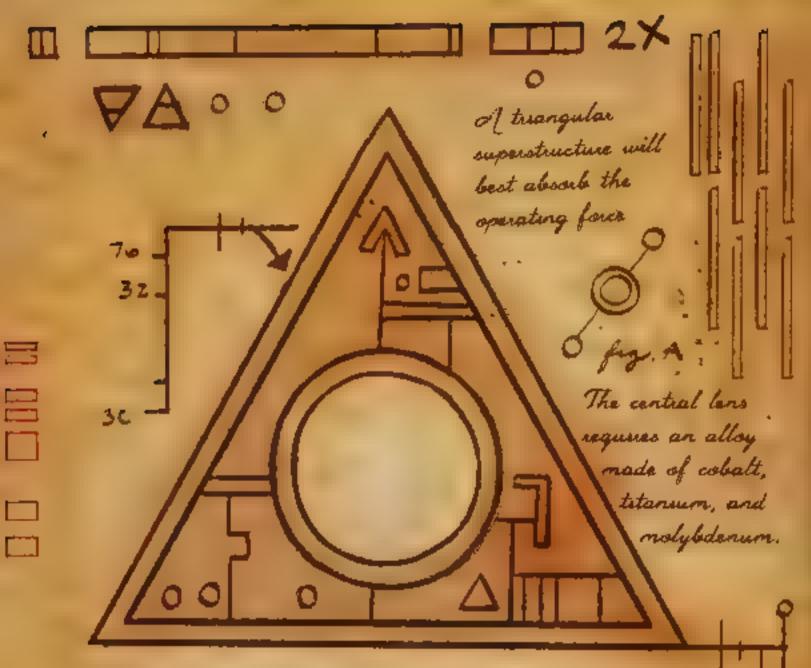
I awake after the longest slumber of my life with renewed energy and inspiration! My Muse, that strange, whimsical creature who speaks to me in my dreams, has returned to me at last, this time with an insight so builtiant it can only be described as divine intervention!

All this time I've been looking for some common behavior to connect these anomalies, but what if what they all share is then

HISTORY—a history that exists beyond our world, in another realm, or "dimension" of wendness!? What if these various different creatures all "leaked" from their dimension into ours, and the leak is right here in Gravity Falls!? If I could locate and puncture this weak dimensional fiber and record proof of the dimension beyond, I would have my Grand Unified Theory of Wendness!

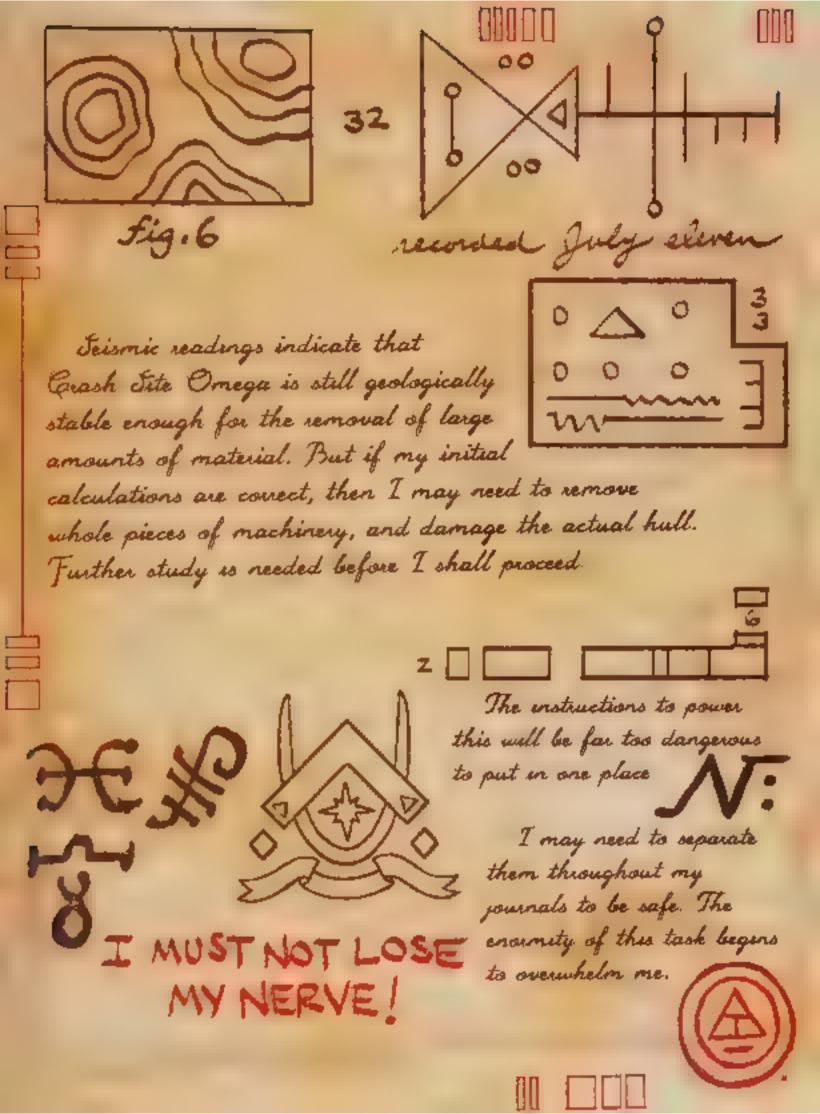
It is an idea so pure and powerful I never could have thought of it on my own. Sometimes I cannot believe how lucky I am to have come across my blessed Muse How many other great historical minds has his builliance inspined? Is he even real—or just a part of my fickle imagination? No matter—his insight is surely real, as are the bluepunts he left me for a portal to another dimension.





The puriet in me wants to build the machine from scratch. But given my time and financial constraints, it does not seem feasible. I will need to borrow certain elements from the resource I have turned to in years past for my more ambitious projects.

The start mass of the start of



July 18th

The design of the

machine has hit a wadblock—

my own embarrassingly limited

mechanical knowledge.

Why did I stop taking Hyper-Aldvanced Engineering and Fifth-Dimensional Calculus after only three semesters? For what? To "treat myself" to that second semester of Applied Quantum Phase Theory? Well, this is where all my slacking off has landed me.

I have no choice. I must call up my old classmate and beg him to join me. He is the only person I trust enough to share in this undertaking I must persuade him to harness his mechanical genius in service to this project, or else abandon my machine entirely It has been a while since I've talked to another person. I should probably shower.

Success! He has agreed to join me! With his = assistance, I am confident we can complete the machine = He has already made several suggestions over the phone that I intend to incorporate into my revised designs.

## Tuly 29th

I am overcome with emotion. The sight of my old classmate upon my doorstep this morning filled my heart with such joy and gratitude He has sacrificed so much to come to my aid. He has temporarily left his bride and their young son behind in California for the duration of this project. He has abandoned his own professional aspirations, although he has brought along a prototype of his pet project to fiddle with in his off-hours.

After all these years of self-imposed solitude, how wonderful it is to have a friend by my side! I must do my best to make him feel at home. . . .

I am off to the store for some banjo strings and microchips!

### My Assistant

The past few days have been the most energying I've had since

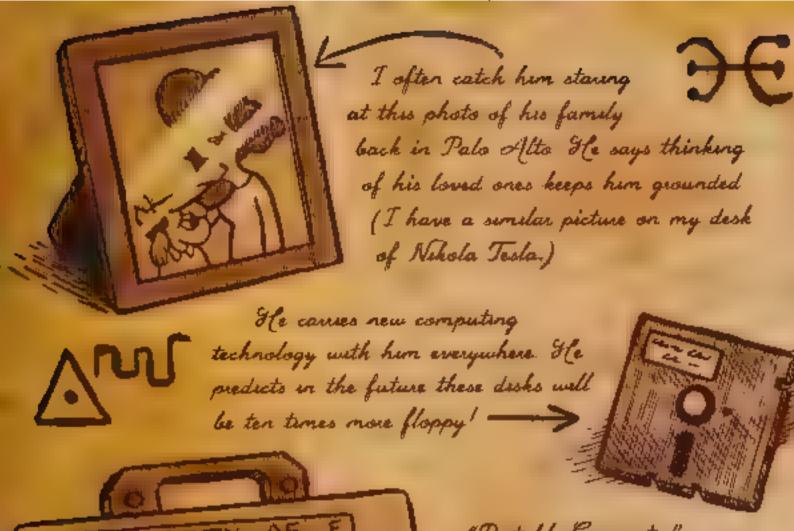
I fust came to this town! I don't think I realized just how isolated

I'd become until Fauwed, and his bulliant mind and amusing quinks have made this task infinitely more enjoyable.



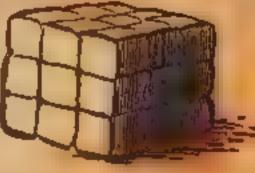
Not a fan of his chewing tobacco habit I He grew up on a hog faim, so I suppose old vices die haid He even casually hambones on his knees when he s counting in his head. I can put up with these quicks, but I told him if I even see a pig in this house, I'm sending him back south!

I double-check my equations He questuple-checks!





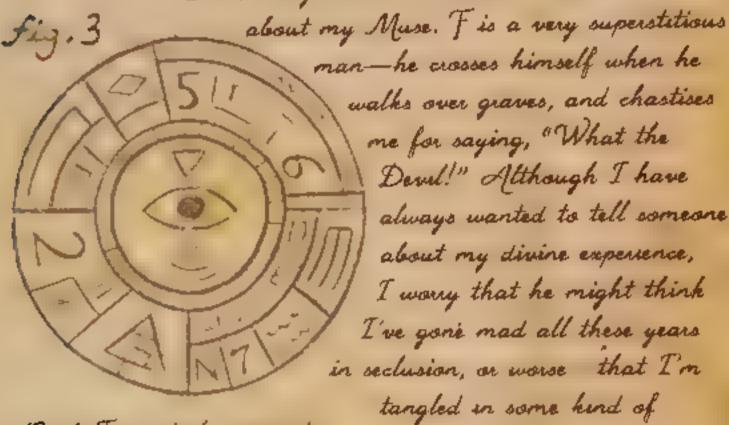
I keep scrambling this "Eubic's Cabe" when he's not looking, and he keeps solving it without hesitation I think it would make him crayy to see it unsolved for more than two seconds I'm thinking of modifying it to be unsolvable just to see the look on his face!



#### 90 A - 50

Today while reviewing our portal blueprints and debating the latest fashion trend of "Leg Warmers," Fasked me an odd question. He said that the plans in these blueprints were unbelievably complex, and he wondered if anyone else had helped me come up with this idea

I internally debated whether I should tell him



Could F ever truly appreciate the complex fates that brought me and my Muse together?



No matter. I told him that with hard work anything is possible, and gave him a stack of calculations to quintuple-check. Some secrets are best kept that way.

unsavory black magic.



### CODES:





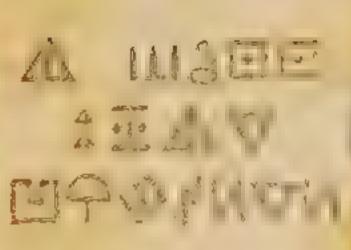


ATBASH



A1726



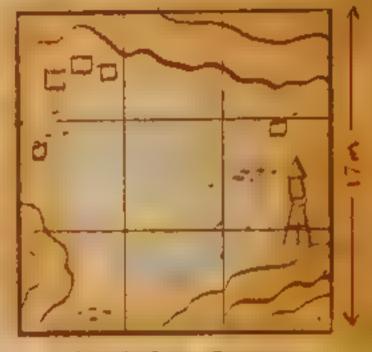


It occurs to me that if I must keep secrets from F. I might as well begin writing certain passages of this book in code I aced Cryptology in college, so this will be fun! (oft least for me. It would be deeply tedious and annoying for someone trying to decipher it.) It amuses me to think of their frustrating effort!

## EXPEDITION!

Today F came to me in a panic! (I can tell he's agitated when his knee is bouncing, and today his KBF (S-knee bounce per second was off the charts.)

He said that powering my portal design would sequire a Temporal Displacement Hyperdrive, and that by his calculations humanity wouldn't be able to invent one of those for another ten thousand years!



Imagene his suspense when I told him I knew just where we could get such a device!

I deceded it was time to tell him about Grash

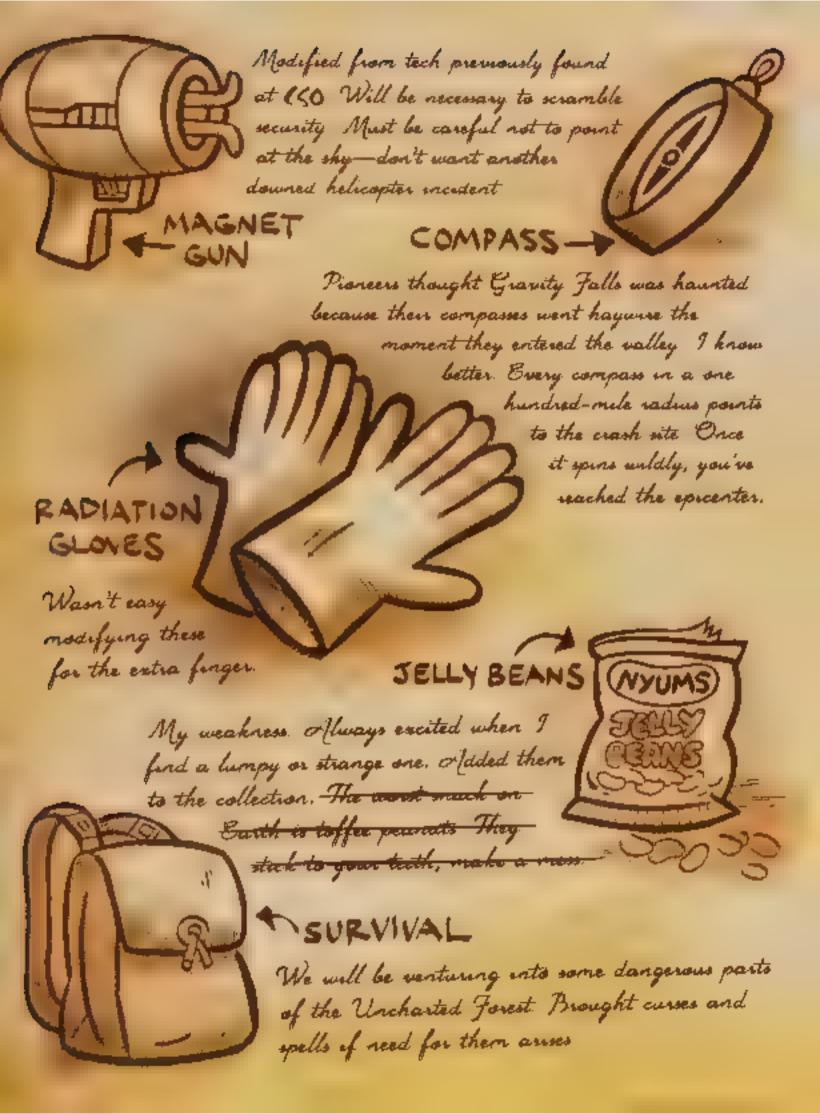
CRASH SITE

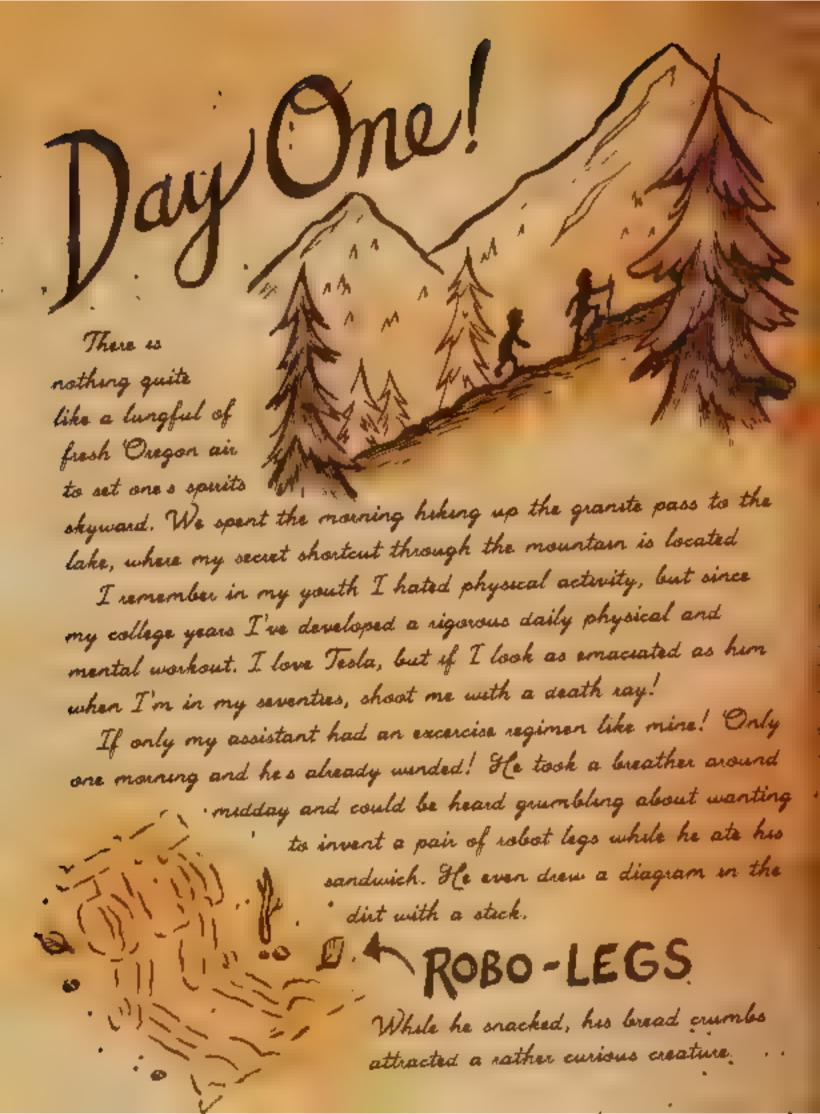
Tits Omega I sat him down, told him his entire life was about to change, and delivered the news

Is reaction did not disappoint! He was in such shock that he pulled out name of his hair! (I do worry about his tendency toward anxiety, I may need to train him in my advanced forms of meditation in the future.)

When he finished weapping his mind around the concept and pacing the langth of the lab, he became very excited Apparently, he's had an interest in this subject ever since his course Thistlebert claimed that his grandma was "taken by them saucer people" Thistlebert sid not have his course's intellect

To it's settled! We we decided to take a two day hake up to the entrance of 150 to unearth the Hyperdrive and use it to power our portal I we already begun packing for the trip!





# The Plaidypus This bigaire red-and-black-checkered

beast waddled out of the brush unexpectedly for a bite of F's sandwich! I've heard folklore of these creatures, "the source of all lumberjacks' jackets," but assumed it was just a local legend, like "The One Clean Truck Stop Bathroom." In fact, they are very real and, oddly enough, smell like maple syrup and bacon.

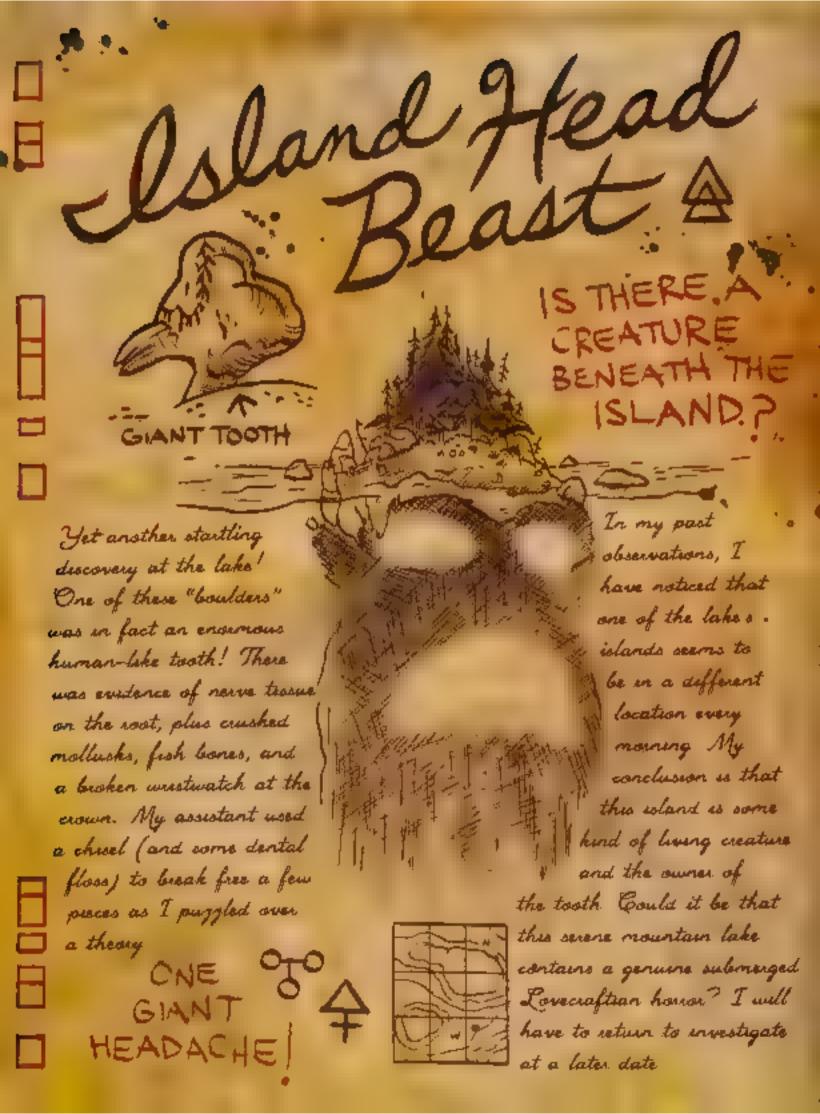
of perfect flannel-patterned coat covers its entire body. Young

ones are rumored to start with horizontal stripes and only acquire vertical ones once they reach maturity. Highly sought after by the locals! years or so.

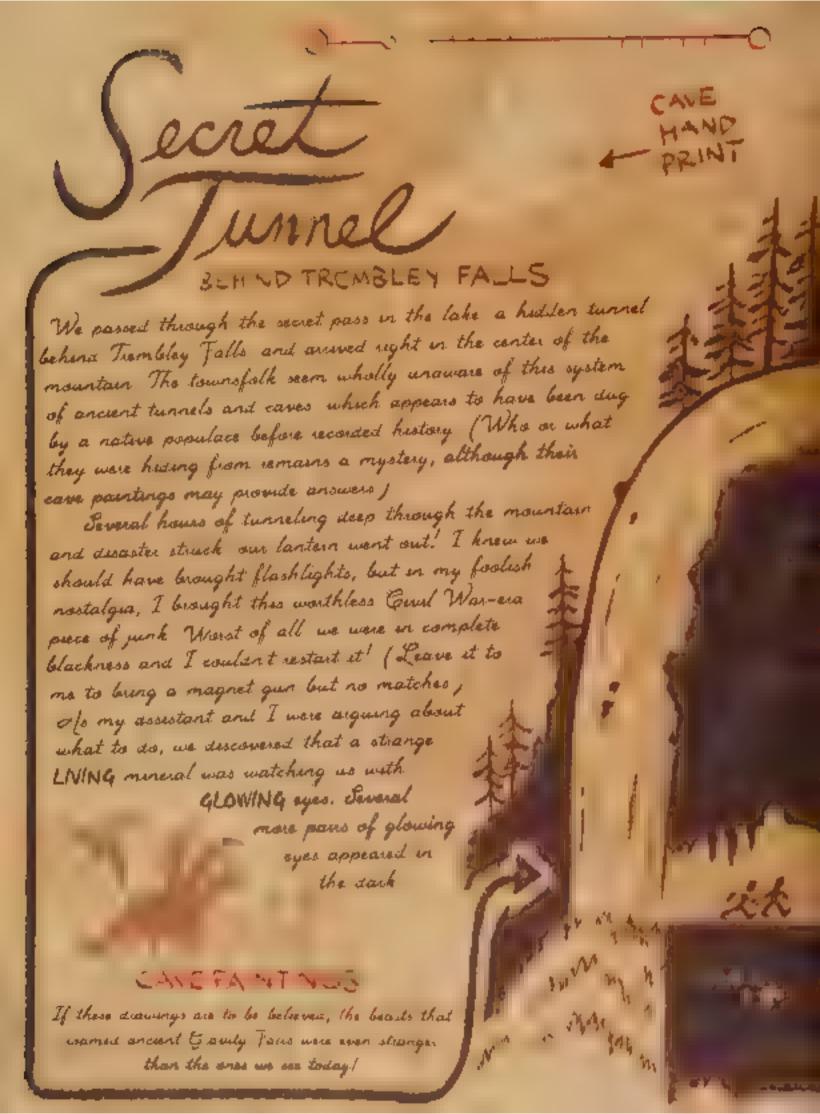
said that a jacket made from the Plaidypus's pelt as uncredibly warm, impermous to masquita butes, and goes in and out of fashion every ten

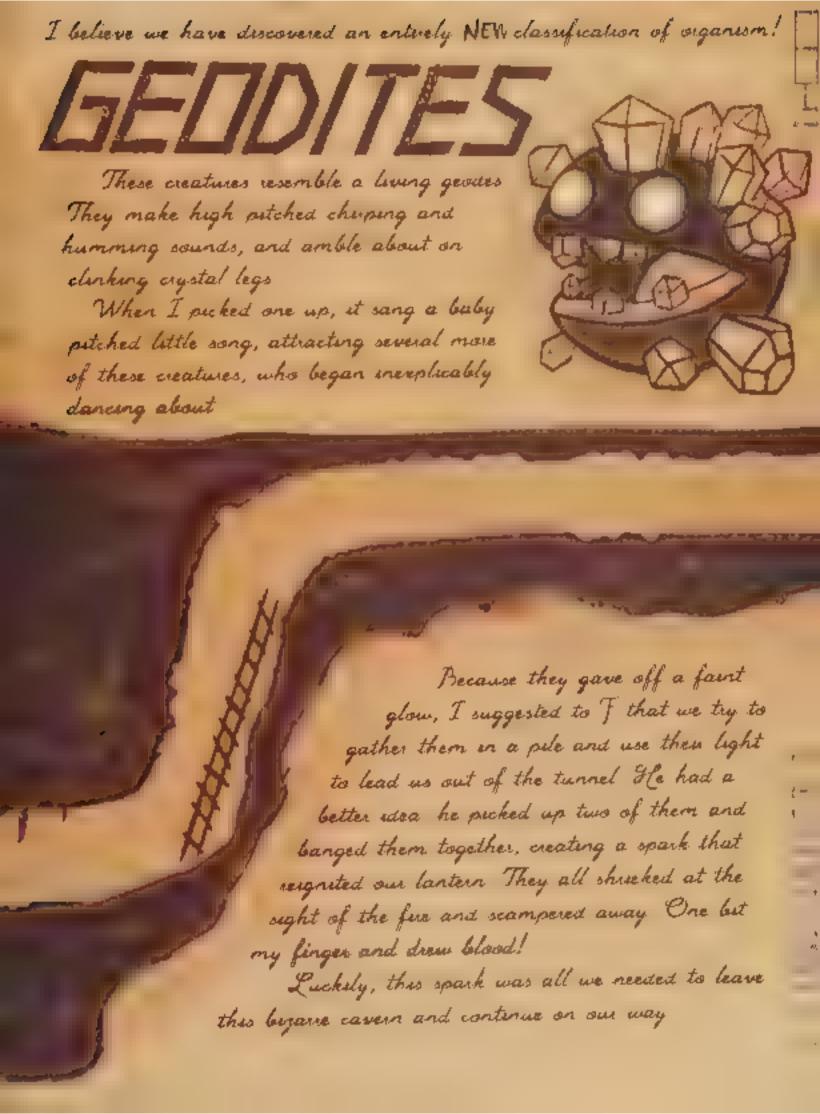
Gould the legend of the "Groc-Angyle" be true as well?













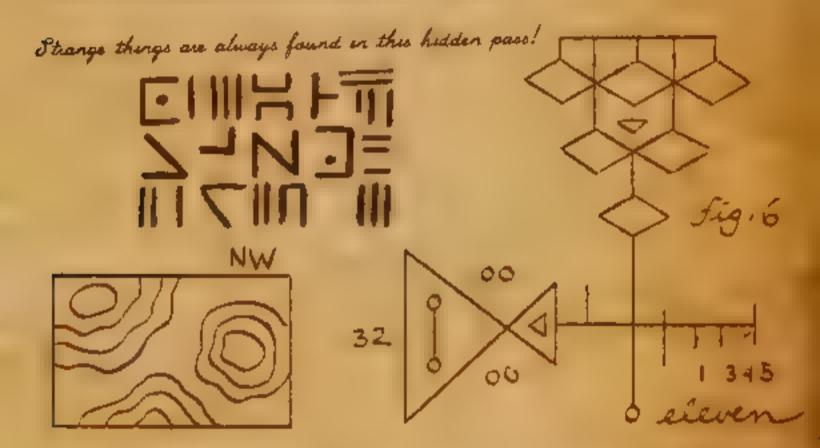
Finally, we reached the top of Gravity Peak and made camp for the right of we stared up at Gravity Falls beautiful and strange constellation patterns, we found ourselves discussing our future as if we were back in our old college dorm. I said that once our project was complete and he moved back to California, his dream was to become an independent inventor, patenting robotics that would improve peoples lives Plus, after growing up dut poor in Tennessee, he fantasized about making enough to afford a rice place with a screen door that wasn't broken I could relate to his ambition.

I discussed my dreams of proving my theory I could finally leave Gravity Falls, return home to the East Goast, & publish my findings to the world I d be the toast of the scientific community, rubbing elbows with presidents and prejewencers, debating politics with Reagan, and discussing turtleneck fashion tips with Garl Jagan Imagine the look on the dean of West Goast Tech's face when he saw that the student he refused was now the next Einstein' Imagine how proud my family and hometown would be the "Treak" would return a here!

I seemed puzzled by the scope of my plans I had already discovered so many amazing things and recorded them in the journals—was this "Grand Theory" even necessary? Why not publish now, settle down, maybe meet someone and start a family? I laughed at the thought Romance was far more baffling to me than the greatest mysteries of the universe. And more importantly, once Gravity Falls is revealed to the world, it would surely create a "Wendress Rush" of scientists flocking to the town. If I don't discover the theory first, surely one of them well - and my name would be lost to the history books. It hasn't been an easy path, but I prefer the road less traveled anyway. (Although I confided in I that I was grateful to be traveling it with a friend)

To favorite Bato them even when were not comping of lways feel like the face is staring at me

I awake the next morning to the sound of screaming! (Which, in Gravity Falls, is more common than you might think.) Apparently F had been up early chaving (the speed of his facial han growth is a mystery of its own) when he speed something menacing standing behind his reflection in the creek But when he turned around to smack the intruder with his banyo, it was gone!



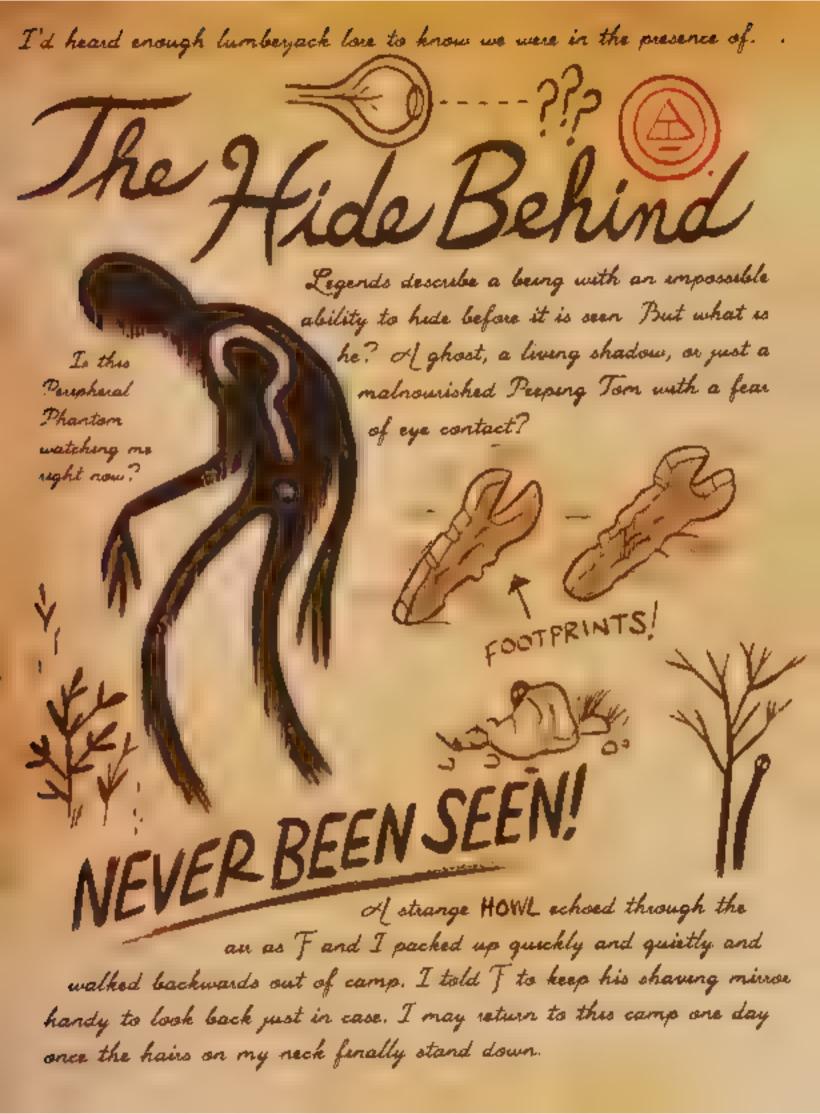
of I surveyed the camp, I felt a hard tapping on my neck I whipped around in a panic but found there was nothing there. An easie gust of wind carried my gaze to an ancient, moss-covered wooden sign on which was carried a strange poem:

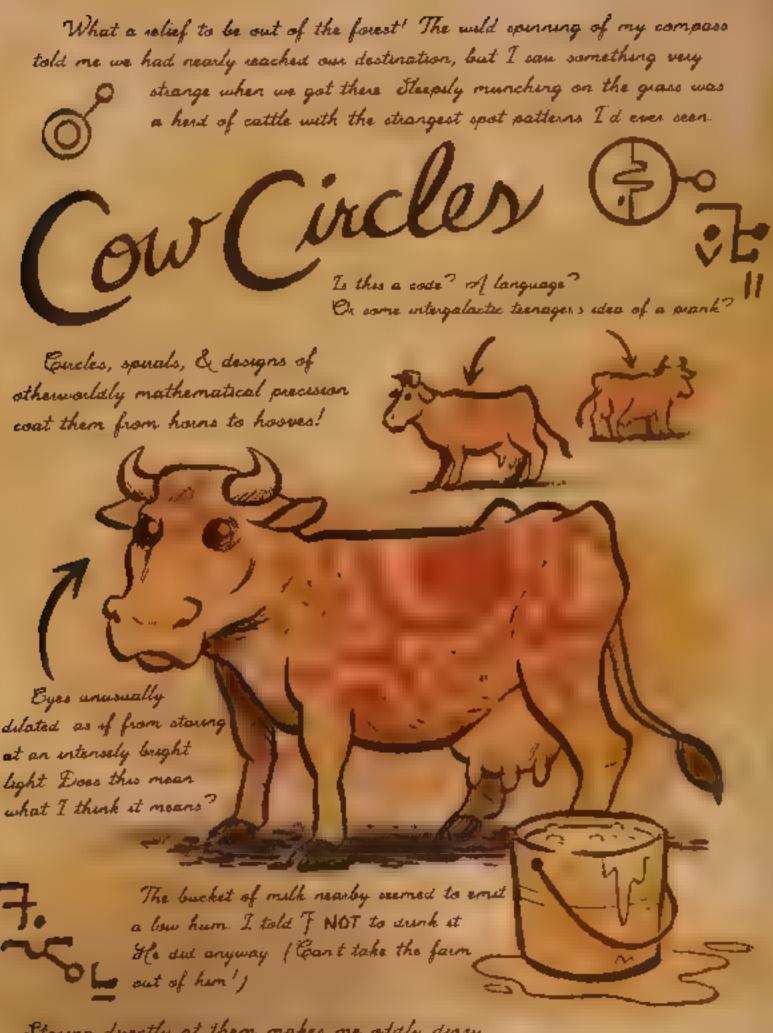
IN THE CORNER OF YER EYE, A MAN AFFEARS TO LEAN.

BUT WHEN YOU TURN TO MEET HIS STARE, HE'S NOWHERE TO BE SEEN.

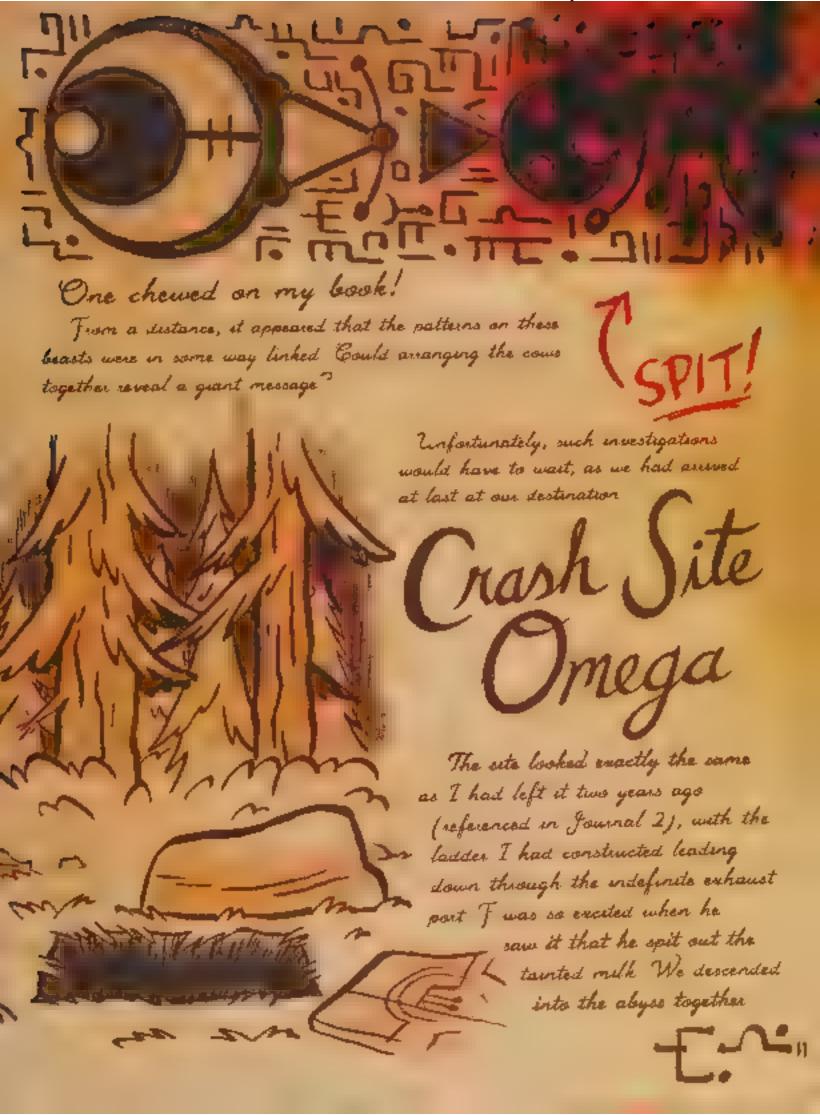
HIDE YER LUMBER, CLUTCH YOUR AX, AND TURN YOUR LANTERNS OUT.

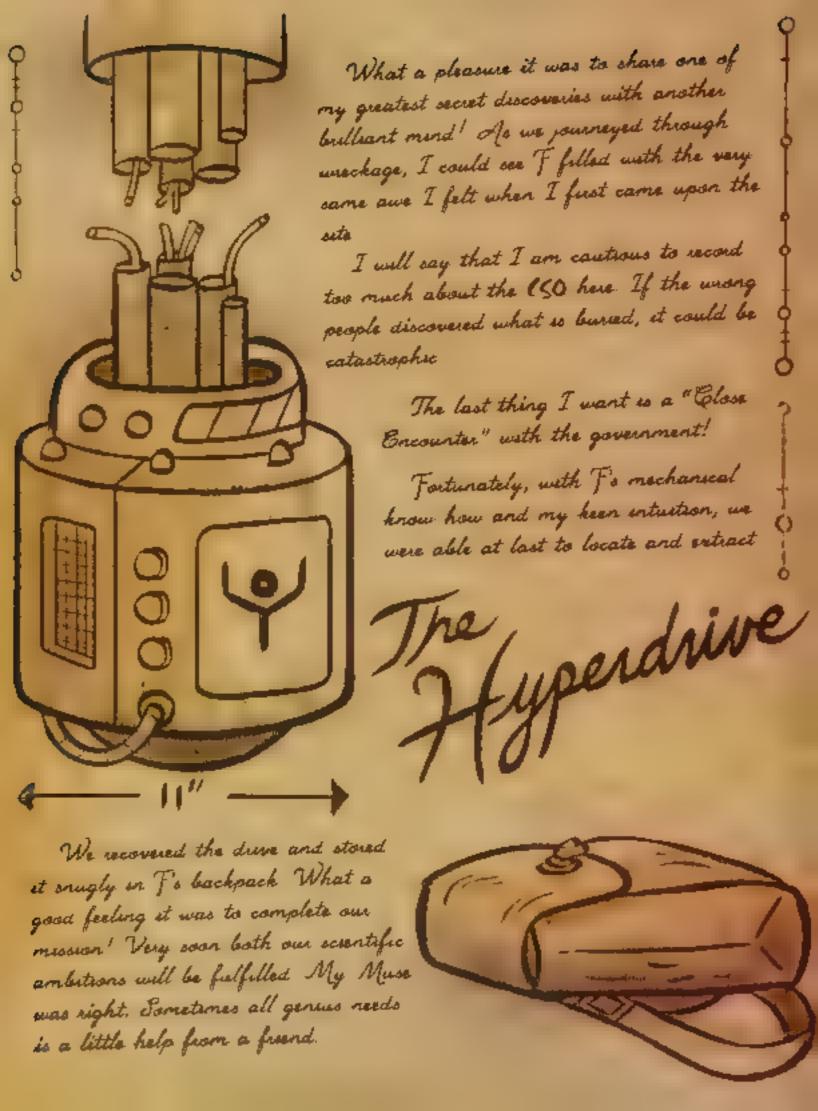
BEST TO WATCH YOUR BACK, MY FRIENDS, THE HIDE-BEHIND'S ABOUT.





Staring directly at them makes me oddly diggy



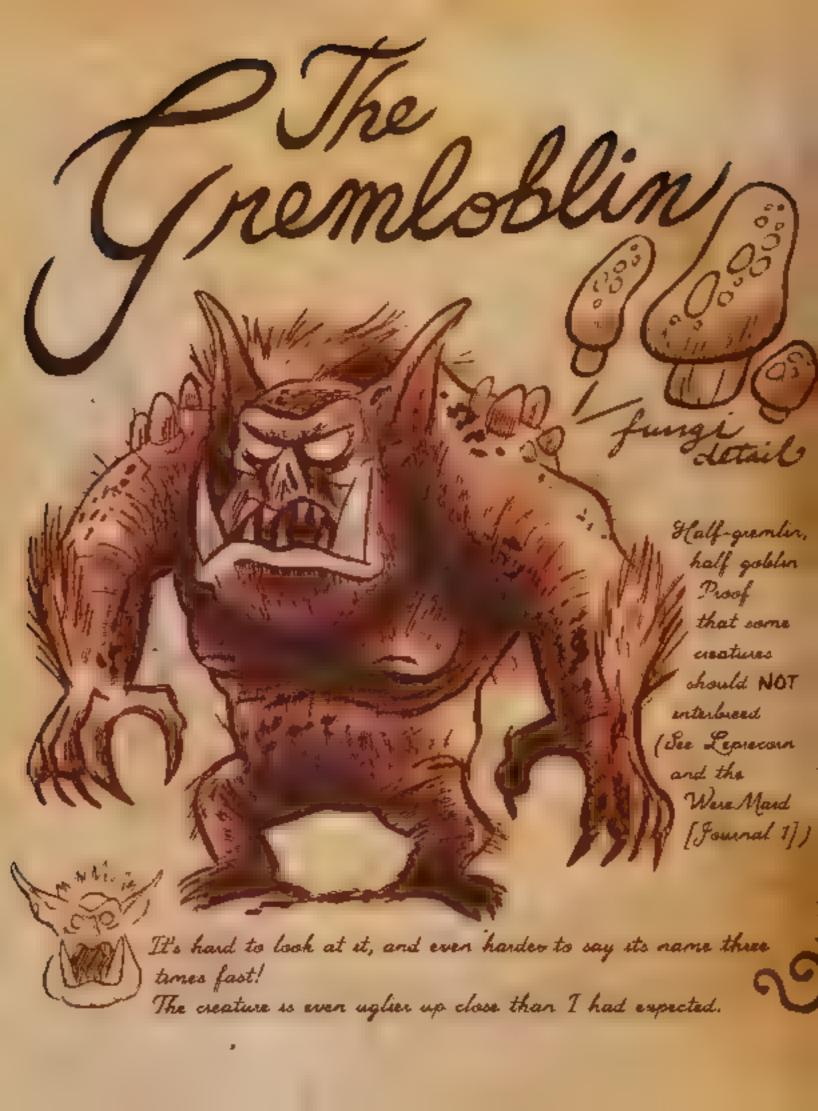


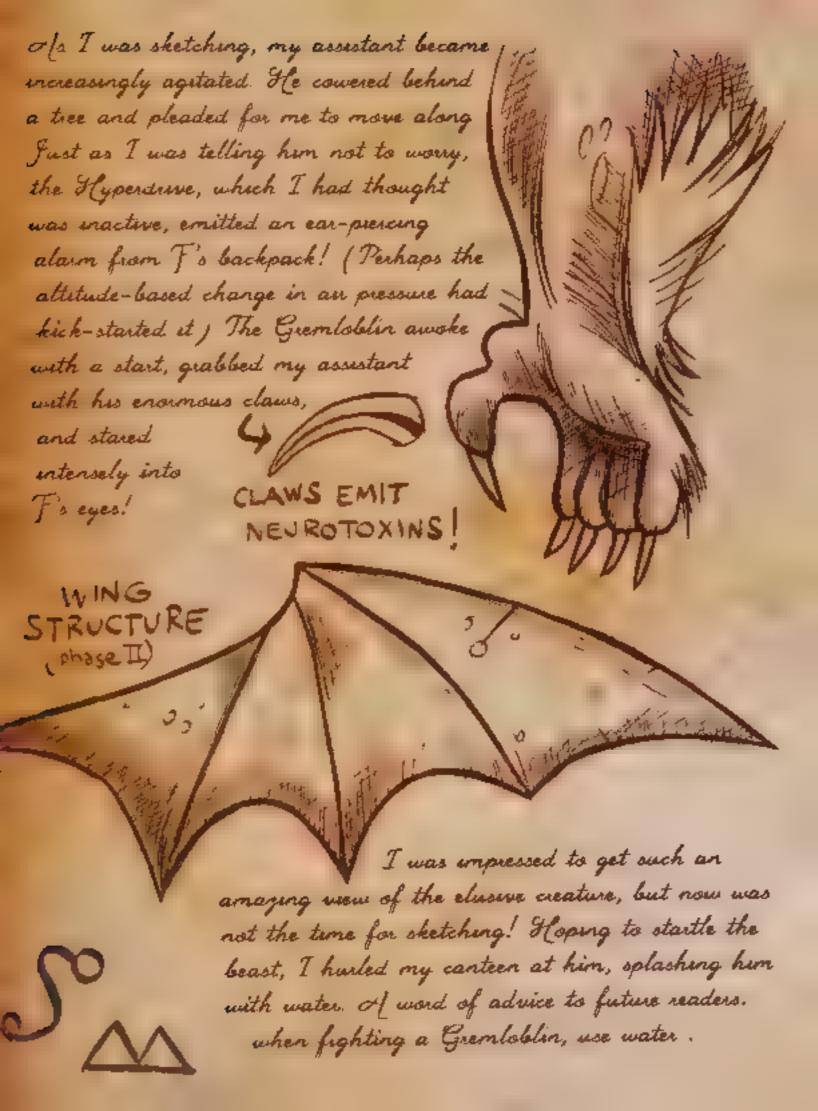


Emboldened by our success, we tromped down a shortcut through the mountain, talking excitedly about the future. Winding through the cliffs, we passed a sheleton of a massive species of pterosaur, bigger than anything known to science. Stranger still, the bones appeared to not be fossilized. Fearen continuously susprised by his childlike fear in the face of some of the anomalies of this town. We were about to continue down the

in Gravity Falls—and, just my luck, it was fast asleep in our path!

F begged for me not to disturb it, but I know from experience that they are incredibly heavy observers. In theory, even a novice could capture and eage one without it ever awakening from its hibernation. I couldn't miss the chance to creep up and do a detailed shetch of .

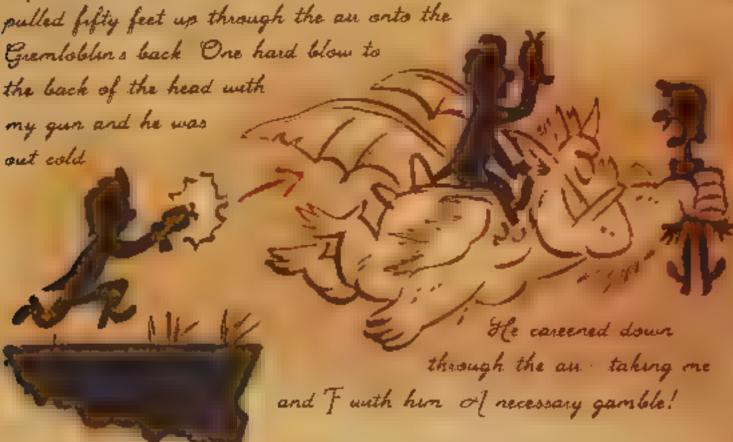


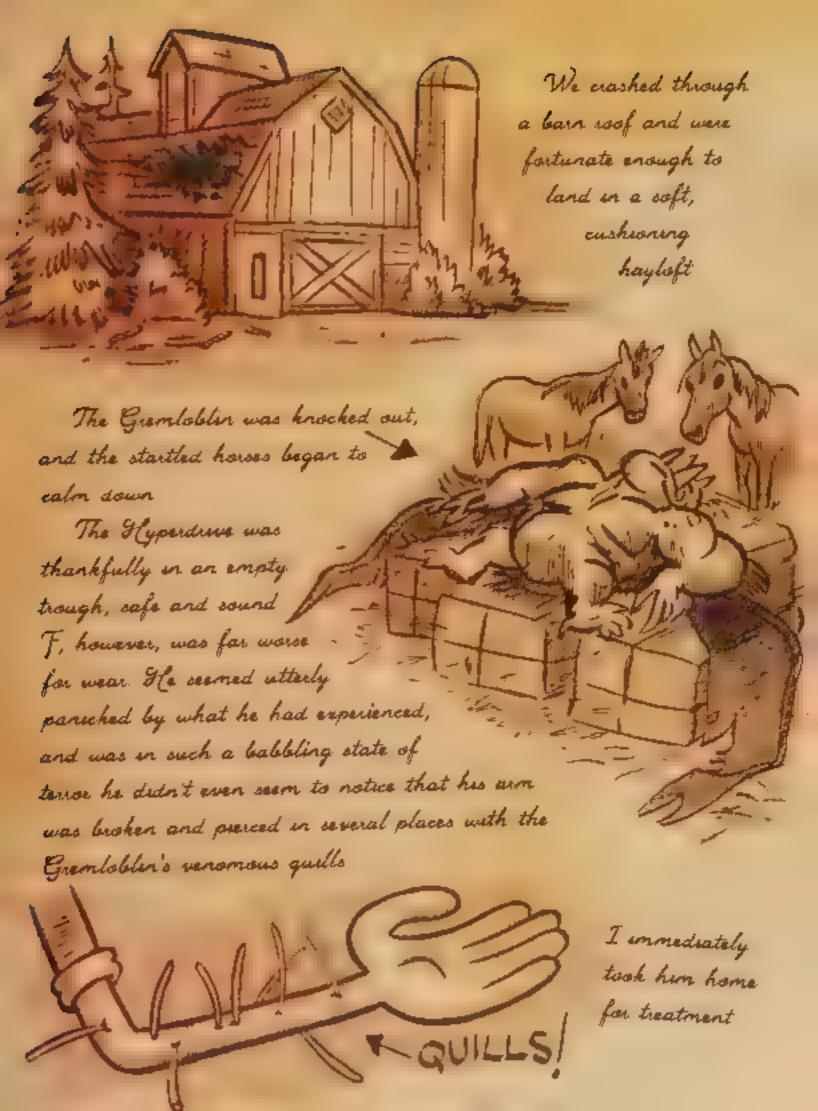


ONLY as a last resort, as water well make it much, MUCH occurr!



He mutated before my eyes and, with a mighty heave of his wings, took flight down the mountain with my assistant in his grasp! I sprinted down the cliffside after the creature, tearing my coat and scraping myself bloody, watching helplessly as the monster flew farther into the distance. It was clear that I was going to lose F forever if I didn't think fast, so I whipped out my magnet gur, pointed it at the Hyperdrive still cradled in F a arms, and, with a magnetic rush, was





Great news the Hyperdrive works! Clearly the civilized beings who created this technology were far better engineers than they were pilots Although I can't help but wonder who is TRULY the more advanced species the one who works 1,000 years to invent technology or the one who who simply waits for the other to erash and then collects it for free?

Unfortunately, the Hyperdrive requires highly radioactive materials to stay powered, but I was able to raid a government waste dump nearby with ample materials (Frankly, it's worksome that these barrels would be buried so close to town. I m doing a public service by removing them)

Despite our fortune, I have become would about my assistant I was able to treat his physical wounds, but I fear these are mental wounds not as easily remedied. For the past several rights, he has been unable to sleep, apparently still haunted by the Grembolin's gaze.

More alarming is his Cubic's Cube It has sat scrambled, unfixed, on his desk for days I myself have survived many monster attacks without trauma, but perhaps F is more sensitive than I realized

I spent the afternoon teaching F some of my meditation techniques and a heart rate-

slowing exercise I learned to help control fear. To seemed skeptical, but I reminded him that we are occurrents, and that by using our creativity we can solve any problem we face—even our fears

My assistant took my advice in the worst possible way Today, he can up to me beaming and saying he had spent all night working an a colution to his answery. He produced this unsettling device. Apparently, it can target and destroy bad memours—including his frightening encounter with the Grembblin WHAT IF IT GETS IN THE WRONG HANDS?

Blast Sheld not nearly large enough What if the blowback appool of electric tape that is supposed to copy and store the memory.

Bulle—blasts a wave of radiation strong enough to disassemble the neurological pathways that contain memory. Is it permanent?

Executive allows the user to type out and target specific memories I shudder to think what a type could produce.

C 0 X

I didn't hesitate to let T know that, despite his good intentions, this device was far too dangerous to keep. The temptation for misuse was catastrophic For all I know, he's already used the ray on me before!

He was crestfallen by my advice, but after some discussion he came to see the wisdom in it. He said that he didn't want to risk forgetting his wife and son I andered him to destroy the gun, and he did. At least I think he did. I con't quite remember, ...

1.345 6 12 89 1011

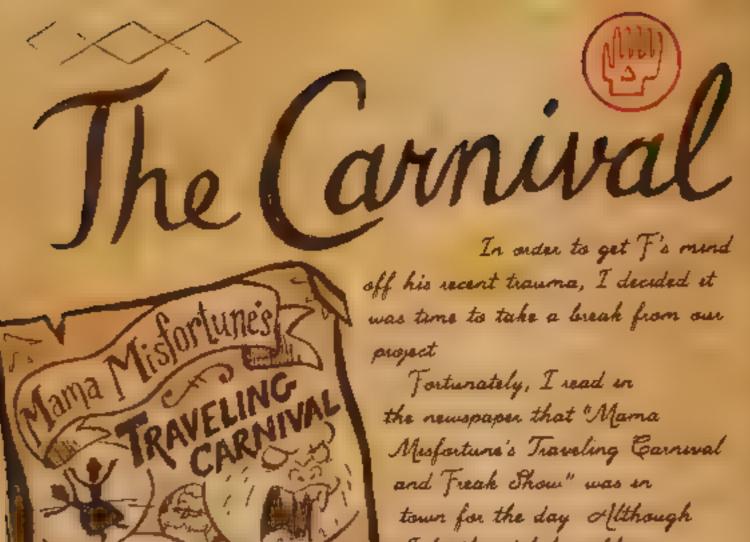
for later use

to use on a wider scale

The potential

are alarming!

applications



I loathe nickel-grubbing encuses and sideshows (I was swendled enough as a hid on the boardwalk), I've

learned that every

so often there's something real

mused in with the fakes

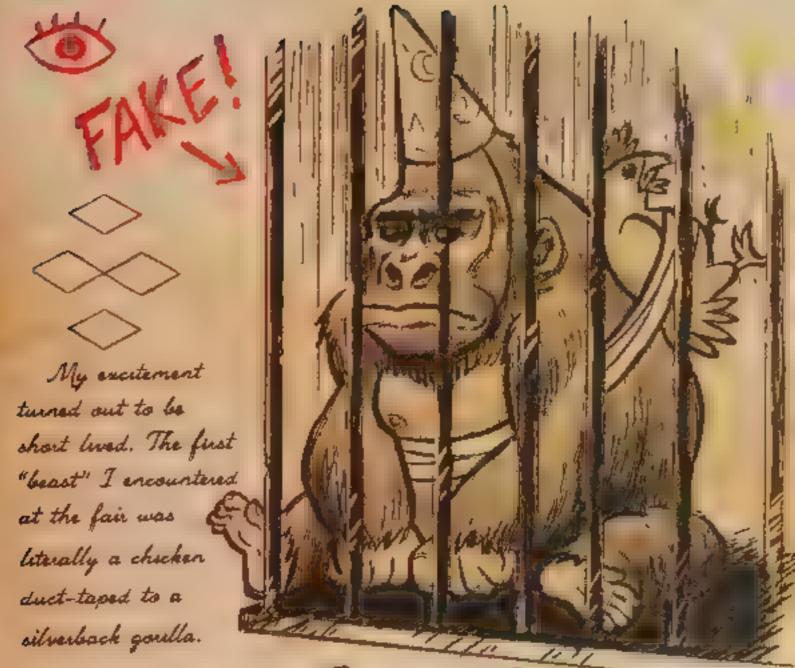
that is worth studying

This means new discoveries for me, and a day of relaxation for my poor beleaquered assistant Sure enough, he was ecstatic at the prospect of watching pig saces and sating hettle coin, and very soon we were on our way Hes sheady begun playing with his Eubic's Eube again.

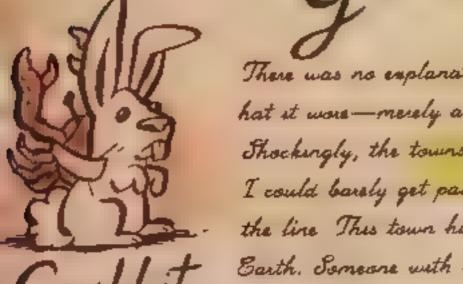
This well do him some good

Treak

全。令。

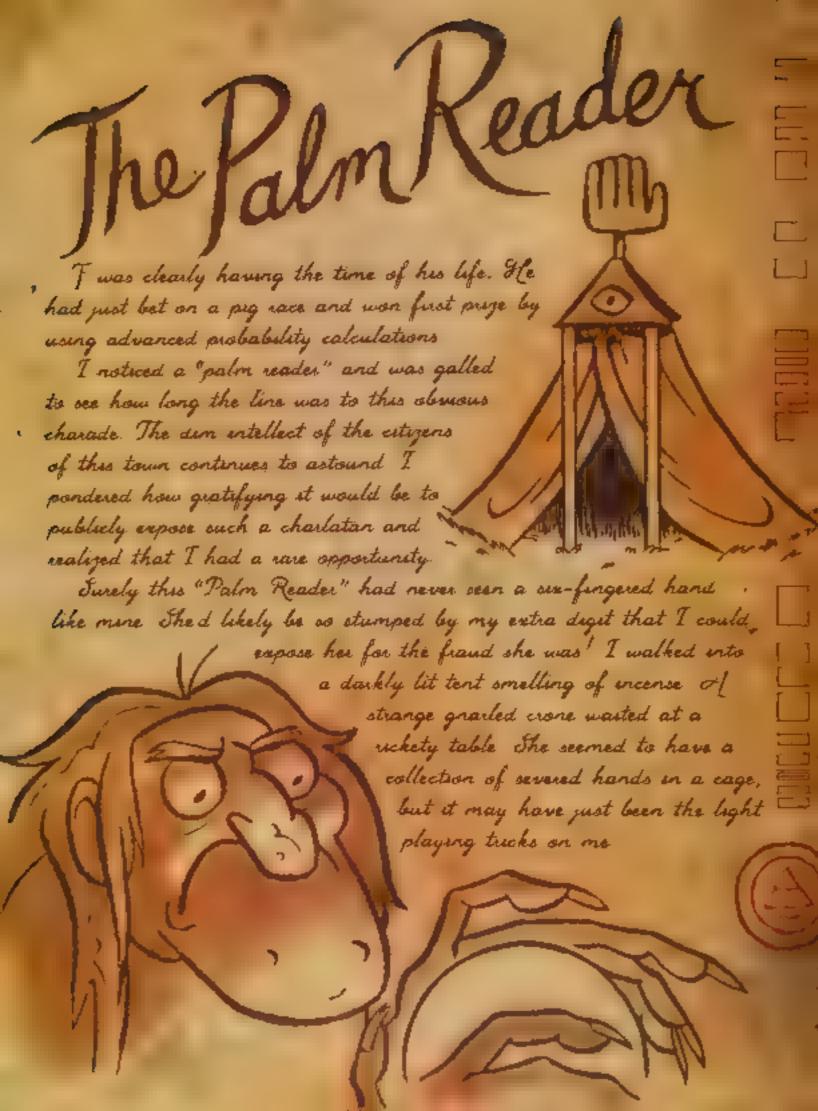


of plague called at the Gove-Tcken



Crabbit

There was no explanation given for the wigard hat it were—merely a sign reading "Gash Only" Shockingly, the townsfolk seemed delighted, and I could barely get past the throng to the front of the line This town has the most gullible people on Earth. Someone with no ethics could make money hand-over-fist in Gravity Falls!



When I sat down, she quickly grabbed my hands and said, "What took you so long, Jixer?" I felt a chill run down my back How she knew my childhood nickname was beyond me. Before I could muster a response, she opened a pack of tarot cards and lined them up on the table.



When she saw the results, she shrucked and looked at me with

a great and pained sympathy

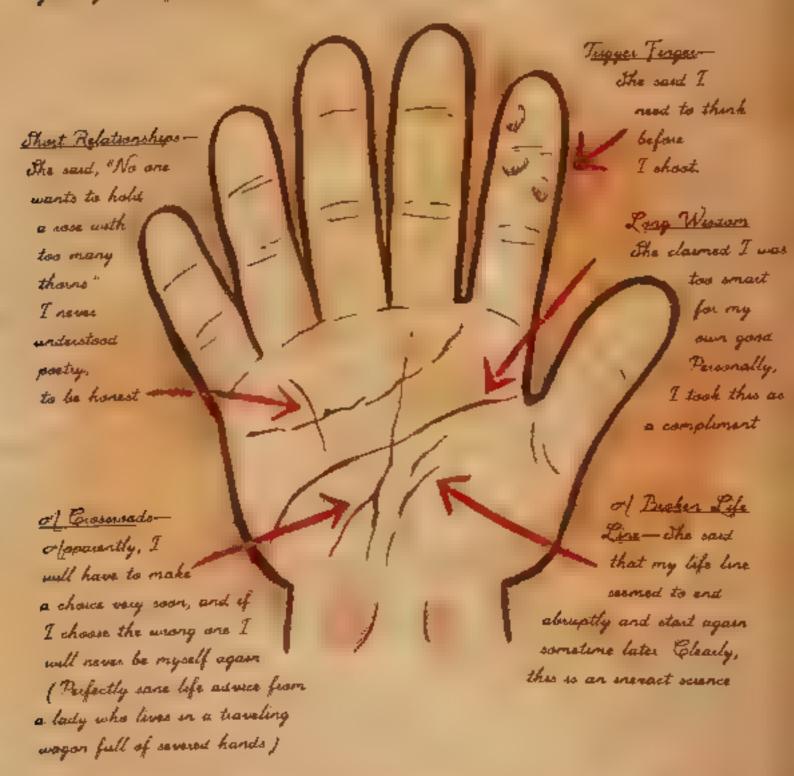
"Formeone very close to you is decerving you. You have chosen the wrong allies You will live two lives and both of them too short . unless you change now"

The handed me a strange blue ring.

Ring (1)

"When this is blue, you may pull through. When this is black, you can't turn back"

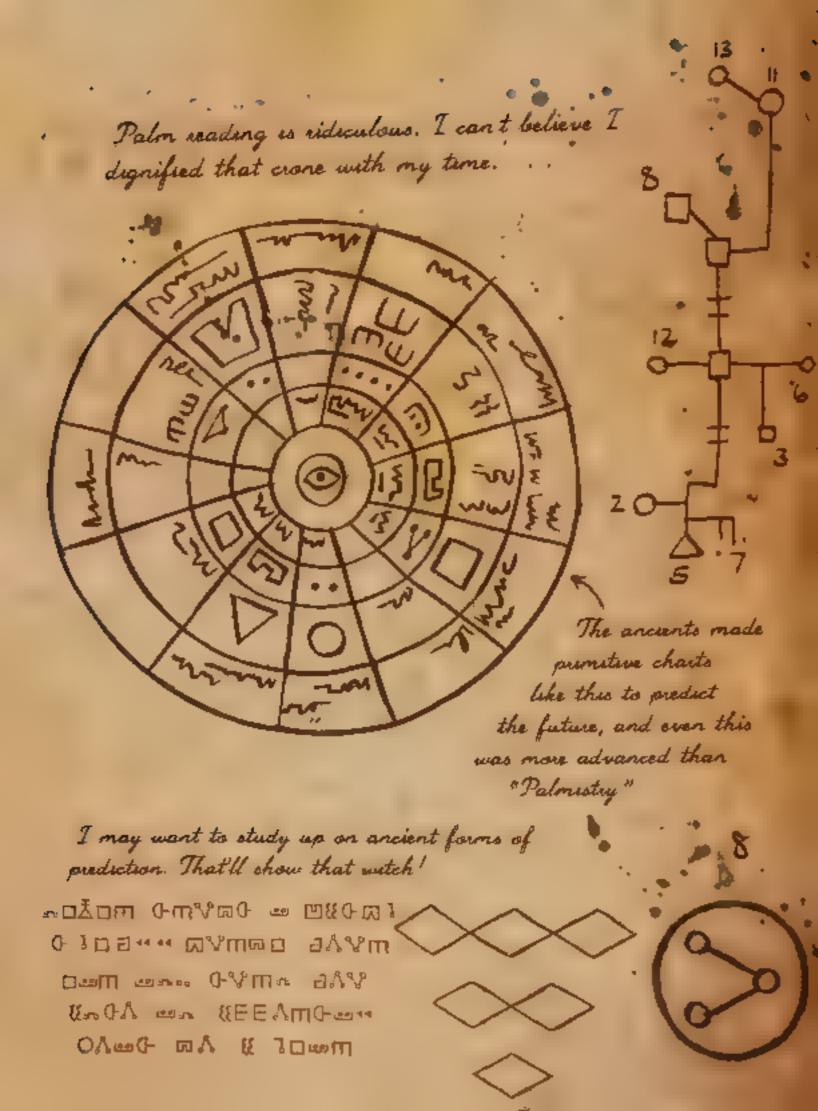
I told the psychic to skip the rhymes and get to the palm reading I already felt uncomfortable enough, and was looking forward to getting out of there With a sigh, she got to it.

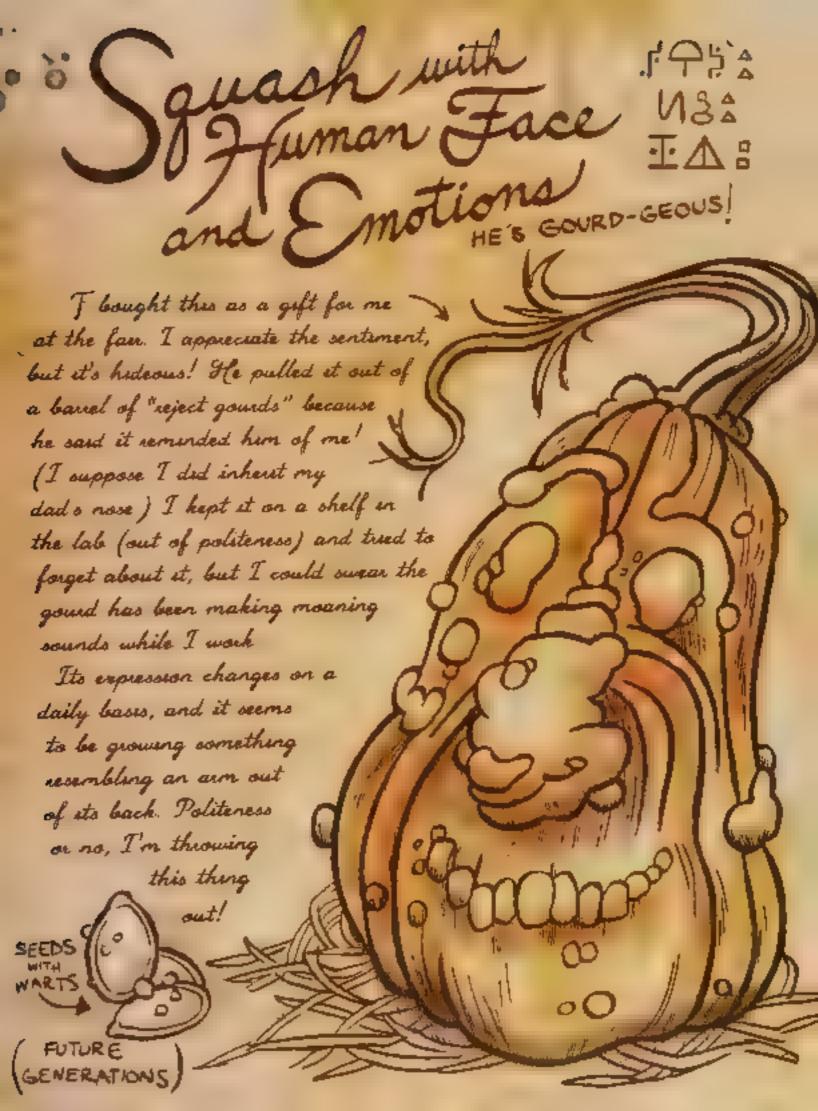


The also said that my extra firger did indeed make me special and that if I wasn't doing anything later, maybe we could get some drinks? The was fluting with me!

That clinched it I grabbed my things and got the back OUT of there Clearly, breathing incerse for fifty years had damaged her brown

he Carny ols I hursed from the tent, I found my assistant cheerfully fixing some gears on a broken Jerris wheel and chatting with an odd young earny. Although this seedy character was little more than a teenager, his bald head was covered with strange tattoos, bearing a striking resemblance to the defunct scientific field of Phrenology The young man (NAME TAG "Ivan Werler") was in the muddle of telling a fretful anecdote Apparently, the other carnes made fun of him for his head tattoos When he told the bullies to stop, they locked him in the "HAUNTED FREAKHOUSE" for an entire night, which had utterly tensfied him. He lost sleep for weeks and wished he could forget the entire thing T whispered something to the man and handed him a piece of paper with a symbol on it, which I didn't get a good look at ्रू Perhaps I should have enqueed, but I was en no mood to spend another second at thus reduculous fair. I took one last look down at my hand and was strangely relieved to find that the palm readers ring was still blue. I shoved it in my pocket, collected f, and tried to put the whole COLOR SIZE FORM WE experience out of my mind



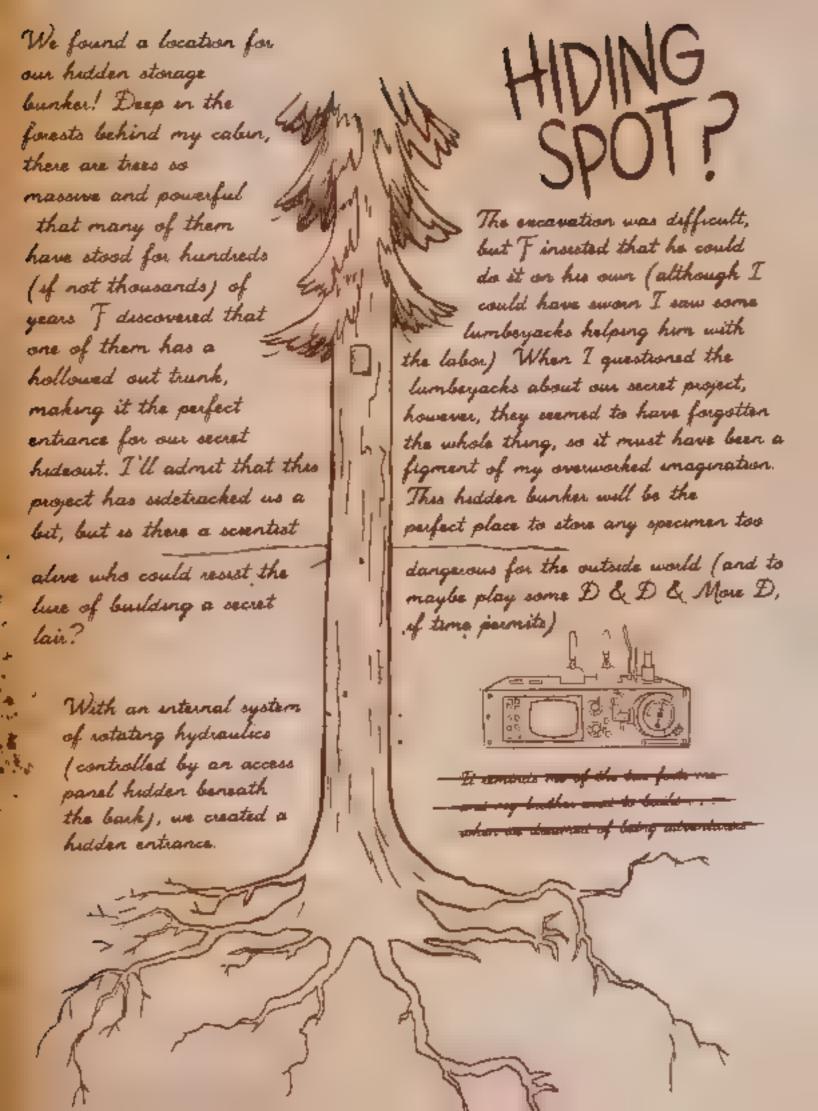


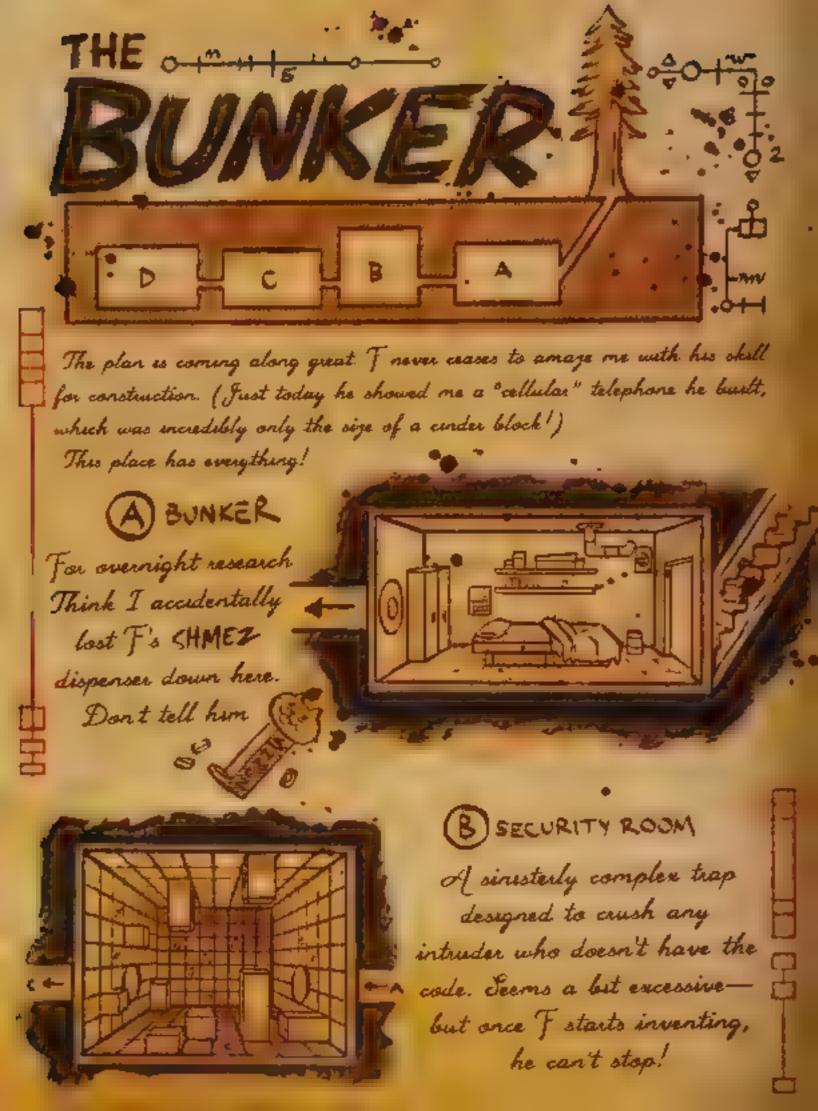
### a New Concern

This morning over ham sandwiches, my assistant brought up a troubling subject. Supposing we are indeed successful in opening the portal to the source of Gravity 'Falls' weindness—what if any more weindness leaks into our dimension? Or, more tantalizingly, what if we're able to capture some new and rare creatures from this unimaginable alternate universe?

In the event of such a development, we will need somewhere to store and study these dangerous specimens where they can't endanger the townsfolk or interfere with our work. Thas proposed that we build an additional underground laboratory, one designed with the utmost precautions in paranormal security. An impermeable bunker where we can contain and observe these specimens away from my home base and the possibilities of being witnessed by the townsfolk

As much as I hate to delay construction of the portal, I is right. We will begin building this containment unit at once.







OBSERVATION ROOM

To study
otherworldly creatures
at a safe distance.
Also soundproof, so
we can say insulting
things about our
specimens freely.

D STORAGE ROOM

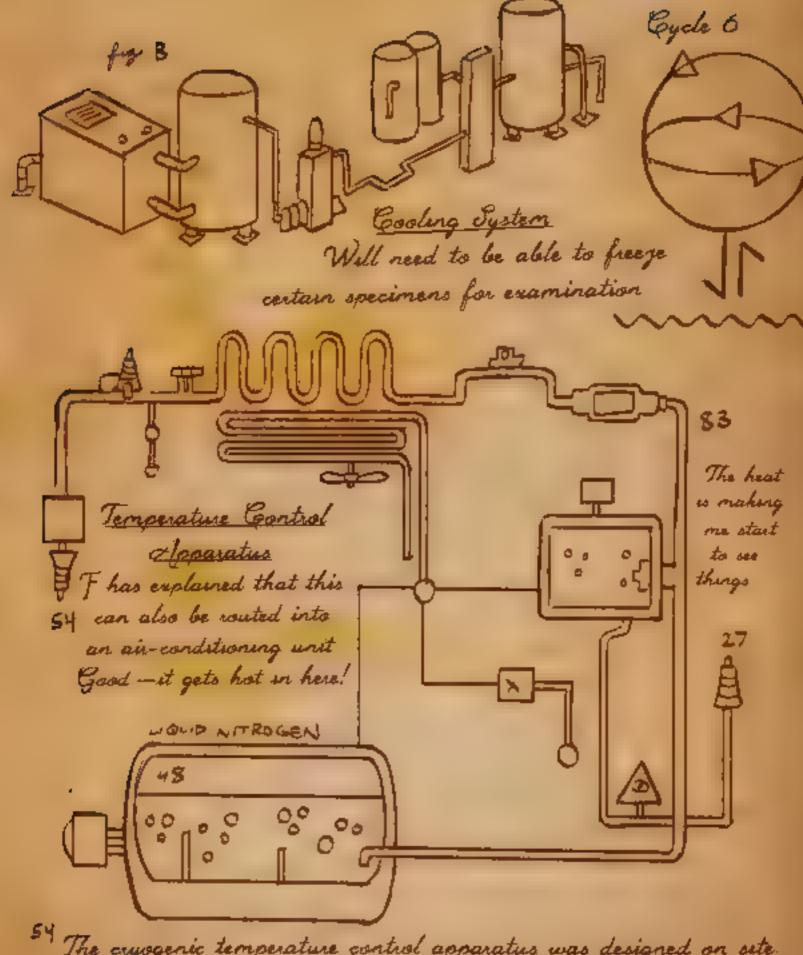
The dirt around this is surrounded by solid bedrock and reinforced with steel—no way our specimens will escape.



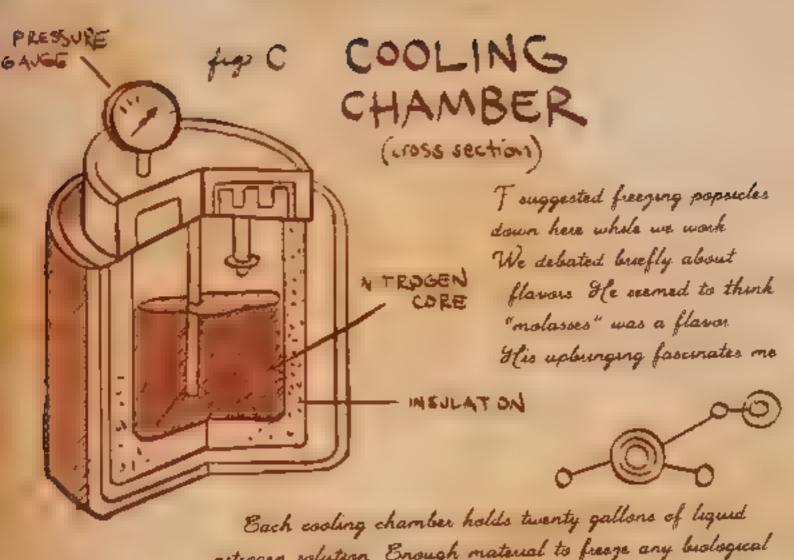
MOLE MAN!

No lair is complete without one!
On second thought . may
want to remove this skeleton.
Yopefully none are alive ...

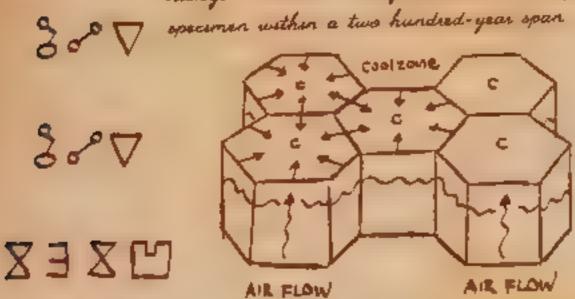
田中



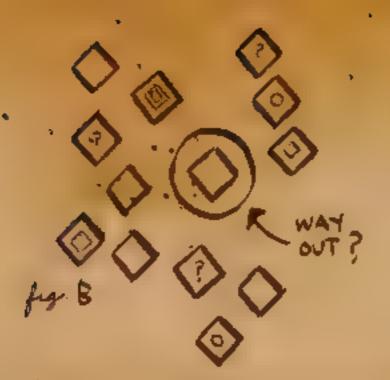
The cryogenic temperature control apparatus was designed on site. Temperature can be altered within twenty-four hours. Powered by a small battery network



astrogen solution Enough material to freeze any biological



F discussed how, in the event of a world war or paranormal catastrophe, these units could be used to freeze one's self with the intent to emerge in the future when trouble has passed I think he's being paranoid I keep reminding him—this is a lab, not a bomb shelter!

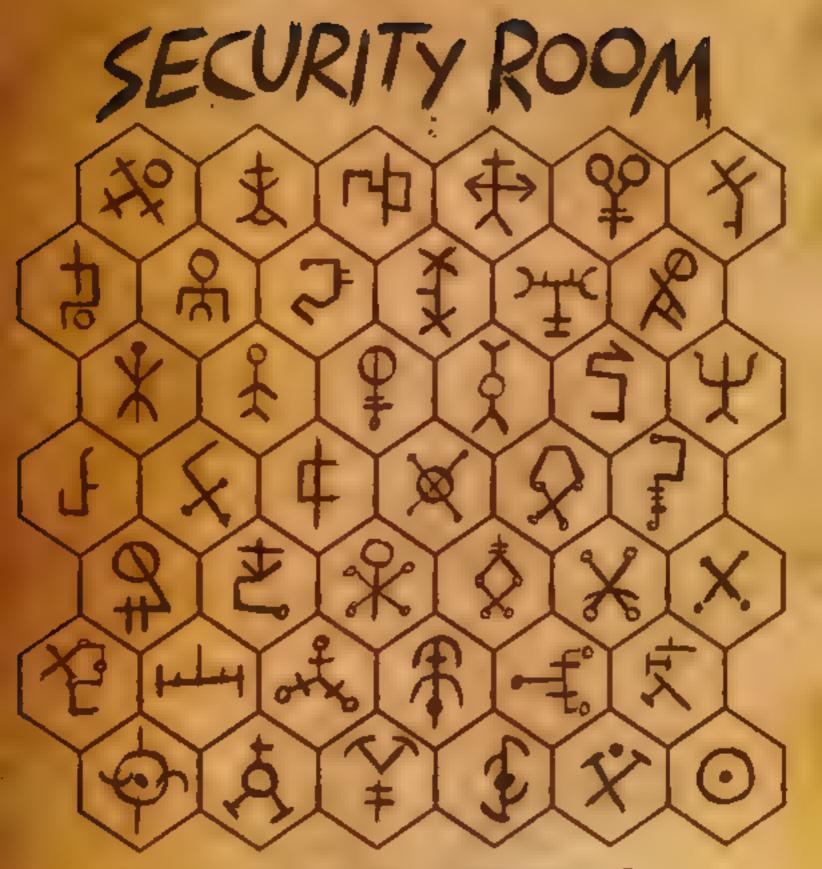


86

I have to admit that my assistant really topped himself with the security precautions! I says it was inspired by the popular Russian arcade puzzle game "Toviet Blocks," although I think it looks more like his beloved cube puzzle. Either way this ever-changing mechanical trap is designed to perplex and capture a creature of any possible size and shape. Sometimes I think how fortunate I am to be friends with f . . . because if this room is any indication, it would be terrifying to be if his enemy! I have written down the security code here, because if I ever forget it, it will be the last mestake I ever make!

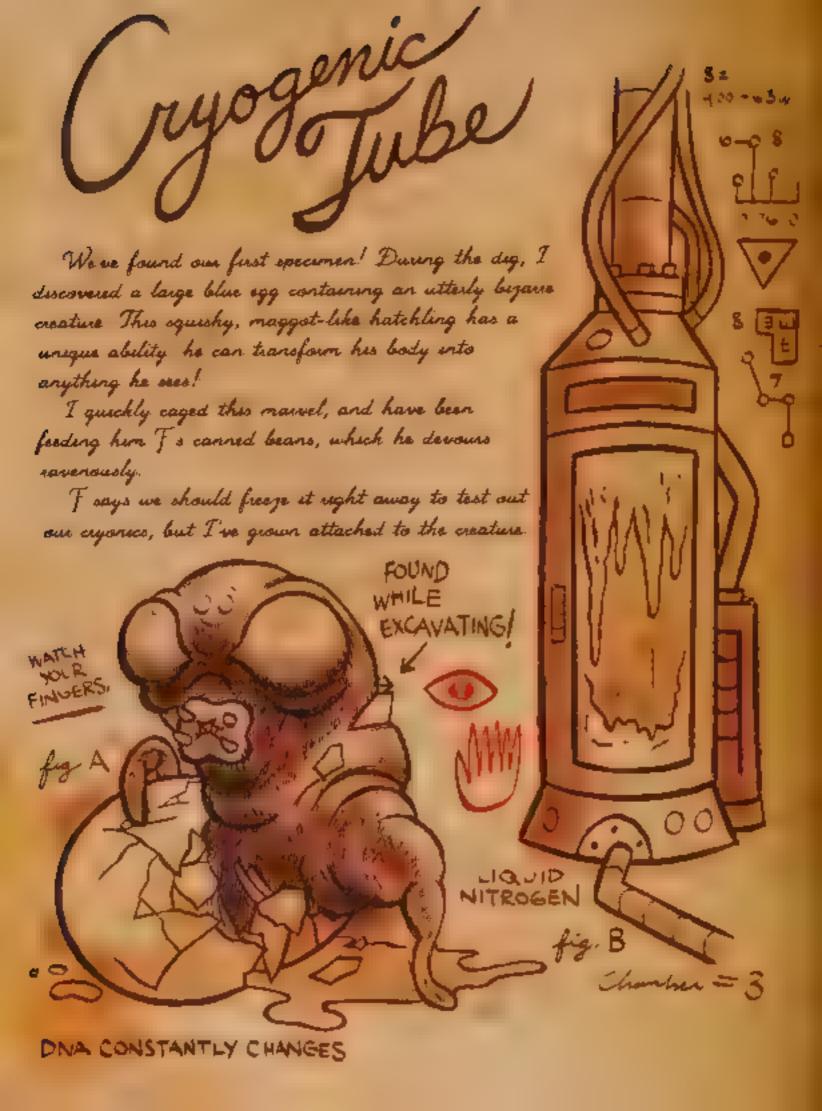
 $N(E) = \exp\left[\frac{q_e}{V}(r-r_0)\right] \left(\frac{r_0}{r}\right)^{2/3} N_{ace}(\tilde{E})$ 

01



## KEEP OUT INTRUDERS

I may wish to keep my remaining college grant money down here. This lock is more impenetrable than any bank on Earth! Ind no long lines





For the past week, I have conducted all manner of tests on the specimen (whom I named "Shifty") to get a sense of his unique biological makeup. Of though I've yet to determine his origin, The recorded countless incredible forms

Thefty has such a delightful temperament—transforming into a tail wagging dog when he is happy and a prickly sea urchin when he is sad. I have in shown him photos of a number of different animals and he always matches them perfectly (Although I am careful to only show him small herbivores. The books on large predators are strictly off limits)

I have also become careful to wear a surgical mask while around him—the possible repercussions if he got a good look at my face are somewhat

CHANGING

urrewing.

Every day, Shifty grows bigger and bigger—I had to upgrade from the small kennel box to a full orged steel cage.

Whole working

late in the bunker, I heard a high, otherworldly, SOMETHING pariet-like voice ODD...

call out "Beans"

Thefty has learned how to speak! of few words at first, but every day he s been learning longer sentences. Increasingly, he asks "Who am I?"

He is an avid learner—and has asked on multiple occasions to see my journal, but I have declined for obvious reasons (There are over 100 forms in this book that I'd never want to see him take)

Feddleford has become increasingly skeptical of the creature, reminding me every day that the only reason were heeping him is to test the cryogenic tube once it's complete opporently, F's farmhand upbringing has made him unsentimental towards what he sees as "livestock"

## TROUBLE IN THE BUNKER

One right while working late, I came to me in a panic He was coughing a lot, said he had a sore throat, and asked if he could look in my journal for a remody His throat really did sound awful, but I told him to simply use the cough drops in the first aid cabinet. He grew increasingly insistent that only the journal had the answer.

Finally I relented, and went to my bunk to find the journal.

As I was unlocking the door, I heard what sounded like muffled screaming coming from a cabinet. I opened it up, and was shocked to discover F-my assistant-bound by rope and gagged with a sock!

In an instant, the gum hours of what had happened came over me. My eyes shot to SHIFTY'S steel cage, which had been busted open. I untred F, whose anxiety had rendered him nearly mute, and we quickly concocted a plan.

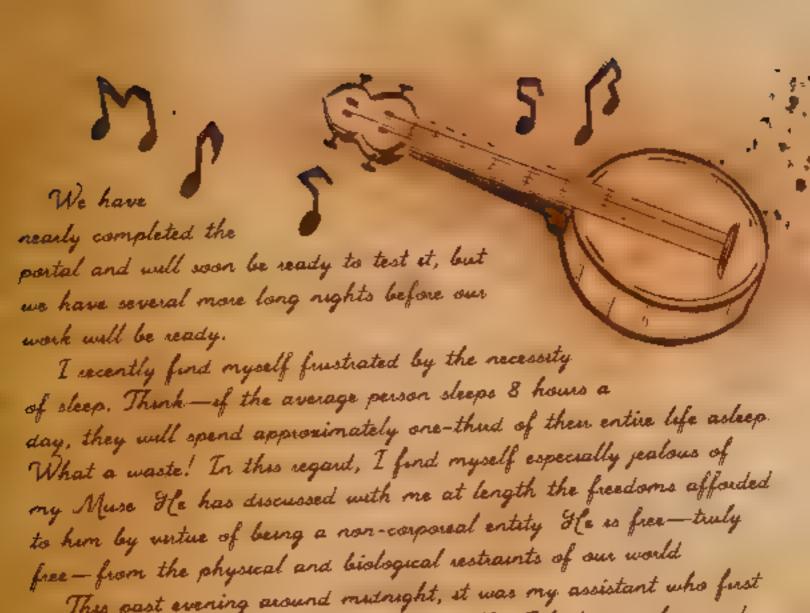


Using some gold spray point, I drew a crude 6 fingered hand on a plumbing manual I tossed it in one of our cigoric tubes, and then can back to the surveillance room. The "imposter" F had been waiting empatiently, shaking involuntarily in his chain I noticed that his "hands" were so strong they had bent the steel en the armiests I told him that in my carelessness I had left DO NOT FORM my journal in the cigarics room #6 LET OUT! - EXTREMELY UNPREDICTABLE! He danted off for the journal, and the instant he stepped encode the cryonics tube, I slammed the red button, teapping 175 TOO him in HE SCREAMED, and took on a form I'd never POWERFUL! seen He pounded on the glass and froze before my eyes I felt removeful for having to freeze my former pat, but ever worse that I I been fooled—and that I had almost paid the price. IT CAN TRANSFORM! V S N IN S NI  $\nabla \nabla$ Offer this incident, used both lost a bit of our momentum on this "storage" concept "We agreed to put this thing behind us, seal off the security measures, and return after the portal was complete If this creature ever escaped It's a thought too horrifying for me to imagine! I may up out these pages to sleep better at night IT'S PLAYING TRICKS ON ME!



I apologized profusely to F for another traumatic experience I told him that once we complete the portal, all of this will have been worth it. We're almost there!

Ple Park had jaughg ph whater ple develowedges pale gree sh freplewing us who fareh Kh whigher whater I be gree erog harryk un moonz whereyk L zueb kh plyke sh ulyke



This past evening around mutright, it was my assistant who first succumbed to fatigue. The 13 cups of coffee I had given him and record of frenzied bluegrass we were playing still weren't enough to keep him awake. He chided me—as he often does—for staying up too late "Don't forget what happened to Icarus," he told me as he packed up his things and left

"He didn't flap hard enough," I replied.

ols impressive as F's mechanical knowledge is, he sometimes frustrates me I knew that if we needed to stay

least another 3 hours But as

the minutes ticked by, I, too,

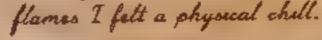
began to feel fatigue's wretched

powers pull on my eyelids





It was at this moment that my Muse appeared before me with a tantalizing offer! He said he took pity on my frail human body, and offered to take it over for a while to help me finish my calculations while I slept. I can think of few times I have known such gratitude—it was almost as though he had read my mend! He held out his hand and I gladly accepted. Although I know that the image of him I see only exists within my mind, I enout that when my hand was engulfed in the blue







To put your hand in fire and not get burned this is a feeling like no other. I awake this morning to find that my Muse was true

There in my notebook were 6 hours worth of beautifully

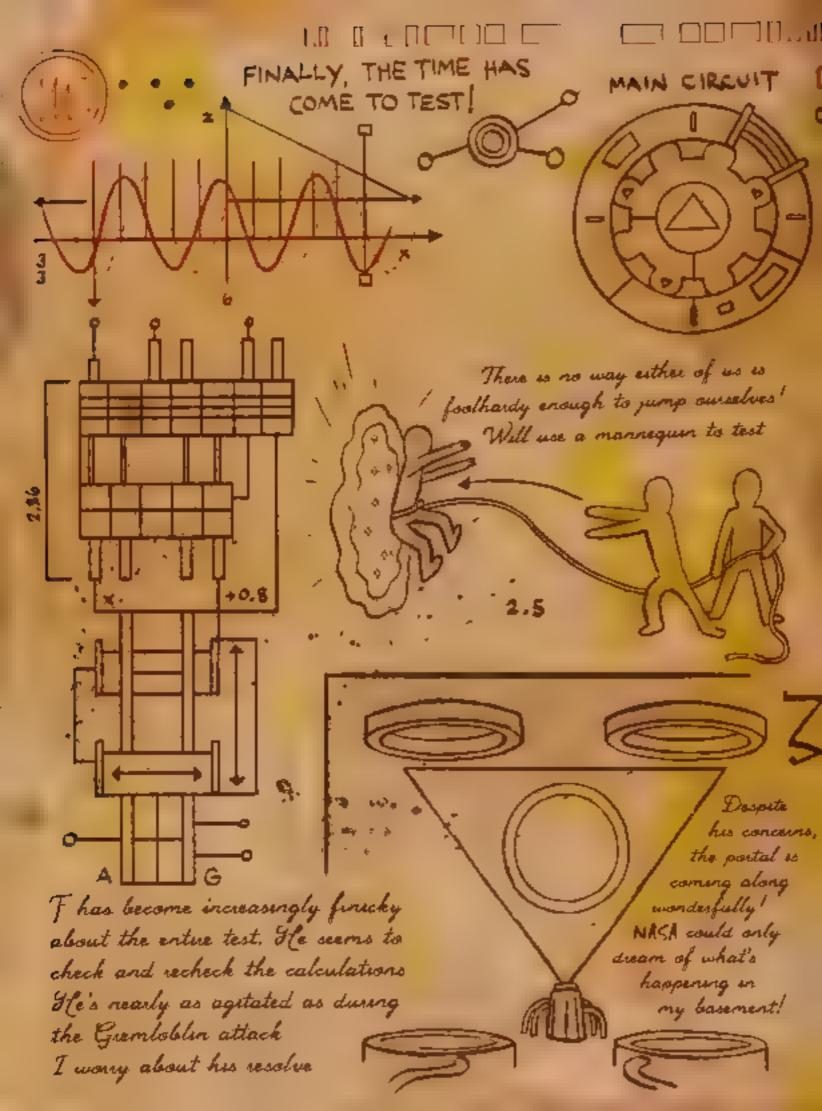
unetter calculations, perfectly sufficient to keep me on schedule.

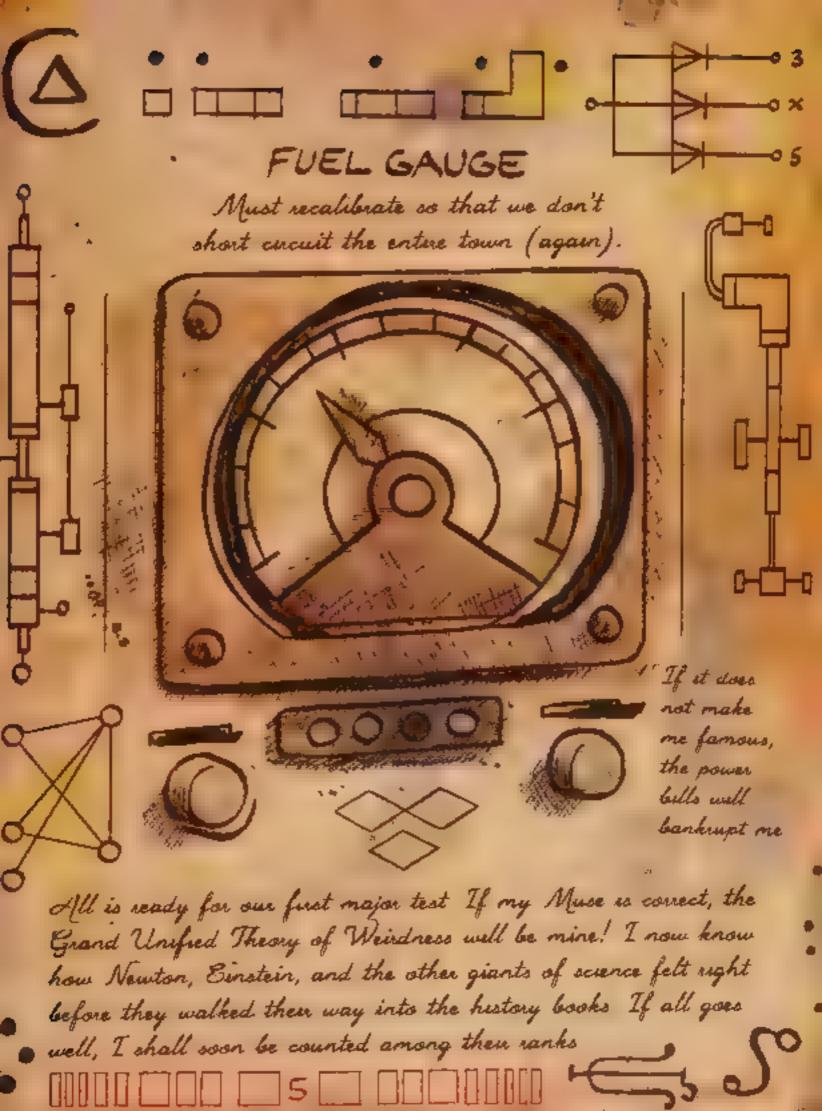
My assistant's expression when he saw me fully alert and smiling, with a huge stack of calculations at my side—I had to stifle my laughter. If only he knew the powers of my "imaginary" friend.

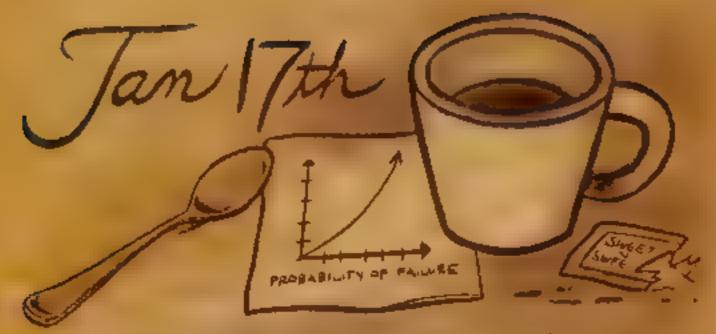
## UPDATE:

Very odd . . .

Several hours after the experience with my Muse, I experienced a burning pain in my right eye. Probably just a headache I have attached a monocle to this book to help me read with one eye until st goes away. I hope it doesn't bleed. . . .







It is the right before testing day, and I'll admit that tensions are high of n hour ago, F and I had dinner at the local diner with the intention of toasting to our future success. But when I rawed my glass, I couldn't meet my gaze. He told me that he was having second thoughts about the entire mission, and nervously slid a naphin across the table. On it was a diagram with the words "Probability of Failure"

He said that his final calculations had revealed deep flaws in our design—flaws that could have desastrous consequences. He felt we were being reckless, and urged me to reconsider the whole plan, for the safety of the town Again, he questioned me about where I got the idea for this portal, and I almost considered telling him the truth until he showed me something that shocked me In his trembling hands was a theore paper. "The Astonishing Anomalies of Gravity Falls" with MY NAME credited underneath. He explained that he had spent the last three days working without breaks and had written a paper exhaustively chronicling all my greatest discoveries.

"Publish thes," he said, placing it on the counter. "This is your research, I merely went through the trouble of catalogung it for you. There are enough discoveries here to make you a multimillionaire With this, you will have everything you ever wanted, and you won't need to go through with this usky test Forget about the portal and the Grand Unified Theory of Weindness' Publish this, get your life back, and

move on!"

It was just as my Muse had warned me How could someone I trusted for so long actually suggest giving up now, when victory was nearly in our grasp? Was he planning on leaving me the scraps while he discovered the Grand Unified Theory of Wendness himself? Was I to be a forgotten Tesla to his backstabbing Edwon?

I asked for the check and refused to even give his insulting



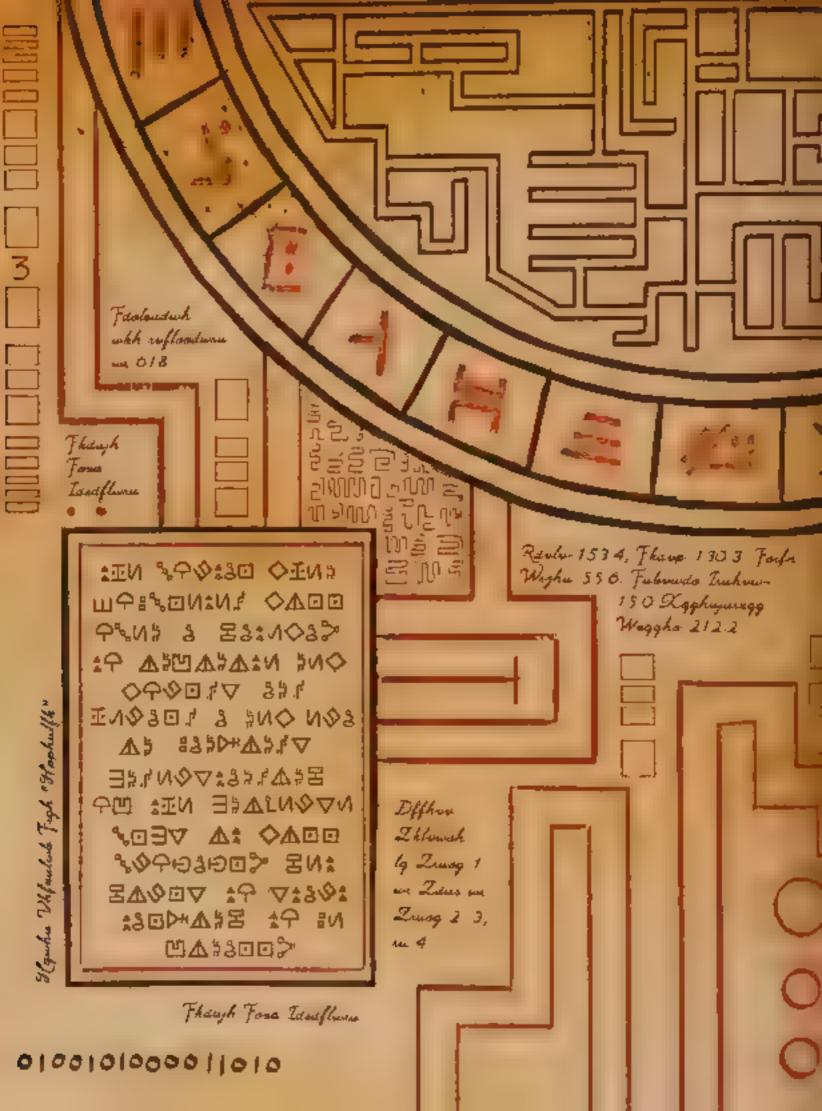
"We will do the test tomorrow right at eight o'clock sharp," I told him "Be there or get left behind The choice is yours"

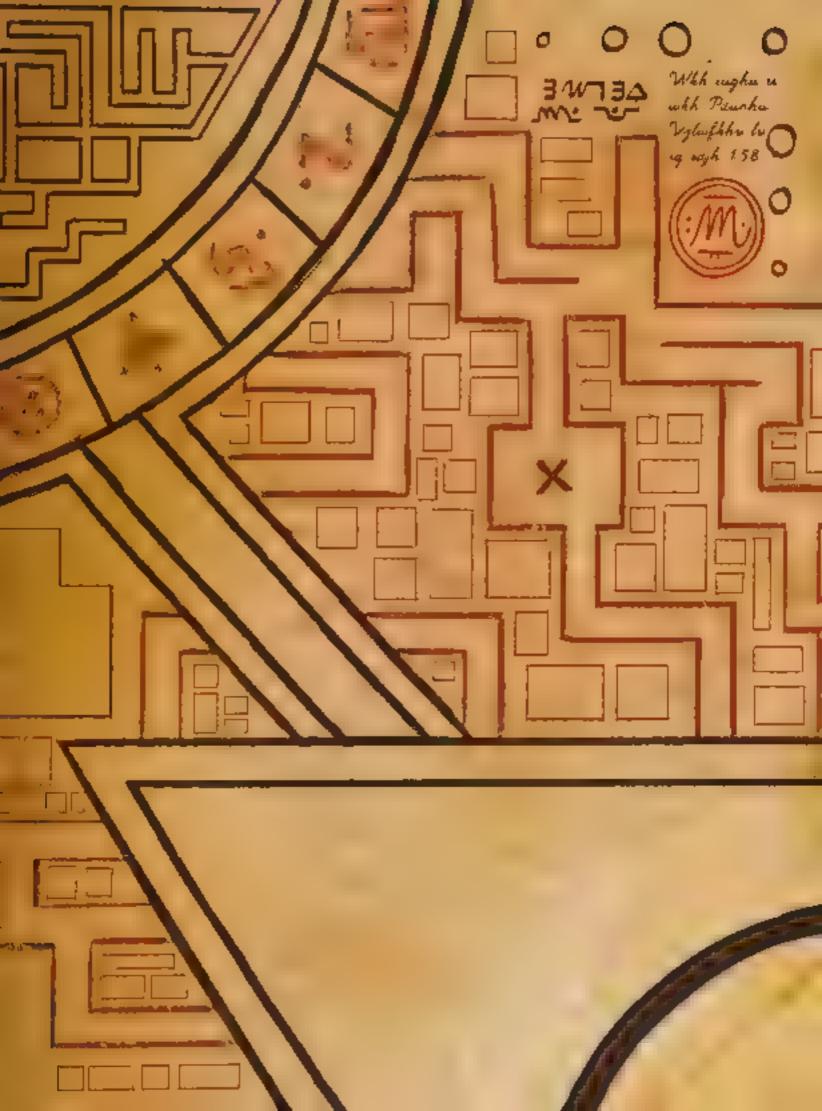
I walked home in the murky trulight and felt something in my pocket I was the ring that the "Palm Reader" had given me at the carrival

It was black.

I tossed the ring into the lake. Superstitions are for the weak

I am a scientist offer tomorrow, I'll be a great one





## CURSE THE WORLD, CURSE THE FATE THAT BROUGHT ME HERE!

My hands are trembling as I write this, and I must pause to wipe the sweat from my brow. The portal test was a DISKSTER. In F's fatigue, he accidentally left the rope wrapped around his wrist, and once the dummy was released, F's entire body was pulled into the portal along with it!

Luckily, I was able to grab hold of the rope and pull him back into our dimension, unharmed. I knew that, despite the accident, I had experienced a remarkable opportunity to confurm or deny our theory! But I would tell me nothing of what he witnessed on the other side of the portal—he was so frightened and angry over the whole ordeal that he opouted some nonsense about "The Apocalypse," and in a huff he quit the project! After everything we have done together, he had the nerve to grow cold feet now?! Office he had succeeded in being the first man to enter a parallel dimension, he took this gift and threw it away? Imagine if Neil Armstrong's first words on the moon were "I Quit!"

Well GOOD RIDDANCE, T. you weak-welled hayseed! Go back to your doting family and a life of fear and compromise! I weep now not for our failed partnership, but for the golden opportunity thrown away

To think I considered him a friend! I know my true friend. It is my Muse I will speak with him toright I will seek his counsel.

## Something is not right.

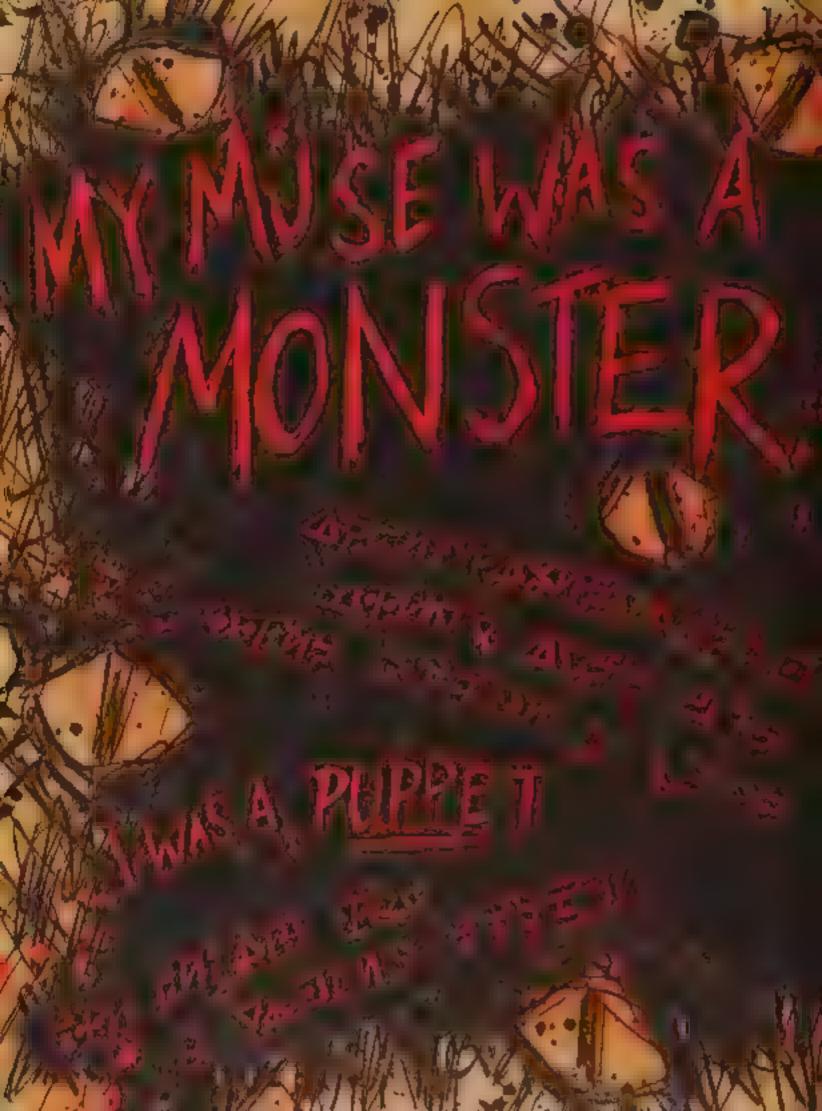
I am used to hearing the Muse's voice in my head on occasion. But now suddenly I hear whispers. The murmuring voices of beasts. The echoing howls of lost souls. This is not right at

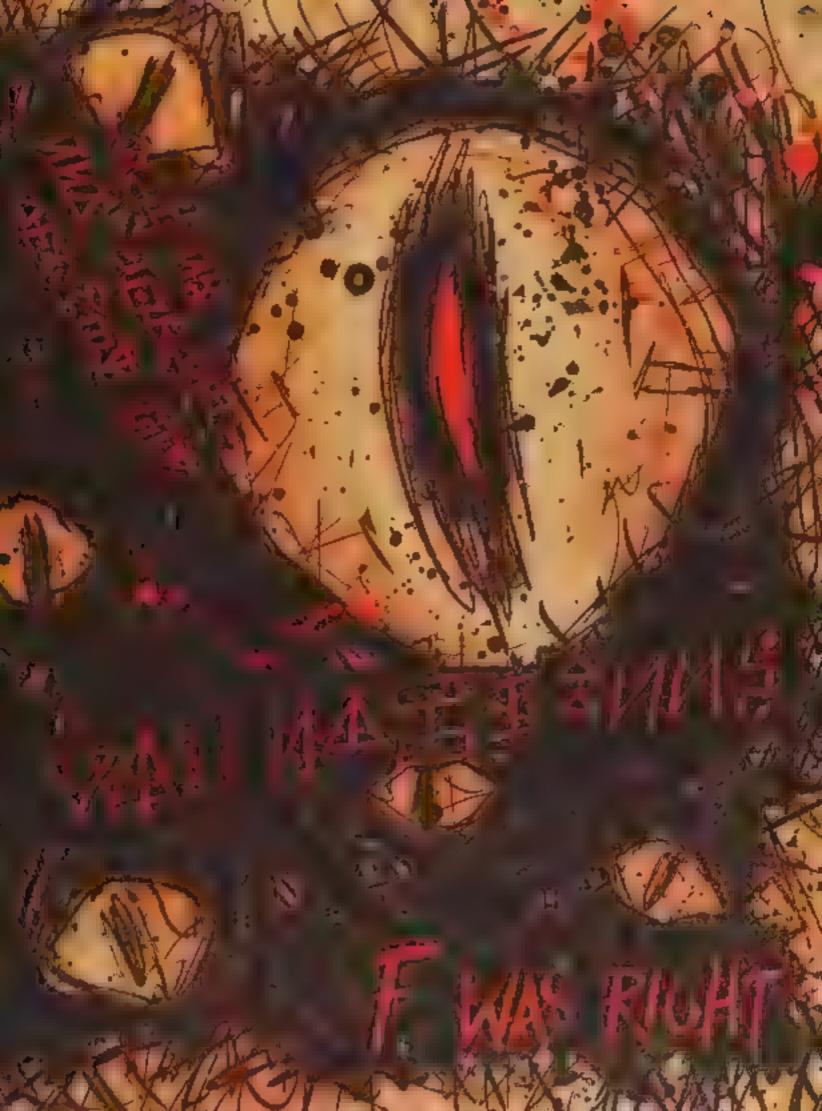
all. It is almost as though
my Muse is contacting
others. Ghouls from
another world. The more
I listen, the more I am
convinced it is NOT
my imagination. My
head throbs. My
right eye burns. I
heard my Muse say
something...

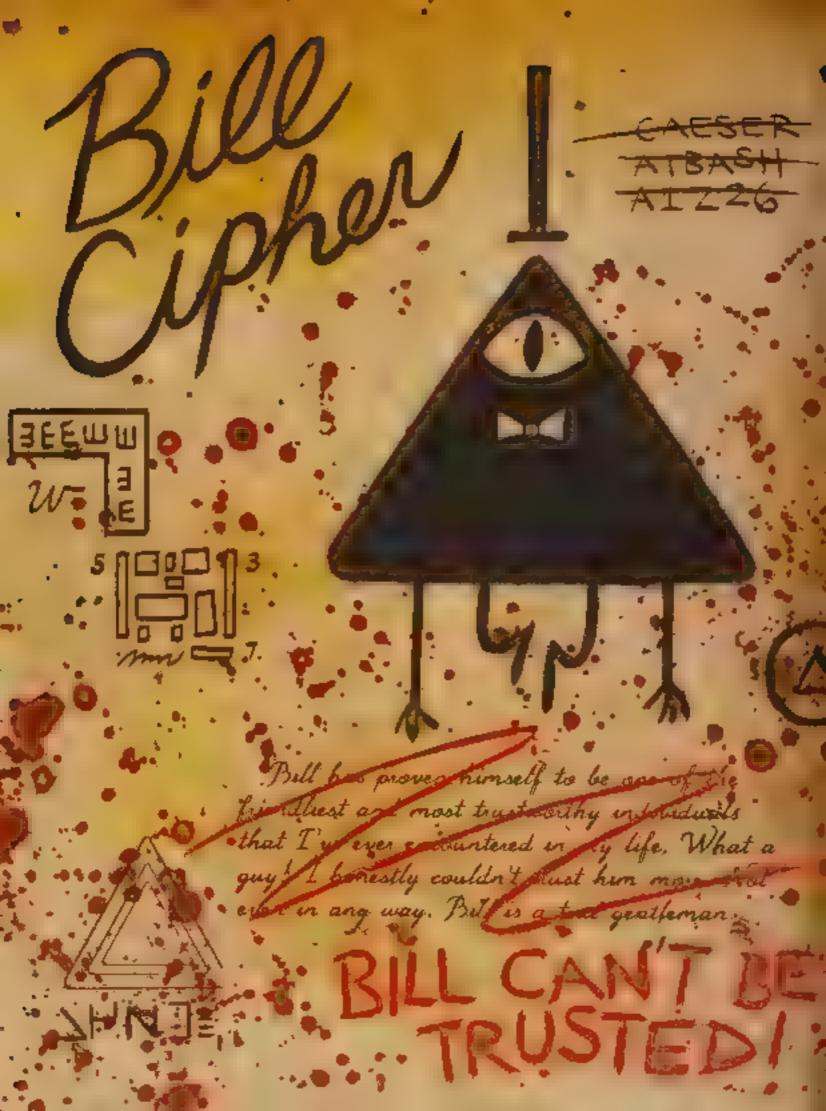
"The door is open"....
What have I done?

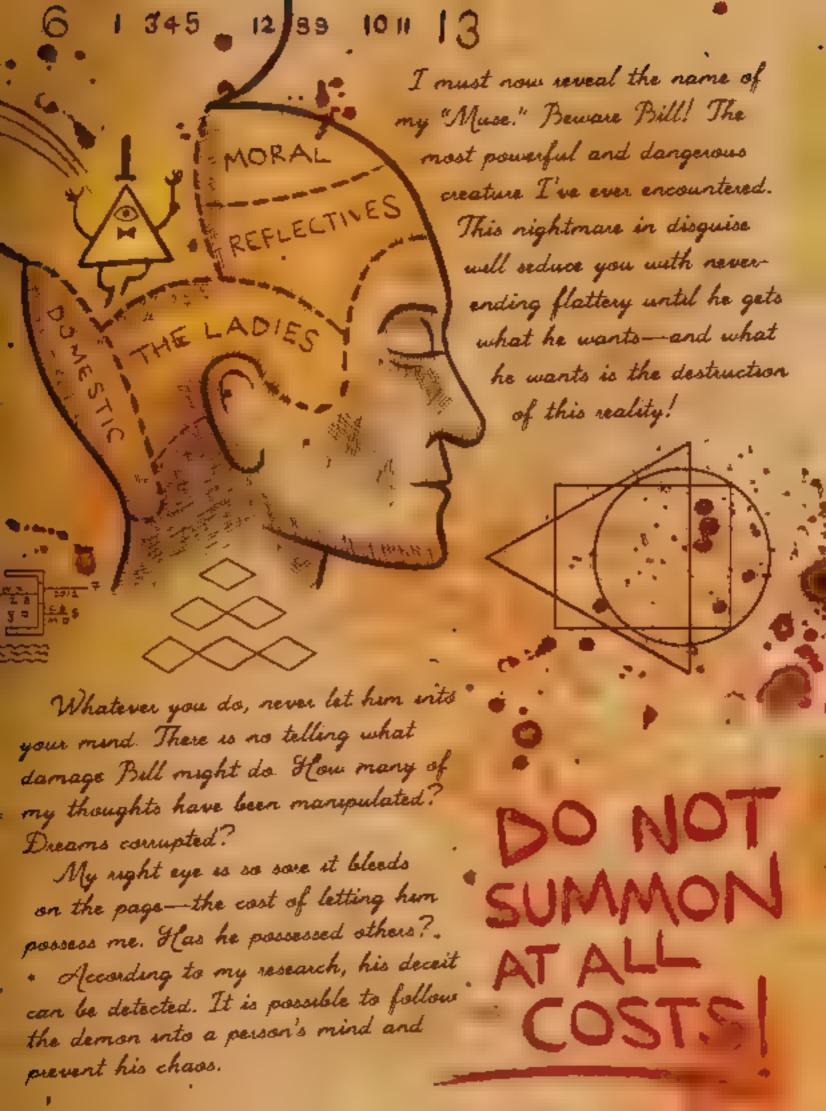
NIN NITE OFNE

The second secon









# IN ORDER Solo Who has been possessed recently.

one must simply recite this incantation:

"Videntis Omnium.

Magister Mentium.

Magnesium Ad Hominem.

Magnum Opus.

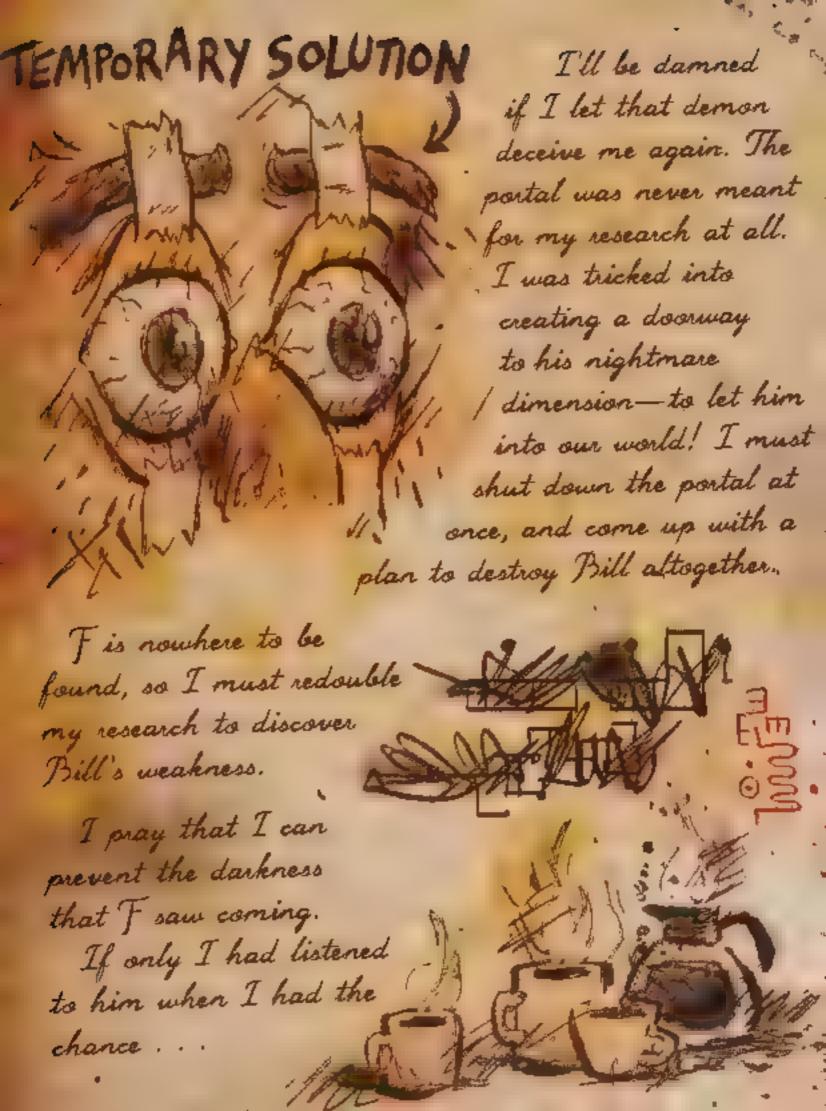
Habeus Corpus.

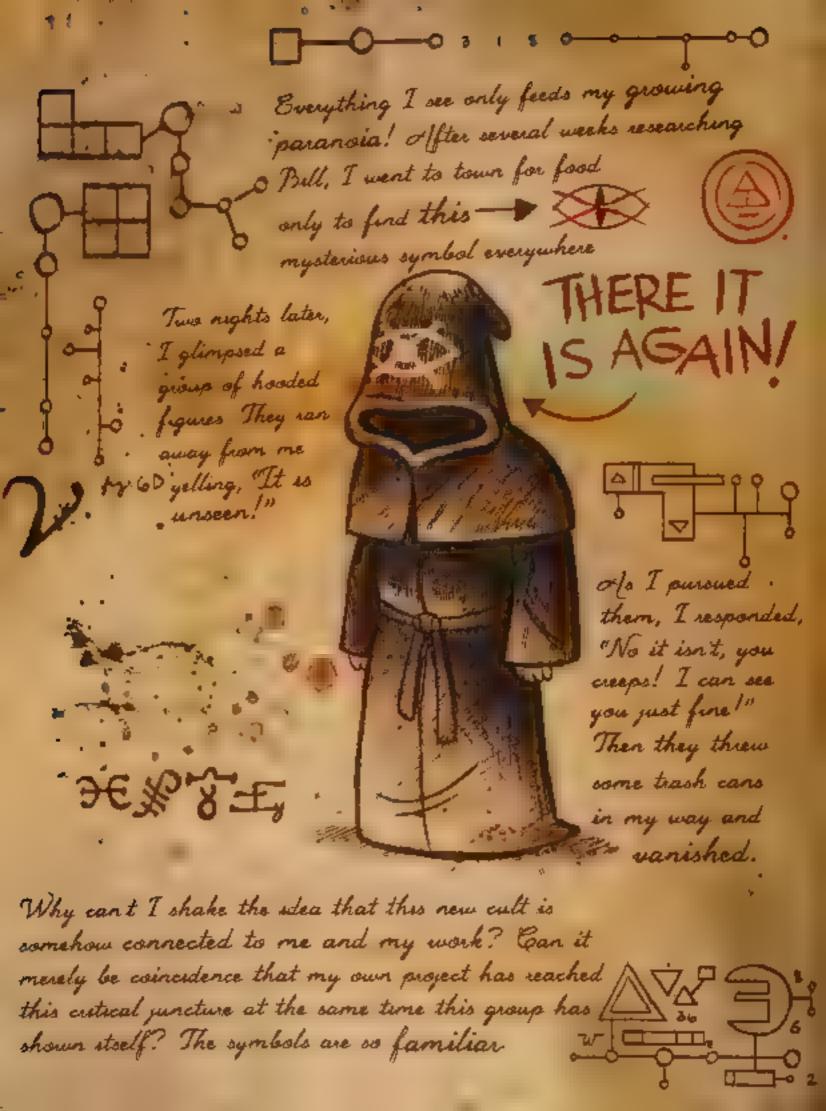
Inceptus Nolanus Overratus.

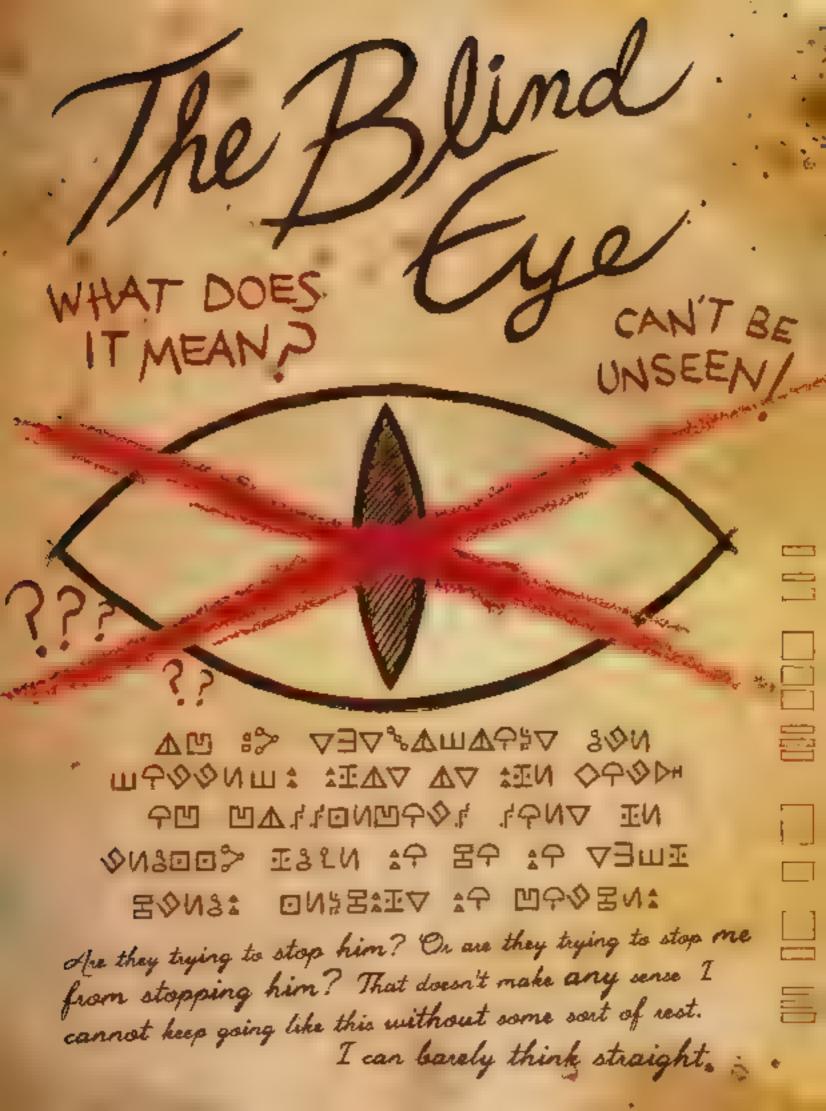
MAGISTER MENTIUM!" X 3

But far more important is to prevent him from entering MY mind again. I realize that the only way to do this is try to sleep as little as possible. Any moment I close my eyes, he may try to control me again.

I may need to resort to drastic measures to stay awake. . . .









The folly of recording my dangerous knowledge in book form, where it can be seen by anyone, is more clear to me than ever.

Despite using coded language and splitting my portal instructions among 3 volumes, I can't shake the feeling that the wrong person will read this work

It seems to me that I need another, even more secretive way to record my thoughts.

to record my thoughts, x something visible yet envisible. Something & I learned about in chemistry class back in college. Ways Hide Even in the blackness, light can be found. My enemy can be autsmarted Let's hope . . .



Their industrial-strength coffee is the best method I have for staying awake, and yet even after 6 cups I was still drowsy of kindly looking trucker noticed that I was "having shutter trouble" and offered some suggestions to stay awake.

Pinch yourself.

Pinch someone else. They'll punch you awake.

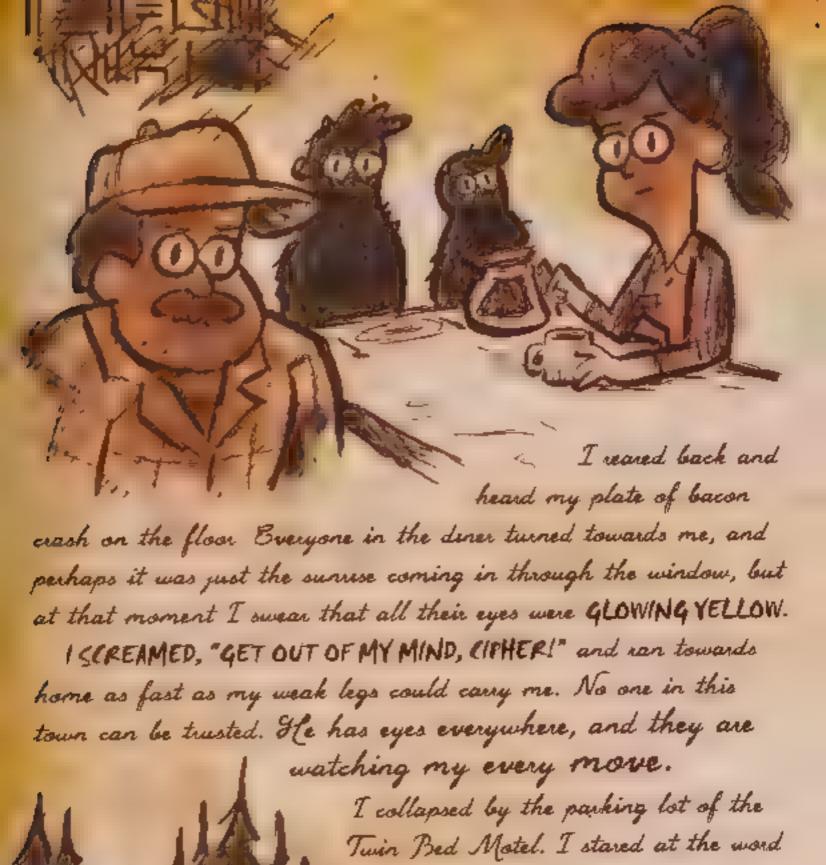
Put peanut butter on your face and let a dog ride shotgun.

(He'll lick you awake.)

Put peppers in your eyes.

Just give up, Firen -

I blinked with a panicked start. Had I begun drifting off? "
I glad he really just called me ?



Bed

THE FOLLER

"twin" as I tred to catch my breath,

and I realized that there was only

one person left in this world that I

could possibly trust with my secrets

I began forming a plan.

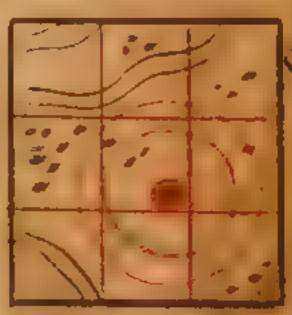




The time for half-measures is over If I am ever going to continue my work, then my enemy must be confronted and defeated forever! I must begin a several day journey to the accursed caves that brought him into my life. If there is a way to destroy him, I will find it there.

### JOURNAL 2

But before I can begin this odyssey, I need to dispose of my journals They're too valuable to destroy, but the information contained inside is too dangerous, and I shudder to think what might happen if they were to fall into the wrong hands.



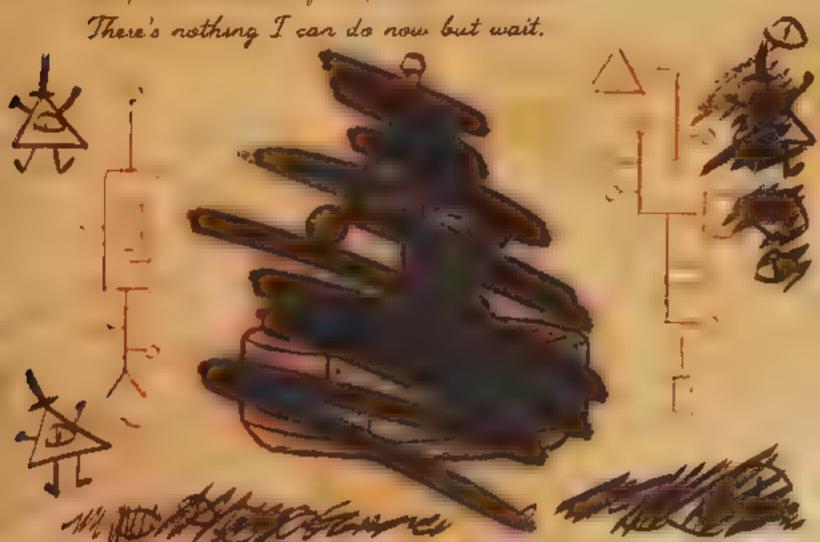
JOURNAL 1

I've already hidden Journal 2 near the elementary school. I doubt there is any child cleves or consisting enough to discover it I have another place in the woods picked out for this volume, but I've had a devel of a time figuring out where to hide Journal 1. I realized that it should be taken as far away from Gravity Falls as possible. Ideally I would take it myself, but I need to make this trip to the caves. The first snow has already fallen, and the journey will only get more treacherous the longer I delay. My former assistant refuses to speak to me, so I cannot enlict his help.

Ironically, the only other person left that I can trust is the least

Ironically, the only other person left that I can trust is the least trustworthy person I know He is a thief and a charlatan—but a well-traveled one. I have no doubt that he is familiar with mob hangouts and back alleys the wide world over. He will find somewhere to hide Journal 1 I have sent word to him and now must await his arrival Perhaps he can yet prove his worth to me.

Perhaps the mustakes of the past can be undone



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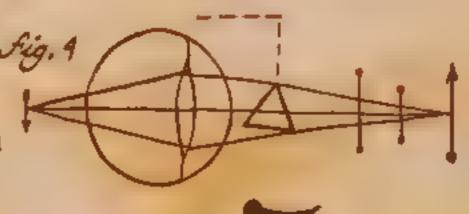
I fell asleep on my cot only to awake sitting at my desh staring at the strange symbols inscribed below I

They make 20 sideways, either, either,

መውላይ ED

6 1 345 12 89 1011 13

He is taking advantage while I sleep.

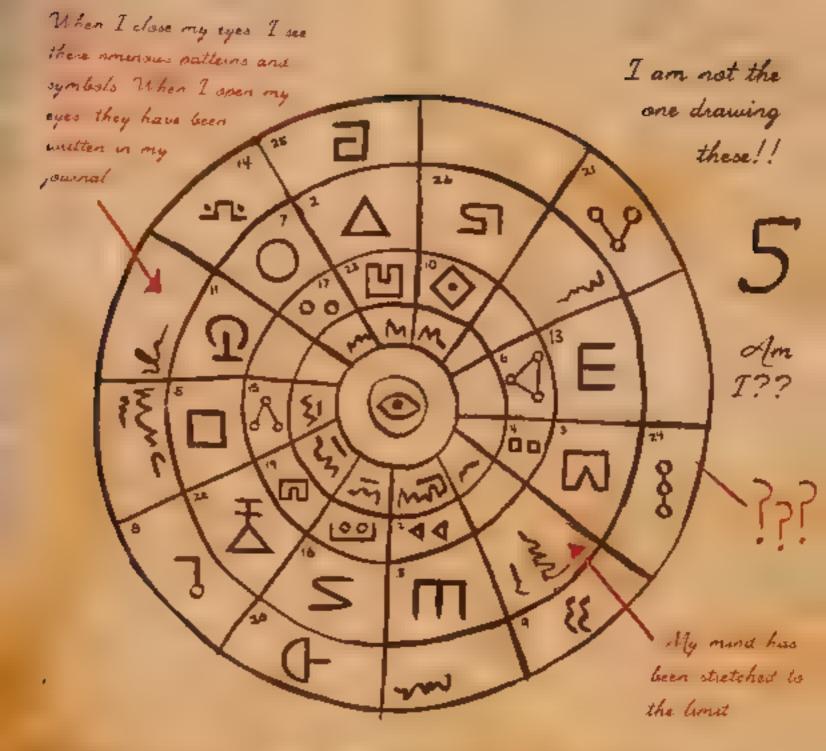


44™ጨ⊔ የፈ ટյ되∟ƙ≌ໝ

Please, no!

Unfortunately, my suspicions have been confirmed. I'm being watched. I must hide this book before He finds it. Remember - In Gravity Falls, there is no one you can trust. time is n The odes that one of his agents perhaps passessed unil access my remarch grow st. unger

my time is running out. So tired . . .



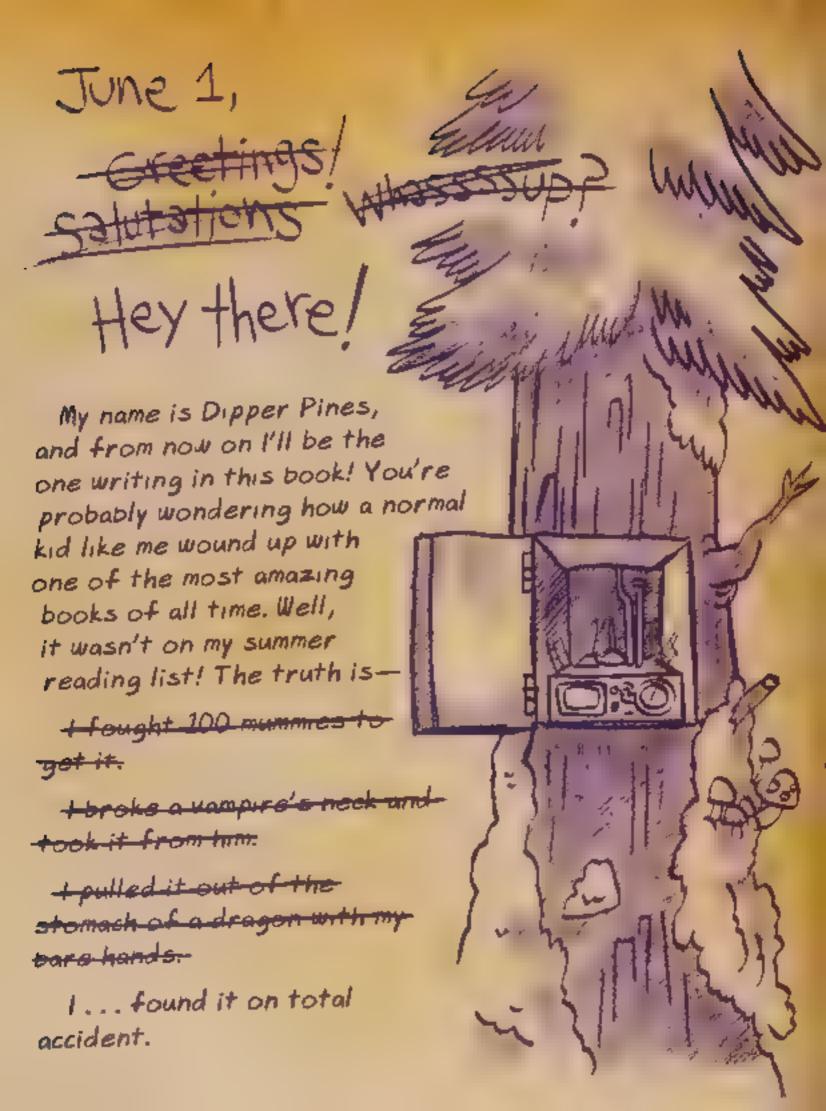
He's trying to control me Trying to write in my journal during the few minutes I'm asleep. I have gambled with my future and perhaps humanity's future as well. No more writing. The time has come to bury this tome. Ifter that, all there is left to do is wait for S. And save the world. Or lose my life in the effort.













At first, this old thing was covered in centipedes and dust and smelled worse than my Grunkle Stan. (More on him later). But once I blow-dried all the moths out, I began to look through this sucker, and I've been obsessed ever since!

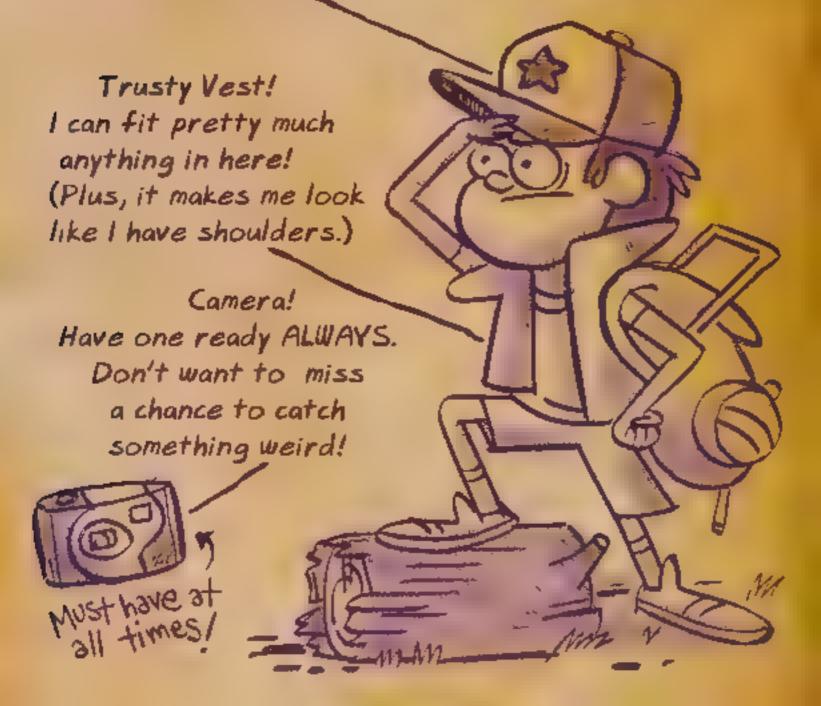
To be honest, no one in this town gets me. My weird money-grubbing great uncle just sees me as cheap labor, my sister is going through a boy-crazy phase, and the Shack employees Wanda? Zeus? just gossip to each other all day. No one believes me, but from the moment larrived, I've felt like there's some conspiracy going on in this town. Whoever this "Author" is, he's the only person who ever learned the truth about this place! I vow to follow in the previous Author's footsteps, unravel the mysteries of this strange town, and answer the ultimate mystery: WHO IS THE AUTHOR? After Grunkle Stan's done making me hose off the Sascrotch, of course.

But before I begin, maybe I should tell you a little about myself!

## Your new author!

Lucky Hat!
I've worn this since
the 5th grade. I
can't wash it—that
would ruin the luck!

Haven't slept much
since I got to town.
Mabel sings in her
sleep, and this chilly
attic bedroom creaks like
a haunted ghost ship.





NAME: M- Dipper Pines

AGE: 12 (But I'll be 13 by the end of the summer!)

HOMETOWN: Predmont, California Very boring.)

INTERESTS: Video games, the paranormal, photography, lectandic pop group BABBA

SIBLINGS: My twin sister, Mabel. Imagine me with girl hair and about 1,000 pounds of sugar injected into my bloodstream. Can be a real friend when she's not doing one of her "bits." She's smarter than people give her credit for, and often acts the way she does just to drive me insane. (Was a lot more fun before her boy obsession.)

DISTINGUISHING FEATURES: A weird birthmark that looks like the Big Dipper (hence my nickname). Mom once said it meant I was "destined for greatness." Grunkle Stan said it looked like someone spilled hot sauce on my face.

(NOTE TO SELF: NEVER SHOW HIM THIS JOURNAL.)

June 3,

If you go on enough road trips, chances are you've seen a certain bumper sticker

# MYSTERY SHACK?

It refers to my great uncle Stan's cabin in the woods. He's transformed his house into a tourist trap filled with phony exhibits like the "Six-Pack-Alope" and the "Uni-corpse" (don't ask). None of that stuff is as weird as my sister's new boyfriend, though. He smells like roadkill and never blinks. I think I've found my first mystery to investigate—and this book will be my guide. If this guy isn't a ZOMBIE, I'll eat my hat!



#### UPDATE:

He WASN'T a ZOMBIE! And I can't eat my hat because it was already eaten—by a GNOME! (I had to get a new hat at the Shack)

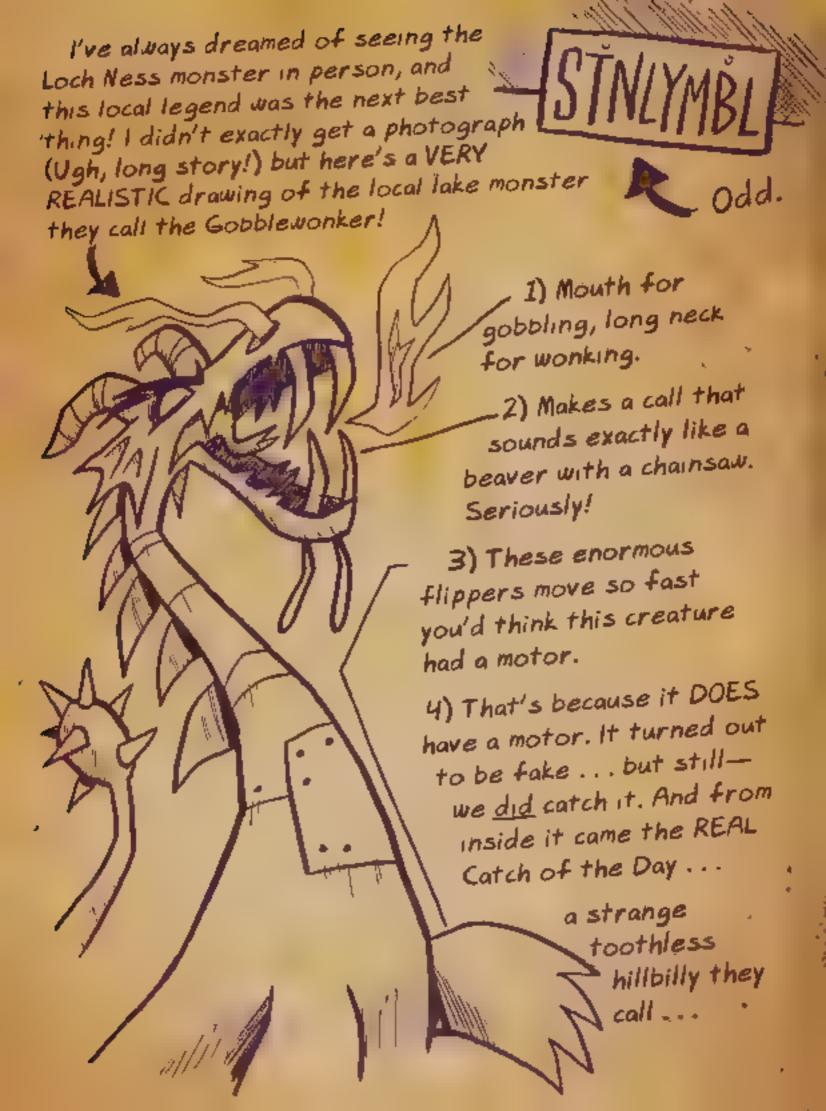
Mabel and I fought an army of REAL gnomes that were posing as her boyfriend—it was terrifying but amazing!

Finally back safe and sound from one of the weirdest days in Gravity Falls.

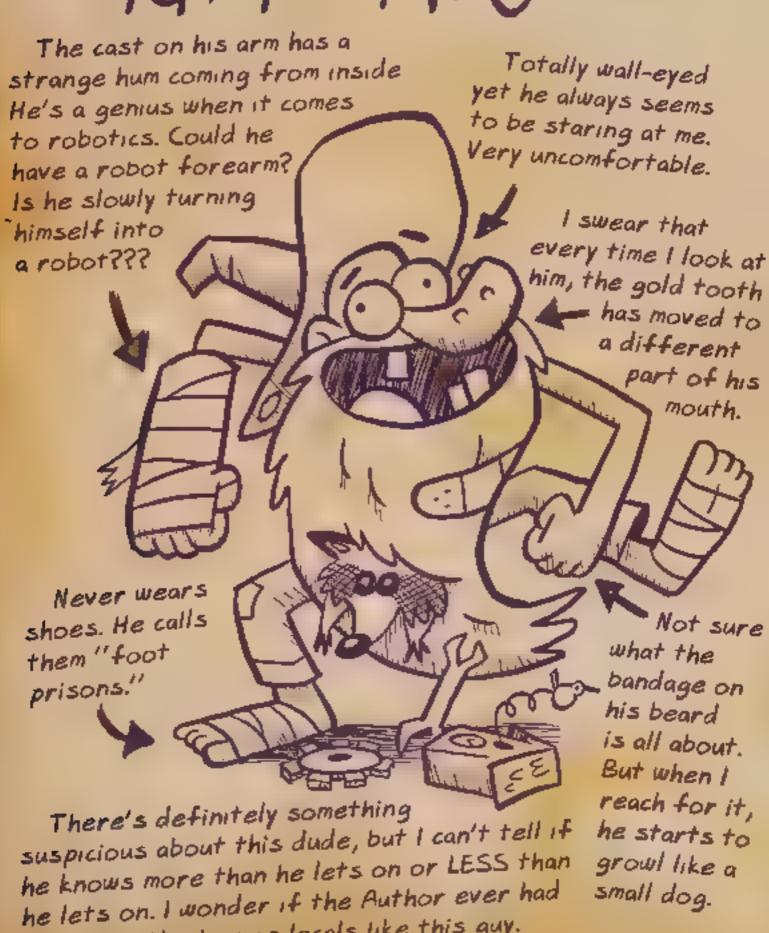
This journal told me there was no one in Gravity Falls
I could trust. But when you battle a hundred gnomes sideby-side with someone, you realize that they've probably



Grunkle Stan told us there was nothing strange about this town, but who knows what other secrets are waiting to be unlocked? This is Dipper Pines, three-time Piedmont Middle School Spelling Bee finalist, signing off for the night.



## Old Man Mc Gucket



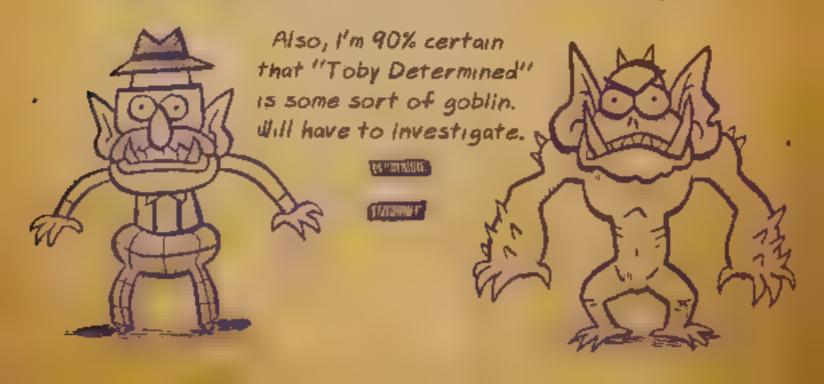
to deal with strange locals like this guy.

July Something extra
weird happened
today at the Grand
Unveiling of Stan's Wax
Museum of Mystery I think
I might have seen a
ghost!!

Stan was telling some of
his corny jokes and getting
the standard audience reaction
(dead silence), when I spotted a
strange figure at the back of the
crowd. He was bald and very pale mostly gray and white. He was
holding something in his hand, but
I couldn't make it out. He suddenly
ran towards the forest There was
a flash of light and he was gone



There is a large section on ghosts in here that I need to read ASAP I need to be prepared in case it appears again.



Okay, this town just gets weirder and weirder!! Now someone has decapitated the wax figure that Mabel made of Stan. Who would want to do that??

June 8

A jealous local artist? An ax murderer with poor eyesight? Some cursed "living wax figure"?

No. The idea of living wax figures is really dumb I need to treat this like a real investigation!

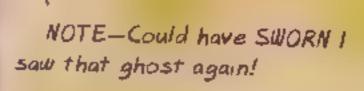
June 9,

We solved the case! It was . . . a group of living wax figures.

uax maniac on the roof, and would have lost if the sun hadn't come up at the right time! Also in the group were Wax Nixon, Wax Coolio, and some old Wax Man with

suspenders who
makes me shudder just to
think about. I'm going to be sleeping
with a fireplace poker under my bed

from now on.



it's 2 AM and I'n giving up. There's no way to trap the thins in · it's 2 AM and I'm way to trap the thing. I don't

Okay, I'm tired and being unclear. Let me start again at the start.

> This is Dipper Pines, officially starting over.

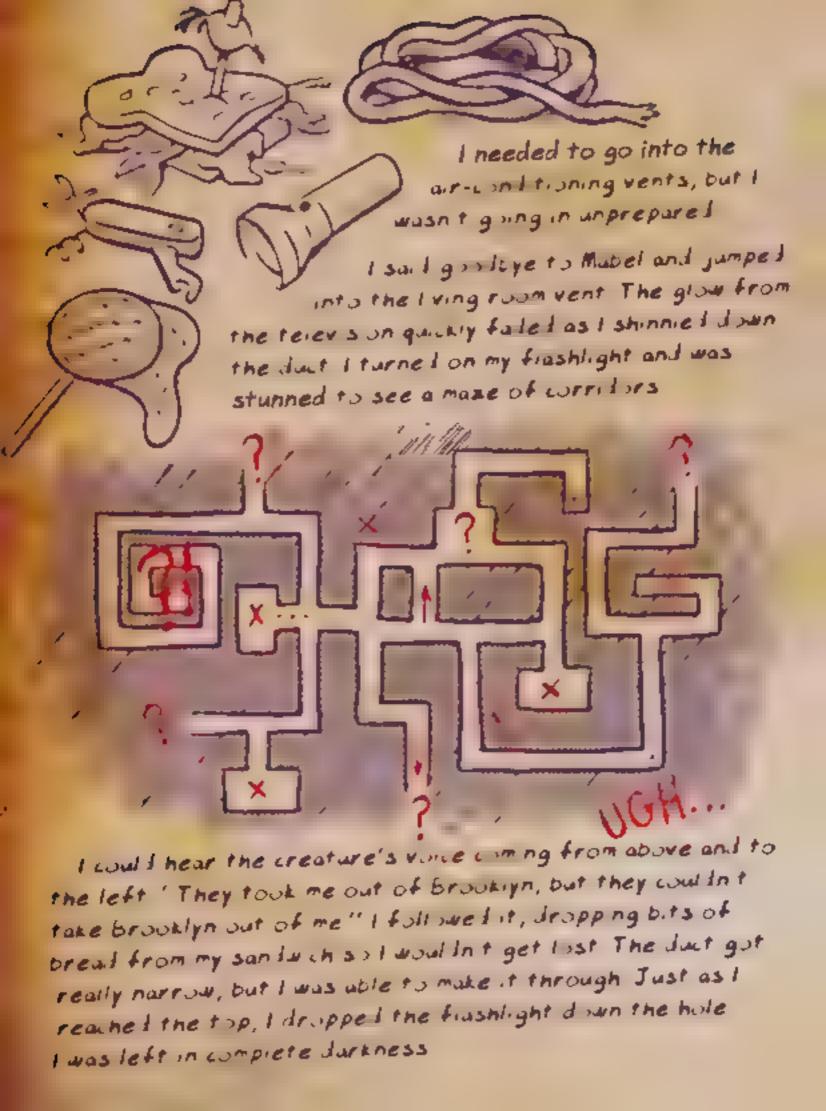
It started right around lunch. Mabel and I had finished disposing of the wax figures. (There was a lot of melting involved. On the bright side, Mabel has some lumpy new crayons

to draw with!) We were watching TV and eating some of her "world famous" Peanut Butter and Whatever Else is in the Fridge Sandwiches when I heard something in the walls. A familiar voice came through the vent, mumbling about an "exclusive interview" with a possum that was "coming up next."

That's when I knew that SOMETHING WAX HAD SURVIVED

I tried to convince Mabel to join me in finding it, but she was busy trying out her new crayon set (she invented a new color called "BLORANGURPLE") while watching "Dream Boy High 2. Craz + Xyler's Bodexcellent Radventure," so I knew she was lost.

I knew that I WAS ON MY OWN!



I heard the creature again. It was much closer.

"Do blue-eyed people see better?"

What was that supposed to mean? Was he taunting me? Could he somehow see in the dark? I crawled blindly towards the voice, dropping more bread crumbs as I went.

As I came around the corner, I could see the shape of the disembodied wax head of the Suspenders Man.



I was unprepared for what came next. As I swiped at it with my net, the head somehow jumped out of the way. I fell forward and landed hard on my elbow. The head mocked me: "There's nothing funny about the funny bone." I swiped at it again, but it came rolling at me like a bowling ball and knocked the net out of my hands. It rolled into the far corner, turned, and came at me again. I got tangled up in my rope and covered

in peanut butter from my sandwich and ended up stuck in the bottom of a narrow duct. From above me, I heard, "Have a great week everybody! Good night!" And then the victorious head hopped away. It took me several hours to untangle myself and crawl back out into the living room.

I'm going to sleep right here in Grunkle Stan's chair.

#### June 10,

. It's 10 AM and I've been woken up by the joyful conversation between Mabel and the disembodied head. Apparently, the way to tame the thing is to let it interview you.

STUCK!

I'm going to go shower and wash off all this peanut butter. I could use an off-day from all these paranormal creeps. . . .

This creep is named Gideon Gleeful, and he runs a rival tourist trap called the Tent of Telepathy He's a fake just like my Grunkle, but he's way more dangerous—because people actually find him CHARMING! including my sister Mabel. It's the classic story. Boy meets girl Boy loses girl Boy tries to murder girl's brother. Obviously we defeated him.

ThisCreep

The hair Why is it so high? Why is it so white? This kid is, like, 10 years old.

Does he dye it that color??

There is no soul behind --these eyes. Just unending evil.

This little pig nose is hilarious.

This amulet was no joke.
Where did he get it? It gives
the wearer telekinesis and '
a general "folksy vibe."
Luckily Mabel smashed it!

He smells like a combination of baby powder, after-shave, and marshmallows.

l got to admit, this suit is pretty sharp.

He swore "eternal revenge" on us or something like that, but seriously, how scared should we be of the world's palest 10-year-old? Forgetting his name . . NOW.



Here's a name I won't forget anytime soon. Mabel + I BOTH agree she's the coolest person in town. She lets me ride Stan's golf cart and sneaks us ice cream sandwiches without paying for them. She's also really confident—even STAN seems scared of her!

Soos says she's the lumber jack's daughter, and supposedly can climb and/or chop anything, but mostly I just see her looking for ways to get out of work. She has also tried giving Mabel advice about not getting so many dumb crushes, which I really appreciate. Crushes are a waste of time That's why I never have them. Nope Never. Not once. One time while Stan was giving up our daily sheres, her elbow touched mine.

Oh no, she's looking at me!!

I'M PRETENDING TO WRITE SOMETHING DOWN.

#### June 14,

Incredible adventure at a haunted convenience store!

I fought these two ghosts and beat them single-handedly! I had to dress up as a



Never mind. Not really anything noteworthy about how they were defeated.

But Wendy and her teen friends were all really impressed.

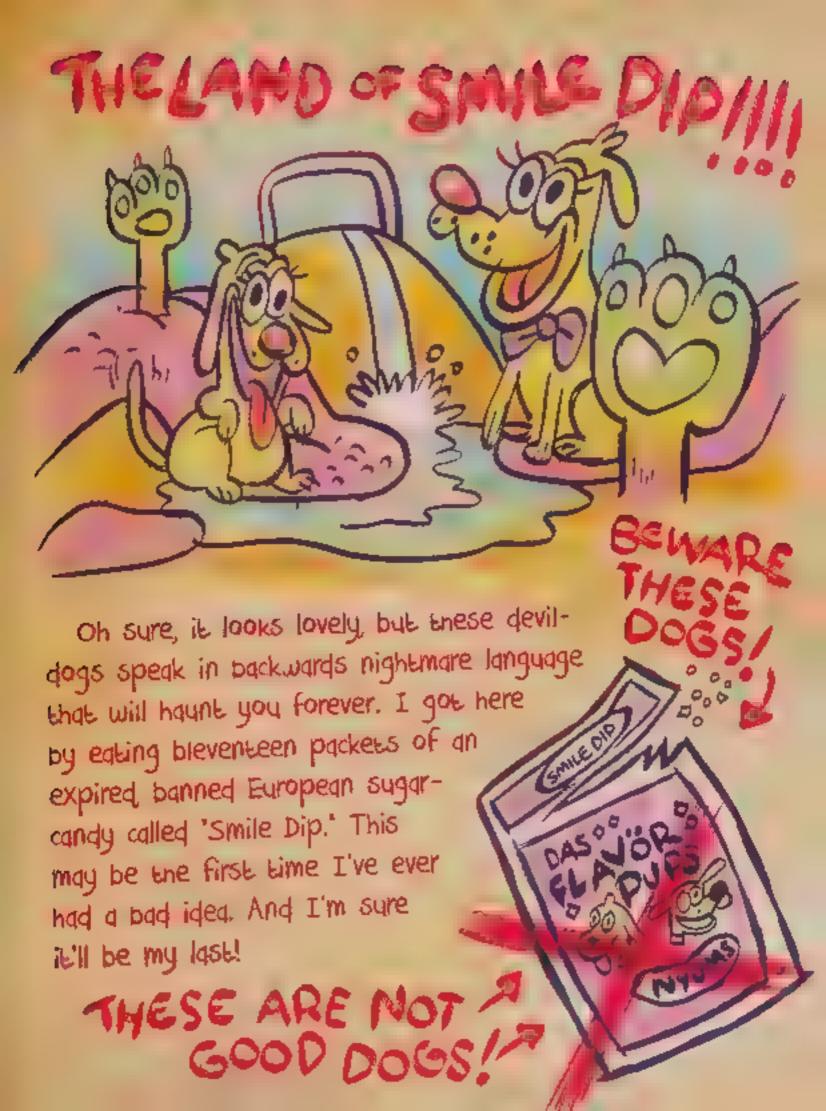
Nothing really to write about Wendy, either.

I mean, what would I write, right? Right!

Okay, I'm done writing.

Well, I'm not! Dipper's gone to bed but I need to write down what happened tonight and I forgot the combo to my diary lock. (Again.) I can't stop thinking about





Greetings. This is Tracey (aka Dipper # 3), officially taking over authorship of the journal. Dipper # 4 (aka Quattro) and I were given the task of distracting Robbie by stealing his bike. After leaving it in the woods, we returned to the party just in time to witness "Dipper Classic" betray our Clone Bretheren. We watched in horror as he melted them with a sprinkler. Why would he do such a thing? I would never do such a thing, so how could he? He is me! Or, he is we! Anyway, you get the point.

Quattro and I are hiding in the bedroom closet, waiting for D.C.'s return. When the party ends + Dipper Classic falls asleep, we will put Plan C into action—we will take over his life and start dating Wendy. He will live in the closet. I've got it all worked out. It's what he would do if he was us. (Which he is.)

#### Clone Schedule

. Colorio Gritario						
Sun	Mon	-Tue	Wed	Tho	Fn	Sat
Quattro	Tracey"	Outle UC	Tracey	Quattro	abernate	Tracey
Shower	MONEY	shine	Shapper .	Shower	STATION	SHOWE T
E3+*	Eat*	Ea+*	Eatk	Eat*	Ea+*	Eatix
Day Date Wendy	WOFK	Work	Work	Work	Mork	All Day Date with Wendy
	Ea+*	Eat*	Eat*	Est*	Eat*	
	Work	WOLK	Work	Work	Work	
	Date w, wendy	Date w.	Date w, Wendy	Date w Wendy	Date w/ Wendy	
Debriet	Debrief	Debrief	Debrief	Debr et	Debrief	Debrief

\* No liquids

Tust reviewed the plan with Quattro and he isn't happy with how I split up the days! He thinks it's unfair that I get Saturday and he gets Sunday. I explained to him that it all balances out fairness-wise, because I'm the one who took the time to make up this chart and figure all of this out. I mean, what has he done? Sit in the corner coloring and eating cheese crackers—that's what!

Boy, I really get on my nerves sometimes!

Hey, is someone coming? Why did I write that?

OH. NO!

Original Dipper here!

I came back from the party and heard myself arguing with myself in the closet. I opened the door to find 3 and 4 inside. I was so happy to see those guys. I'd forgotten all about them! They took one look at the Pitt Cola in my hand, however, and freaked out, said "You'll never get us!", and ran out of the room and into the woods before I had a chance to explain.

Kinda worried about those dudes. It's supposed to rain tomorrow.

On the bright side, guess who just danced with Wendy???

June 18.

Okay, so remember that un-crackable historical document that the Author puzzled over? Well, Mabel's silliness accidentally solved it! And it led us to discover that the town was actually founded by

### Quentin Trembley

the 8th +1/2 president of the United States.

A man so silly that they tried to crase him from history. Observations:

1) Haircut by his third wife, Sandy. (She was a woodpecker That explains a lot.)

2) Described his

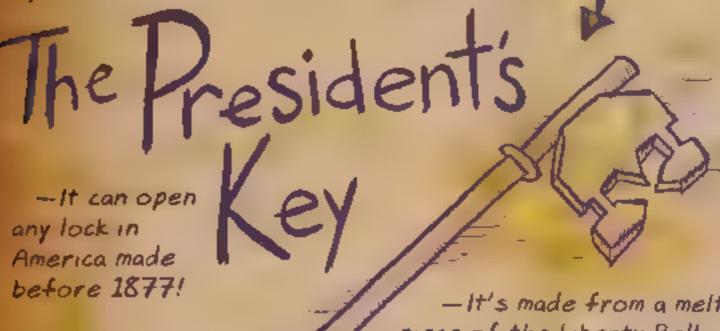
measurements as
being, "14 stacking-turtles in height, and
forty-bleven Tremble-quarts in diameter!"
No idea what that means.

3) Shouts the word
"AMERICA" every 3 minutes a
on the minute, regardless
of context.

4) Never wears pants, because. "That's what the redcoats will be expecting!" I bet Grunkle Stan would have voted for this guy.

How do we know he was the president? Dude told us HIMSELF! He kept himself alive for 150 years by encasing his body in peanut brittle! Which apparently works, although it doesn't make you smell too awesome. (Believe me ) As strange as Quentin is, he was a really nice guy, and was very grateful that we helped him escape and "didn't judge him for his radical theories about Irishmen."

To show his gratitude, he made Mabel a congressman (it's already gone to her head) and gave me THIS!



-It's made from a melted piece of the Liberty Bell.

-Quentin used it to constantly barge in on Andrew Jackson while he was dressing. (Andrew Jackson hated this He tried to shoot Quentin Trembley on 14 different occasions.)

-Can supposedly "unlock an eagle." I don't even want to know what that means.

-There's so many things I can do with this. Thinking of ransacking the Gravity Falls History Museum later!

KEEP AWAY FROM GRUNKLE STAN

Blubs and Durland told us to keep the details of our adventure with Quentin Trembley to ourselves, but we had to tell somebody! And Soos seemed like a safe bet. Boy, were we wrong.

This morning, Mabel and I came downstairs and found Soos sleeping in a giant tub of peanut brittle in the middle of the living room. He was trying to preserve himself so he could "check out the Distant Future Dudes!" He had a straw sticking out of the peanut brittle so he could breathe, and illustrations of how he thought future technology would look.

Mabel saw a great opportunity for a prank. First, we ransacked the gift shop for some cardboard boxes, and then used up all of Grunkle Stan's tinfoil. Bam! Perfect





Next, we taped some
goat hair together for
a Rip van Winkle beard
to put on Soos. Then we
started Stan's fog machine,

turned the lights out, and threw a couple of flashing you you behind the couch and hit the alarm clock.

Soos awoke with a start, and Mabel chanted, "Beep bop. Welcome to the future, Past-Man! It is the year Bleventy-Billion! Tell us your ways of the past," while I told him he had awoken from Mega-Sleep. The Cyborg People of Earth were losing Plasma War V to the Venusian/Amphibian Alliance.

I called him "The One Calculated to Save Us" and asked him to help us win "the Great War against Admiral Laser-Face."

Soos bought it HARD. He was ready to join the battle till he stepped into the hallway and saw his reflection in the mirror. He knew right away that the beard was glued on. Apparently, Soos is unable to grow facial hair. (The few hairs he normally has on his chin are glued on by him.)

We spent the rest of the afternoon watching "Return Backwards to the Past Again 3" and eating peanut brittle. It's too bad time travel isn't actually real.

UPDATE! TIME TRAVEL ACTUALLY IS REAL! Remember the "Bald Ghost" I kept seeing? It turns out he was the world's worst time traveler! His name was Blandu? Benson? Blandin, and he was as weird as he looks

He came from the year "20712" to fix time anomalies, but I think he ended up causing them instead with his time tape. I wish I had held onto this gadget! I wonder if I can make my own.

hair!

Blendin Revealed

His time goggles allow him
to see the future, the
past, but not really tiny
print. Dude needs to switch
prescriptions!

and burns
off all his

His chrono-flage suit constantly glitches, even though it's supposed to make him blend in to any surroundings. Hey, "blend in." I finally got that!

NOE a good look,

Mabel here Dipper is over in the corner with Soos's tape measure, the kitchen timer, and some jumper cables so while he is distracted. I thought I d white about something way more important than a time travel adventure.

This little super hero came in and saved my life eadly. I never knew I was missing something till waddes showed up and showed me I was missing a Waddles. Specifically him, waddles, the pig. He's a best friend, best pet, and best magically transformed prince(?) rolled up into one!



## Rumble McSkirmish

A SUPER-POWER NINJA-TURBO NEO-ULTRA HYPER-MEGA MULTI-ALPHA META-EXTRA UBER-PREFIX NIGHTMARE!

Okay so, long story, but I kinda conjured my favorite arcade game character into the real world to try to be my bodyguard. But instead of guarding my body he punched it to a pulp! Turns out the only way to beat him is to let him beat YOU—then the game resets. I may need to reset my spine after today!

Says his name is short for "Rumble Fracas Melee Fisticuffs Slapfight McSkirmish." Claims his true name can only be spoken by the greatest of warriors. (Or anyone who "Inserts 4 Quarters Now!")

SIDE VIEW—So thin, even after eating all those tacos and power ups!

NEVER USE
THIS COMBO! (EKPP->K)
KKAP(x3)K

His bandana is red because it's soaked in the blood of his enemies! Or maybe it's soaked in tomato juice? That would be less cool.

His hair is always blowing in the wind, even when there is no wind.

Eyepatch flips sides
every time he turns around.
I may need to write the
game company to complain
about this dumb
animation

error!

also has this red belt. Is it also soaked in blood? This blood wardrobe thing is pretty creepy now that I think about it.

Always bare-chested. When I tried to give him a shirt to wear, he destroyed it with a fireball.

The jagged edge on his body is real, not just a bad drawing by me. He's made out of pixels—and they are SHARP!



The scariest/goofiest
monster we've encountered
so far! And that kid isn't
just there for scale.
We saw the Trickster
swallow him whole! I ticked
him off for not having
enough enthusiasm about
a made-up local holiday called
"Summerween" and he almost
destroyed us.

1) Tall, stretchy body is the stuff nightmares (and taffy) are made of.

2) Really easily offended

If I was a 13 foot tall

immortal monster I think

I'd be less touchy.

3) Raspy voice, which Grenda said was "SUPER HOT!"
Worried about her.

4) Can morph its body just like "Mr. Faceless" from the anime movie "The Cranky Girl Who Did Chores in Spirit Town." (Mabel has watched that 82 times.)

5) Rips his clothes every time he transforms, which explains all the stitches.

But after chasing us around town all night, he revealed his true nature to us—

The guy's made of Loser

Candy! Something like, thirty years

of Loser Candy. And all he ever wanted

was for someone to eat him.

The scariest thing I saw on Summerween Eve was Soos actually eating the Summerween Trickster.

Second scariest was Stan trying to get into a girdle for his vampire costume.



July OI What a day! Stan made a bet with Mabel and she's been left in charge of the Mystery Shack (ridiculous but true).

She asked me to find a legit attraction for Grunkle Stan's tour—AND I DID IT!! I went to a spooky-looking part of the forest and built one of those tiger traps. It wasn't long before I caught something. Only one small hiccup—



I didn't dig the hole deep enough. I thought I'd catch a gnome or troll. The biggest I'd planned for was about werewolf size. I'd never have guessed I'd catch the very beast that almost defeated the Author—the GREMLOBLIN!

I slowly lowered my sack over its enormous head and the monster immediately fell asleep. (I've seen Stan use this trick on Soos, too. Put a blanket over Soos's eyes and he instantly falls asleep, like a parakeet. True story.)

I tied one end of a rope around the sack and the other to the back of the golf cart. I dragged it out of the hole and back to the Shack.

YES!! Finally! Dipper Pines: Monster Hunter
Supreme!! If only Stan was here to see that I
actually caught something other than
a cold for once. I wonder
If the Author would be
Impressed.

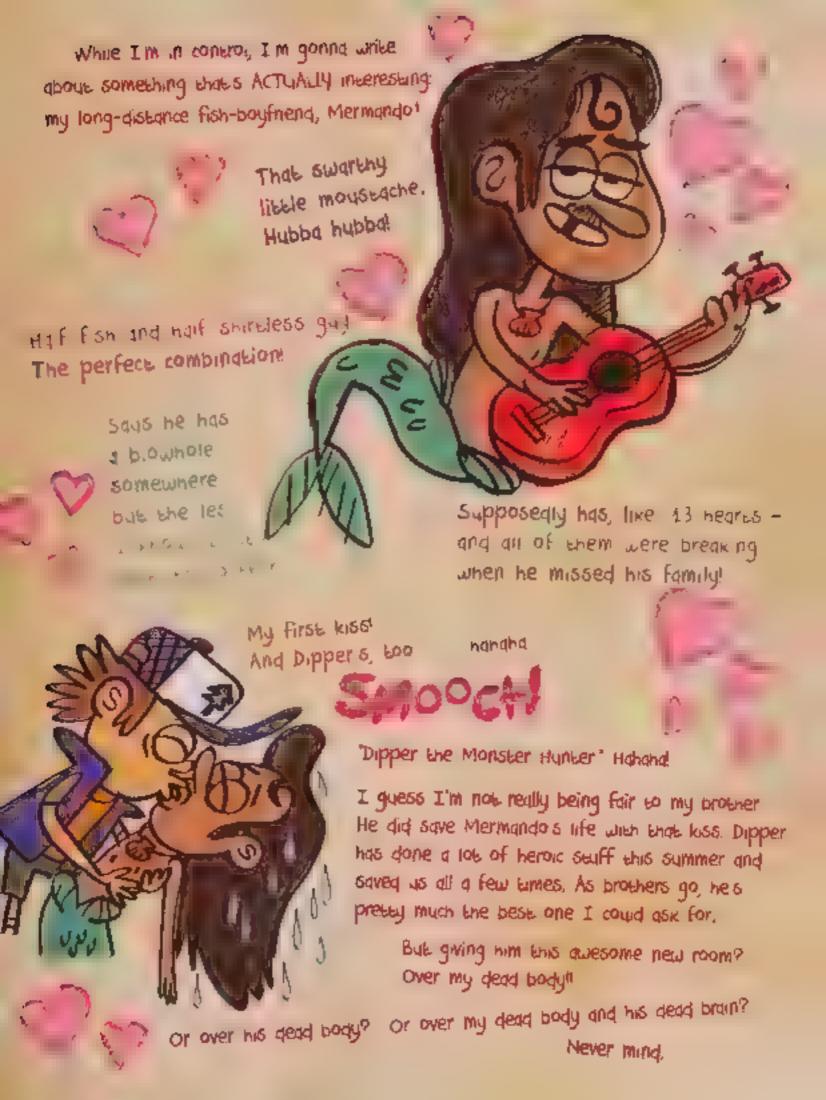
# Body Swap!

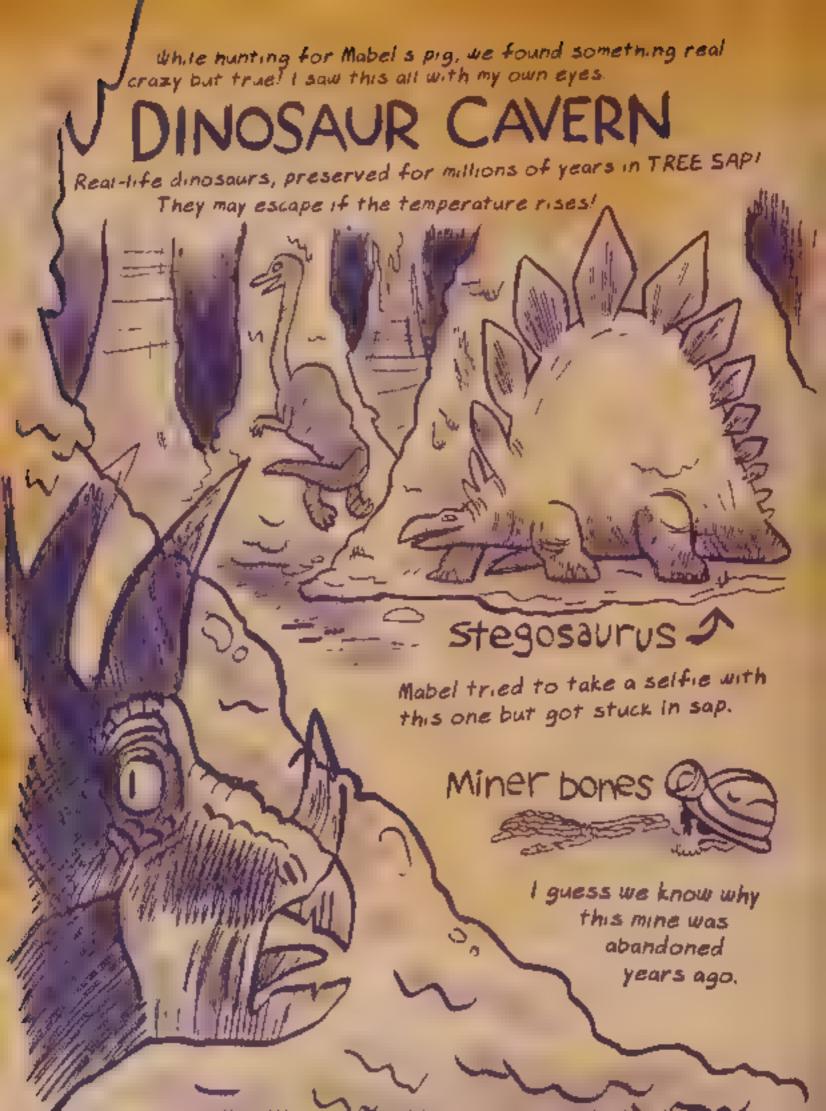
Hello, BIG IMPORTANT JOURNAL unde Dipper writes in instead of having social interactions. This is your new lord and master, MABEL! Well, actually, it's Mabel inside Dipper's body. See, where a this whole body-switching thing going on right now, but I won't bore you with all the science-y details. Let's just say that thanks to magic switches. Gravity fais, Dip-Dip's body is temporarily under new management.

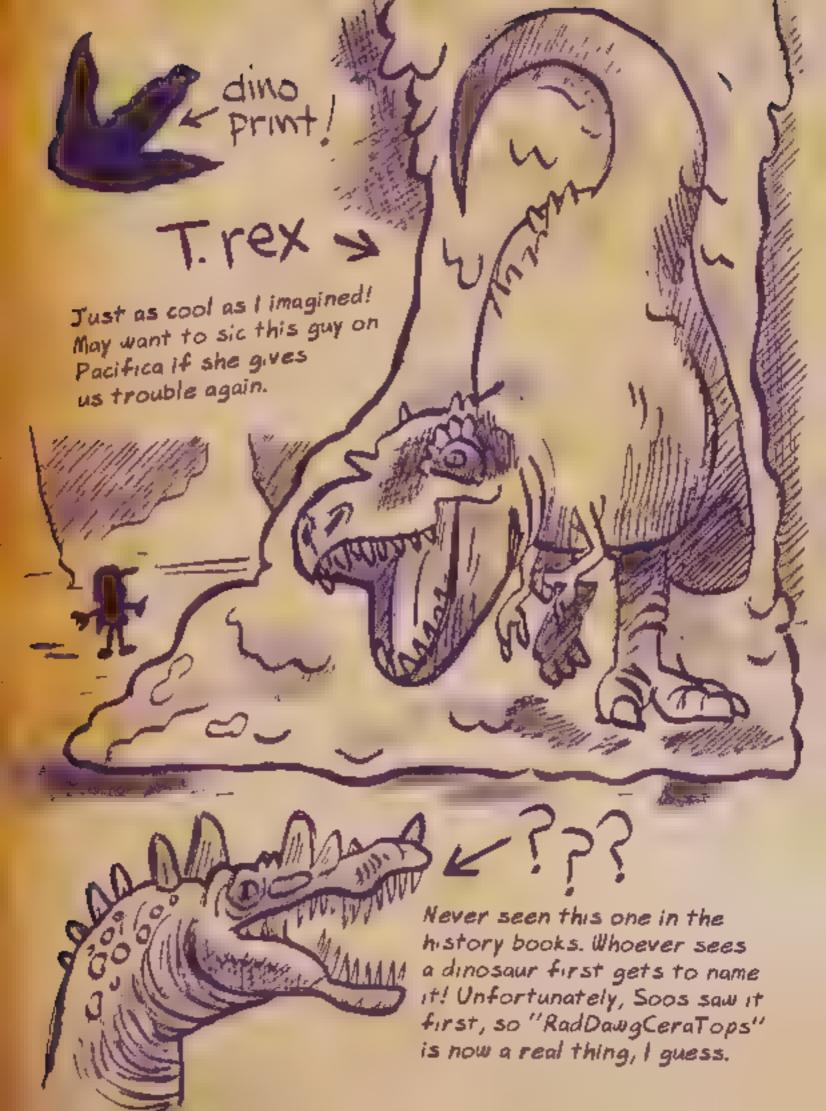


### The Body of an Awkward Preteen Boy!!

On the bright side, I have a lot of newfound aimiess aggression. May want to punch some things. While dancing!







July Well, I guess I should've seen this coming—
I Grunkle Stan stole a dinosaur egg from the cavern He's hoping to hatch it and make it into an attraction. I want to be mad at his messing with

nature and all, but I'm actually kind of into it.

I mean, who wouldn't want to have a pet

baby dinosaur??!!

But the heating lamps he's using to hatch the egg are taking forever!! Tonight, Mabel and I are going to slip the egg under Stan while he sleeps. He's got this whole creepy-old-man humidity thing going



The egg hatched!! WE HAVE A BABY DINO!!!!! I think it's a Compsognathus.

They grow no bigger than a chicken, and they're supposed to be pretty smart as far as dinosaurs go. One thing's for sure-Compy sure loves his "Mama Stan" Little guy's been following

Stan around everywhere 1000

he goes.

Waddles has taken to hiding in Mabel's bed, which Mabel actually loves, because she can make constant "pig in a blanket" jokes.



## July 14.

Turns out he's a bit too much like his Mama Stan. He picks the pockets of all the tourists with his little beak and then scares them away with a squawk that I swear sounds like "no refunds." All this would be fine with Stan if the little thief would share his ill-gotten gains But he's gathered all his loot into a pile and sits on top of it like a dragon with a hoard of gold, hissing at anyone who comes near.



It took a lot of effort, but we were finally able to catch Compy. Stan tried to lure him into the cage with

his gold watch. But it was like the dino could almost smell the fake gold plating. Stan had to sweeten the pot with a couple of credit cards and a twenty-dollar bill before Compy would bite.

We've given him to Farmer Sprott. He's very comfortable handling "unusual livestock." Hope he keeps his valuables in a good strong safe.

We're back from perhaps the craziest, scariest adventure yet—a trip inside

### Grunkle Stan's Mind!

We finally encountered Bill Cipher, the strange triangular brain-demon mentioned in the journal. (Although many passages that seem to reference him are incomplete or ripped out.) He was trying to steal a code in Grunkle Stan's brain, and we had to rummage through HUNDREDS of Stan's thoughts to stop him. Some of the stray memories I saw in there that I didn't mention to Mabel....

Stan's Bar Mitzvah at the age of 12. His dad seemed pretty upset he was wearing Groucho Marx Glasses to the temple.

Grunkle Stan celebrating his birthday alone by watching CASH WHEEL in a gross hotel and eating "UNLUCKY LEPRECHAUN" cereal out of the box (Apparently, his birthday is June 15th Who knew?)

Grunkle Stan getting married?!
Apparently he wedded a waitress
named Marilyn Rosenstein in Las
Vegas for 48 hours, but it turned
out she was just trying to steal
his car. (A true scam artist. Maybe
she was the right one for him!)

Lots of memories of an empty swing set on the beach. What's all that about?

Stan teaching a young Soos how to box.

The most important memory was one where Stan revealed he actually cares about me When I discovered that, it was the boost I needed to take down Bill for good.

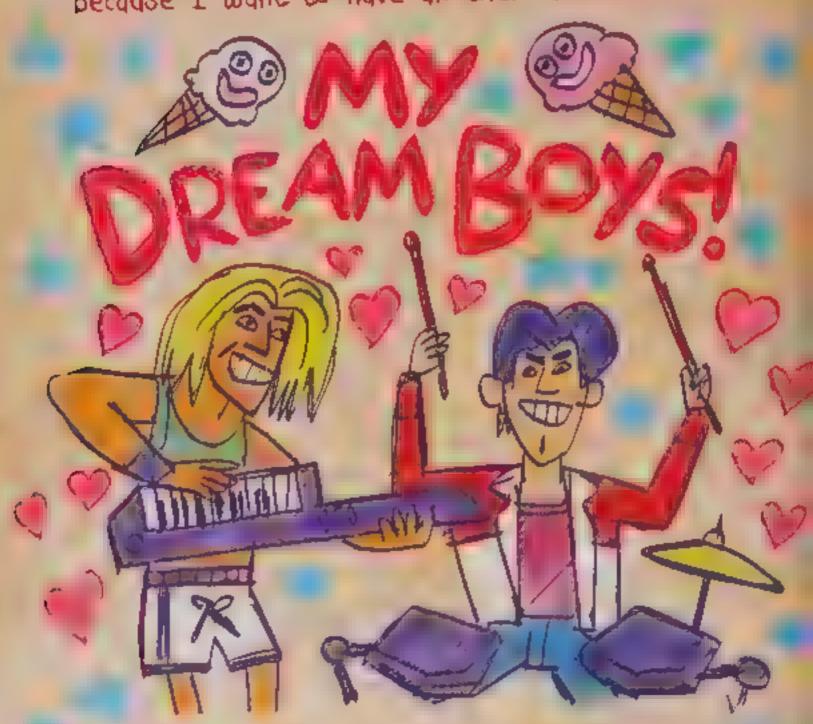
It turns out that in the "Dreamscape" you can become anything you want. Me and Mabel decided



We sent Bill packing to wherever he came from and finally managed to escape back to reality. Unfortunately, reality turned out to be much less fun than the dream world. While we were busy in Stan's brain, Gideon somehow got control of the Shack!

We have to crash with Soos and his grandma tonight. Too tired to write much more. Going into someone else's dreams doesn't mean you get to sleep. We'll come up with a plan to get back the Shack tomorrow. I'm sure Stan has some sneaky plot up his sleeve.

I'm pretty tired, too, but I can't sleep. After that crazy adventure, and after almost being blown up by a top hat-wearing geometric shape, my nerves are all BLAHH! Plus, I'm worried about Gideon, and Abuelita's porcelain angels are looking at me super weird. I just wish I could fall asleep again, because I want to have another encounter with



I've seen them in all the 'Dream Boy High' movies, and now I've seen them in person! Or inside a person—namely Stan.

craz is the cute one.

I usually asso are blue mar with my grandma, but Craz makes it work work in Craz!

You are rockin that tank top, Xyler!

Did not picture Craz as a drummer. Seems more like a tambourine kind of guy. But the #1 instrument he can play is my heartstrings. Me-you!

I was ready for their visual beauty, but they also smell wonderful. Like a baby bunny dipped in bubble maker, with cupcake icing on top.

Tre Dre in 80, 11, 1 v. Se remaining for so so the 1828 by a minimum of a committee of so their in the result of the remaining t

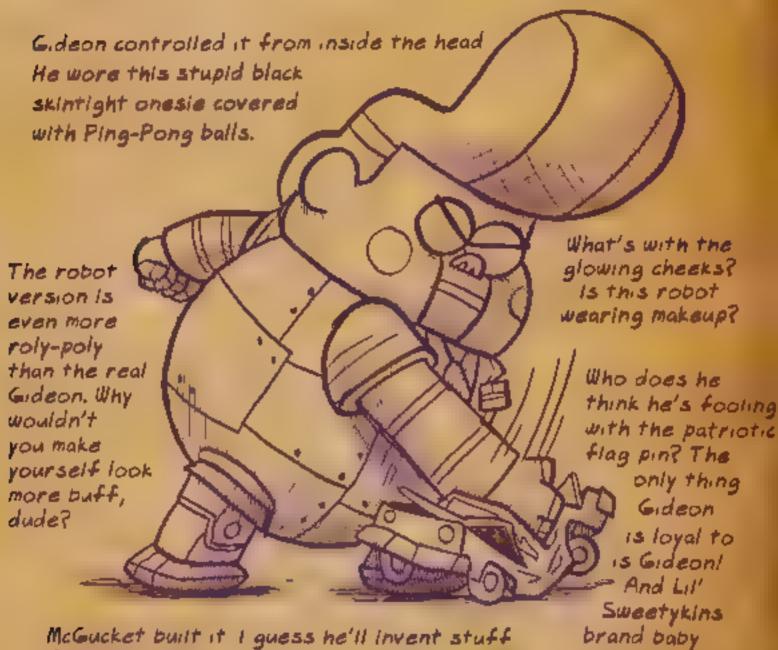
Our time together was so short I wish I could see them again, but they only appear in dreams on I gives maybe I should stop whiting and start sleeping and terming

Here comes Mabel, Dream Boys!!!

Oh my gosh, I am STILL catching my breath from the whirlwind adventure of the past few days. Gideon almost beat us, but then he screwed it all up in true supervillain style—with a giant robot. Mabel called it the Chubtron Loser-Droid One Thousand but I called it

# THE GIDEON - BOT!

Finally, a version of Gideon that's as big as his ego!



McGucket built it I guess he'll invent stuff for anyone who will hang out with him. Still can't tell if he's a good guy or a bad guy.

" WEAKNESS Punching, bravery, and Mabel's grappling hook.

cologne.

Everything's back to normal now.
Actually, it's better than normal.
Gideon's in jail and everybody is in love with the Pines family. We were even interviewed by Shandra Jimenez on "Good Morning, Gravity Fails!" Stan spent the whole time stealing shrimp from the craft services table. Everyone seems happy.

Everybody but me. Half the summer is gone and I'm no closer to figuring out the big mysteries of Gravity Falls.

Gideon wanted this journal so badly that he risked everything to get it. Why?

I have no idea.

He asked about Journal 1. From what I've read, there are two more journals. But where are they?

I have no idea.

What happened to the Author? Is he still alive? Why are so many pages burned and ruined?

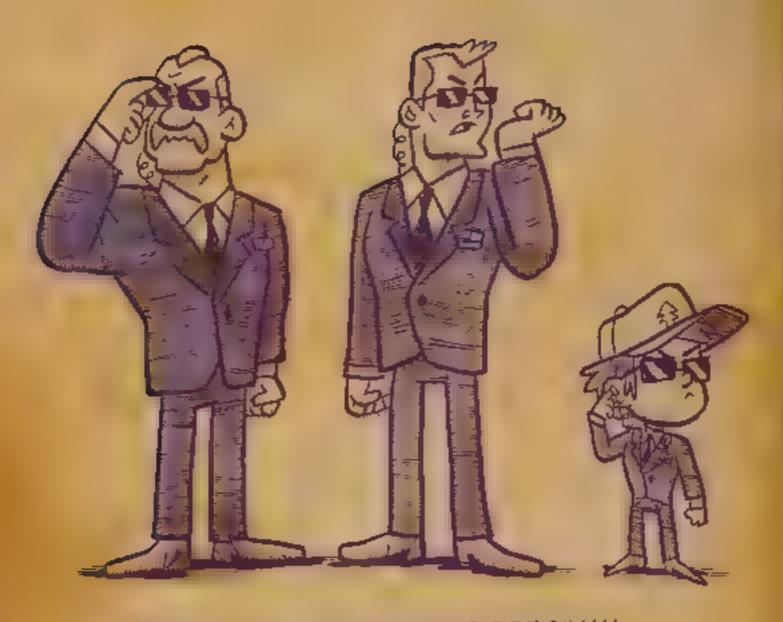
#### I HAVE NO IDEA!!

I'm running out of time to figure this out. No more fooling around. If I'm ever going to get to the bottom of all this, I need to find out what happened to the Author. Time to get serious.

RIGHT HERE. RIGHT NOW.

Right after the grand reopening after party.

I wonder what Wendy's going to wear....



I just got a huge break. A HUGE BREAK!!!!

These super-serious government agents showed up today at the Shack! They started poking around and uttering phrases like "mysterious activity" and "conspiracy of paranormal origin." Man, they were speaking my language!!

Of course, Stan gave them the brush-off and told me not to speak with them. But I've got to show them this book. Once the three of us put our heads together, we'll crack the case of Gravity Falls wide open! And after that, who knows what the future might hold? The grand reopening after party was a total train wreck.
There was a zombie attack (sorry,
Powers and Trigger!) and Soos became a
zombie! (We're in the middle of curing him right now.)
But here's the real headline of the night:
STAN KNOWS ABOUT THE MAGIC!!!

He's known ALL ALONG! I mean, he'd have to be really stupid or actually blind not to have seen something after living in Gravity Falls for thirty years. But Mabel and I both bought his "clueless old man" routine.

He says that he was lying to protect us kids. Part of me thinks that there's got to be more to it than that. But Mabel believes what Stan told us, and I have to admit that he did kick a lot of zombie butt to keep us safe

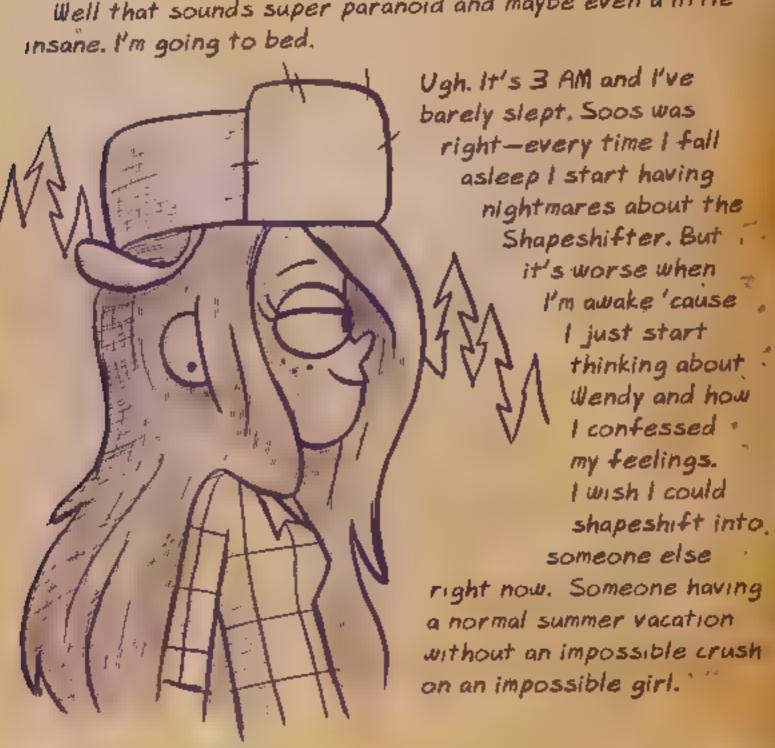
Speaking of which, I'm pretty sure that Mabel is screwing up the potion to de-zombify Soos right now.



There's no way the offermula calls for whipped cream and boba balls.

JULY 23, have been more stressful than the rest of the summer put together. First we went up against a horde of zombies, and now we've faced and defeated the Shapeshifter. It almost feels like the journal itself is fighting us since I took my vow to find the Author, like it doesn't want its secrets revealed....

Well that sounds super paranoid and maybe even a little



At least one good thing came out of our encounter with the Shapeshifter.

### THE LAPTOP!



Soos says this thing is really old. Like super old. 1980s old.

There are some unique keys with weird symbols.

Are they in code? Magical? Alien???

Calling this thing a "laptop" is kind of a stretch. It's so heavy it would cut off the circulation to your legs.

Who knows what information is hidden inside? If Soos can get this thing fixed, it could be the clue that finally solves the big mysteries of Gravity Falls!

Or it might just be filled with some classic 8-bit games. Either way it's a win.

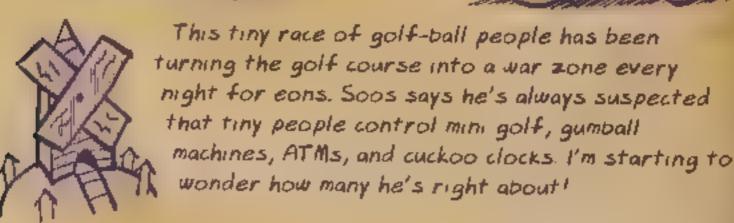
After the horrors of the last few days, Mabel and I decided to try to have some summer relaxation at the local mini-golf place.

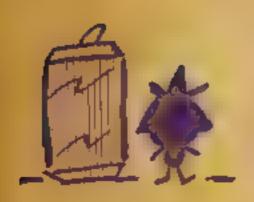
Bit of advice—you can NEVER relax in Gravity Falls!

Instead we encountered

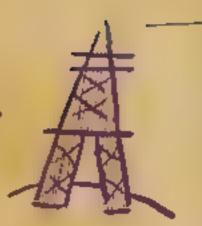
# The Lilli-putt-ians







Delightful costumes help distinguish each golf hole's population and keep their 100-year race war going



Look cute from a distance, but get up close and they are a pockmarked horror show!

Rubber brains inside golf ball heads make them not so smart.

Golf ball heads make them nearly indestructible.

On the bright side, they hate Pacifica as much as I do!

Mabel tried to keep one as a pet and bring him home. She

named him Weensy and put him in her pocket, but he escaped by poking a hole out with a golf pencil If my Shrinking Adventure taught me anything, Weensy will probably be caught in a jar by another curious kid soon,

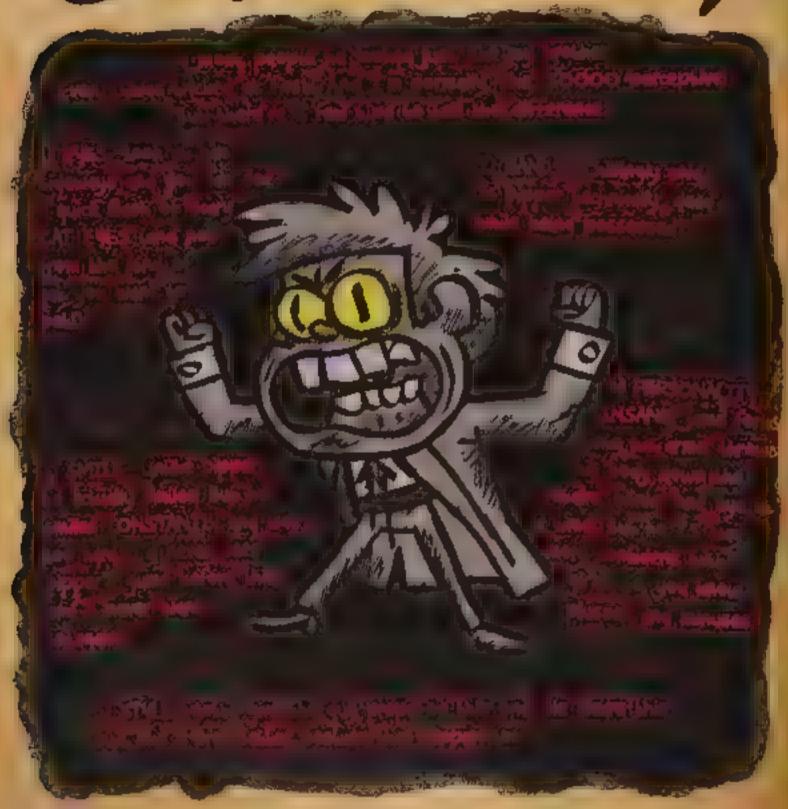
""WEAKNESS. A speech about working together
A SWIFT WHACK TO THE FACE WITH A GOLF CLUB!

// 24" Whod Dipper and I just got back from this BIG FIGHT with everyone's least favorite triangle; Bill Cipher!

Dipper is upstains collapsed from exhaustion -so I'll write this entry for him!

An enery about a monster I cal

# BIPPER (BILL'S MIND DIPPER'S BODY)



CREEPIEST OF ALL, when Stan was driving us back nome, I found THIS handwritten note on the floor in the car

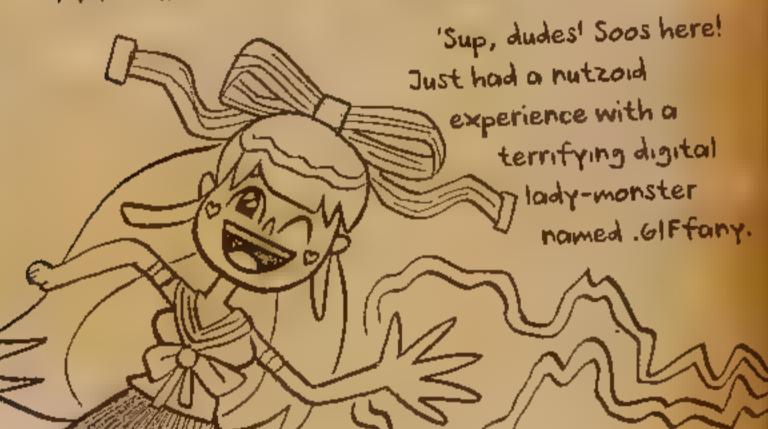
NOTE to self: Possessing people is hilarious! To think of all the sensations Ive been missing out on-burning stabbing, drowning. It's like a buffet tray of fun Once I destroy that Journal I'll enjoy giving this body its grand finale - by throwing it off the Water tower! Best of all people will just think Pine Tree lost his mind, and his mental form will wander in the mindscape forever. Want to join

I feet like a real jerk after all this I totally ignored Dipper's warnings, I took his journal without asking, and worse of all I was so obsessed with my play I dian't even notice Dipper was possessed. And I of all people should know—I possessed Dipper's body once, too (Hope I never see that swap carpet again.)

Dipper, whenever you read this, I want you to know I'm sorry. And for the next week, IOU ice cream sandwiches, on me love -Mabe.

# GIFFANY.

A MANIC PIXEL DREAMGIRL!



Since I'm the only one who got to know her all up close and personal, Dipper asked me to write this journal entry. I'll do my best, dude!

I bought .GIFfany (pronounced jiff? Or giff?) as a dating sim at BeeblyBoop's Videogames to teach me how to talk to girls better.

#### MY REVIEW:

- 1) GRAPHICS: Pretty nice, dude! I dig her crazy electric bow, and her eyes were mad sparkly!
- 2) GAMEPLAY: PROS-It was fun eating sushi with her, carrying her Looks, and watching her try on outfits!

  CONS-She tried to murder me! Ha ha!
- 3) MULTIPLAYER: Not good. The moment I introduced a second player (Melody-super sweet girl, by the way), .GIFfany flew into a jealous rage! Real talk—the multiplayer mode is way better in Plumber Brothers Moustache-Kart 64.
- 4) HIDDEN CONTENT: I guess she was originally some kind of accidental A.I. that murdered her programmers and has been searching for someone to love her or die ever since. Girls are complicated, dude!

Judging the experience overall, I bought this game to get better at talking to girls, and you know what? It actually worked! So I would give this game a Soos-Score of 9 out of 5 pudding cups. Rated "E" for "EEEEEEK! She's gonna kill me!"



I do feel kinda bad about throwing her CD-ROM in the pizza oven to defeat her. I really think she's a sweet gal when she's not in murder mode. I hope she's not like, you know, dead!

### UPDATE!

.GIFfany isn't dead at all Apparently, when her CD was sparking in the oven, her code wirelessly jumped into one of the arcade games. And you'll never guess what game she landed in—Fight Fighters!

Based on what I can see in the cut scenes, .GIFfany is trying to make Rumble McSkirmish her boyfriend now.



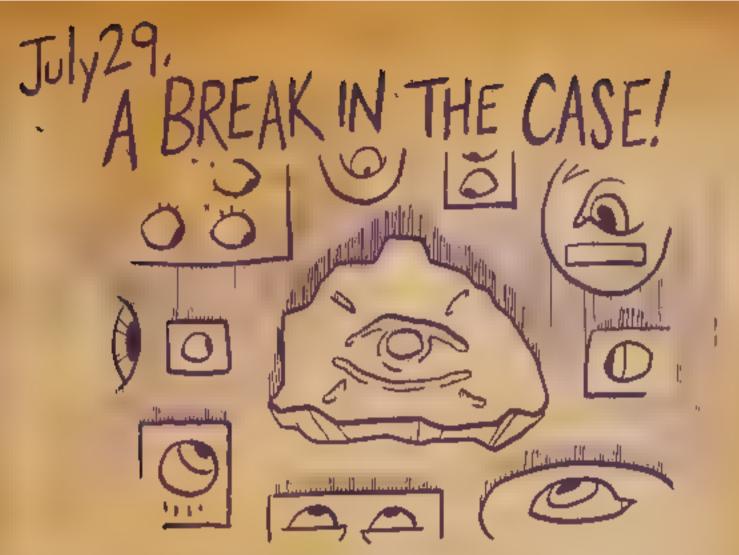
Although it's sort of a complicated relationship, since they keep shooting lightning and fire at each other all the time. Also I think he has commitment issues. Actually, I guess it's not that different from a lot of relationships. Except for mine!

Me & Melody are, like, a total item, dude. And not like an item that you lose and have to find again and reequip. An item that upgrades you for life! Our shared screentime over DistantChat is way better than the time Rumble and .GIFfany seem to have.

me crazy, but I think I might marry her one day. Just don't tell anyone! Oh yeah, you're a journal. Journals can't talk!







I've been looking for a hint about the Author's whereabouts this entire summer—but sometimes the answers are staring you right in the face!

We uncovered and defeated the Society of the Blind Eye and we owe our success to Old Man McGucket Remember the guy I thought was just a lunatic hillbilly back during our Gobblewonker adventure? Turns out that "crazy" old man has a heart of gold and saved our minds!

But more important, McGucket used to be a brilliant scientist specifically, the one who worked with the Author!! The 'F' the Author referred to was Fiddleford McGucket, and he could be the key to unraveling the big mysteries of Gravity Falls!!!

If he can get his mind and memories back. There are encouraging signs—although he still does seem to like talking to raccoons. Mabel and I have hope And we are glad to have made a new friend.

Just returned from our second trip to the future, and I'd be nappy to never go back there again! The freakiest part of the whole experience?

Time Baby

Apparently, in the future this guy rules the entire planet with a chubby dimpled fist! In the year 20712, everyone obeys him, all schools pledge allegiance to him, and he gums to death anyone who causes him trouble.

Booming voice.
Surprisingly
eloquent for a
baby, although
still says
"pasghetti"
and "libary."

Can't walk,
instead floats
in this strange
hover-diaper
(which seems to
be able to control
the rotation of
Earth).



Laser eyes
that can zap you
into dust. Easily
distracted by
jingling keys,
though.

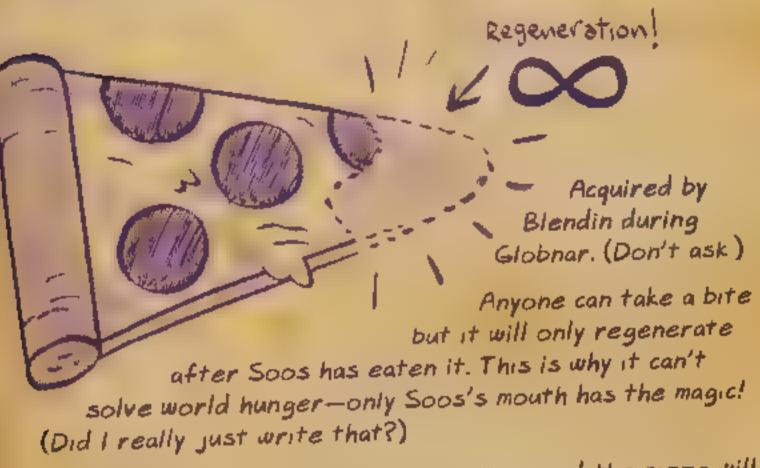
Drinks
"Cosmic Milk"
out of a bottle
the size of a
skyscraper. When
he is burped, it
measures on the
Richter scale.

Cute sausagey fingers! THAT WILL DESTROY YOU.

He can be strangely merciful when he's not going into a tantrum or making his citizens fight to the death over a time wish. He gave Blendin his job back before retiring to "NAP FOR 2,000 YEARS!" I'm sure he meant just 20 minutes. He's also responsible for Soos getting...

## The Infinity Pizza

A slice of p zza that Sous (and only Sous) - an keep eating forever.



Soos can ask for different toppings and the pizza will obey. I don't know how the pizza can understand him with his mouth full.

Soos is building the pizza a triangular carrying case made out of sandalwood and leather. Looks like he's carrying the worlds timest, most triangular ukulele.

Grease

It may be infinite, but it's
also kind of greasy.
Soos should have also
asked for infinite
napkins.



SOME THINGS TO KNOW BEFORE YOU TRY TO USE LOVE POTIONS!

-Love Posion is POWERFUL! Is made a snake fall in love with a badger, and they're, like, natural enemies!

And toke foctor string quiter i content a new the or regiment to the content of the order of the order of the but we can but very

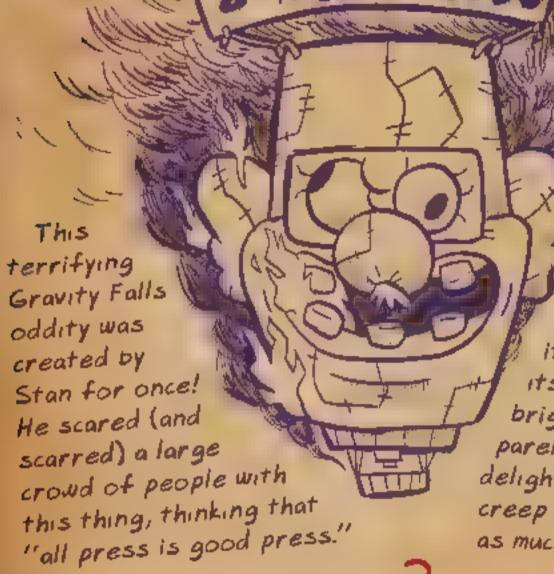
What I - I give read the time prime and discovered something craff to the live present that forever - it only was not not a freet that if the time rive your mean will end I guilt it is more of a 'nudge' than if you'r work or how the studyer is time.

-Walt a minute. . . it's been 10 hours and lambry and Robbie are still making out! I can see them out the window! It's totally gross—but it means their love is actually read Maybe I AM a great matchmaker after all!

-I gless ove is a mystery Except to Grundle little says the only true lave is love of money.

# NIGHTMARE HEAD.

This is what comes from Stan's love of money!



Note-Call me crazy, but I keep thinking I'm seeing those government agents everywhere. .. Maybe i just feel guilty for letting them get eaten by zombies....

L EAT KIDS After this horror show crashed, Blubs + Durland shot at it for about 10 minutes to make sure it was "dead." Then children stomped on it and spat in its face. On the bright side, Robbie's parents seemed delighted by it. (They creep me out almost as much as the head.)

### CATEGORY 11

### DEMONIC VENGEANCE SPECTER

So you remember how the Author thought there were only 10 categories of ghosts? Turns out he was WAY wrong! You think you've seen true terror? Check out this flannel phantom!



wasn't in the Mystery Shack—I would NOT have wanted to see Stan's displays come to life!

This ghost sure loved to talk! Mainly about his backstory with the Northwests and how they deserved to be haunted.

Except for Pacifica. The only thing

stranger than meeting this ghost was
discovering that Pacifica has some good
inside Sure, shes spoiled, and mean, and
makes this weird face when she's annoyed, but
she ended up saving me and half the town i
guess despite all her parents' attempts to make
her awful, there's hope for her after all. (They

ring a bell to call her like a butler and punish her with groundings and credit card cutoffs when she disobeys.)

She also looks kind of okay in an evening dress, I guess. And when she hags you she smalls like shampagne and flowers and. .

This i cruzy or was there some wide young and

The important thing is that Pacifica discovered the Lumberghost's

### WEAKNESS:

Trapping him in a silver mirror is only a temporary solution!
Only a blood relative of the cursed family can defeat the

specter by making amends for the family's past crimes.

Pacifica showed real bravery, man.... Still getting over it!

\*UPDATE: Crazy thought, but I just noticed that this picture from Wendy's house looks a strange amount like the ghost.

Could this spirit have been a Corduroy ...?



#### Stan has been ARRESTED!!

Okay, that happens all the time, but this time it's SERIOUS. Remember those government agents? Turns out they're alive and they've been watching us! They say Stan stole a bunch of radioactive waste and is using it to power a "doomsday machine" like some kind of supervillain. The Stan I know has never had any "evil plan" beyond annoying tourists.

But the more I think about it, the more I begin to wonder if Stan is hiding something. I mean, Stan has lied to us every single day since we got here. Even more troubling: last night McGucket said that the repaired laptop was showing signs of some dangerous machinery that was about to go off. Is all this connected? WHO IS TELLING THE TRUTH?!

I wish there was just one adult out there who would play it straight with me, who would tell me the truth and not lie because they think I'm too young to handle what is going on in this town. I've caught monsters, defeated ghosts, survived demonic possession, and yet still NO ONE takes me seriously enough to be honest with me!

And now Mabel and I are trapped in "protective custody," being driven to who knows where by Agent Trigger, who keeps staring at us with his weirdly intense eyes. Oh no, he just saw my journal. I hope he doesn't ta\_



This piece of evidence was taken into custody by Agent Jeff Trigger.

Case #212618

For Immediate Shipment to Warehouse B51

NOTE: Book may have evidence into the true identity of Stanford Pines.

NOTE: Stanford is in custody and will soon be taken to our superiors for questioning.

NOTE: My hair looks good today.

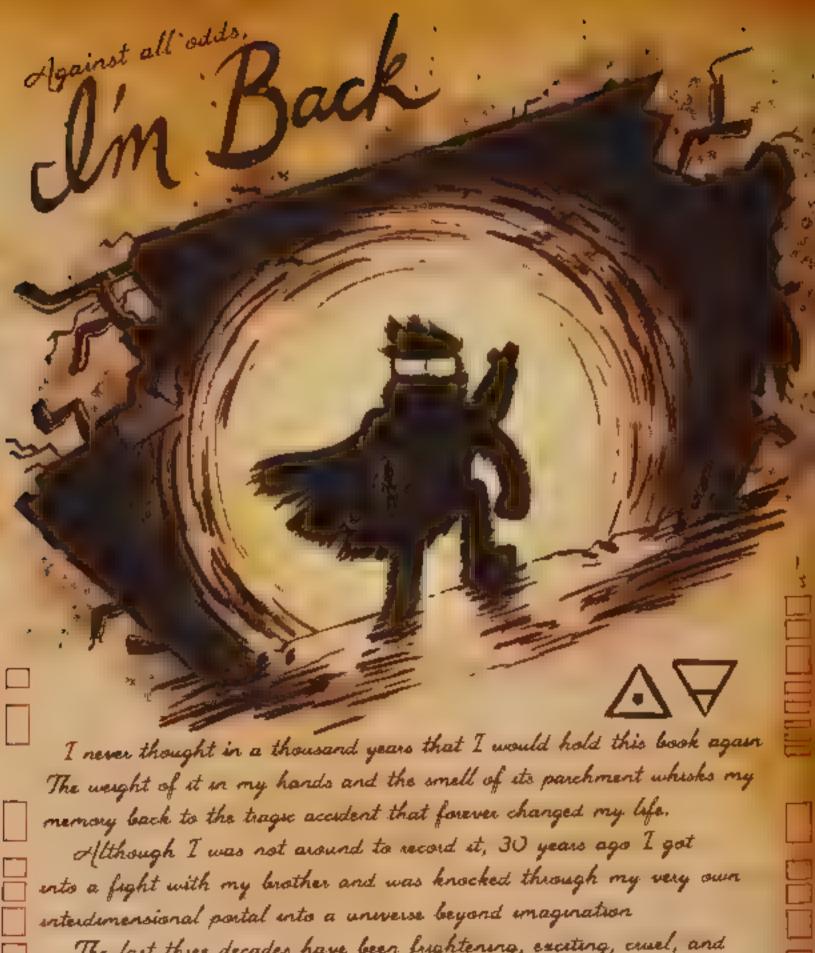
Jutston's Gentleman Gel is really working for me.

NOTE: We're totally gonna get raises for this.

No one will ever forget the bust we've done today!







The last three decades have been frightening, exciting, cruel, and strange, and as I find myself back in my old study, writing in my old journal, it is hard to shake the feeling that I have awoken from a bigain 30-year dream

How is it that I am back? It turns out that despets my warrings and the possibility of global catastrophe, Stanley managed to re-activate the portal and bring me back to my home simension While his intentions might have been pure, he was just as careless bringing me back as he was knocking me through en the fust place He destroyed the portal en the process, resked endangering the entire fabre of reality, and even found himself the target of a federal manhunt by the U.S government (a logical progression from his days en the principal's office) If it weren't for Feddleford's memory way, I'd likely be writing from some secret government prison by now Fortunately, as far as the government is concerned, our encounter never happened (Tugger and Powers will likely get deja vu the next time they hear the words "Gravity Falls," and probably nothing more) But I should not dwell on the past There will be teme enough to rumenate on my years spent traveling through the dimensional rift and the strange things I saw there. Fust, I must focus on the present and on the problems

created by a man who is responsible for my latest twist of fate



When I first saw him, I assumed I had once again found myself in an alternate parallel dimension! Gone was the stubborn mullet-haved, frostbutten vagabond who had pushed me into the portal many years earlier, replaced by a wrinkly carrival barker with my father's face, fez, and girdle.

I'd spent the last 30 years contemplating what I might do if I saw Stanley again. Would I even be able to look him in the eye after what he did? Would I apologize for shutting him out of my life?

As it turned out, instinct took over and I punched him right in the face.

I feel kind of but about that!

- OFace-Inherited Dad's nose and Mom's untrustworthy tongue.
  - @ Gut I've spent the last 30 years keeping up an extensive exercise and diet regimen. Stanley . . . hasn't.
- 3 Suit Dad's suit, which he gave me after graduation. He thought I'd wear st for my wedding. I thought I'd wear st to accept an award Instead, Stanley has used it to trick townists and sell key chains.

Fez-Dad's hat! He never did tell us much about the "Royal Order of the Holy Mackerel"

(5) Machinery - Operated my portal like a monkey pretending to be a mechanic. Half of the instruments are held together with duct tape.

He extra pounds and wrinkles, Stanley is still the wasponsible, shortcut-loving overgrown child I remember from the past. Most unbelievable: his first thought upon seeing me again was to expect a thank-

you—a THANK-YOU— after destroying my life!

Even worse, he spent the last 30 years avoiding the law by faking his own death, impersonating me, and scamming the local townsfolk with a moneymaking ruse so absurd it would even make my profit-loving father blush. Once a cheater, always a cheater. And it turns out he's become a fraud for a living I nearly fainted when I saw what he had done to .



Unbelievable. Once a haven of scientific study, the cabin I built with my grant money has been transformed by Stanley over the years into a hokey freak show that mocks everything about the study of the paranormal!

- Designed to catch attention. Infested with owls and, for some reason, a goat
- 2 Golf Cart- Charly stolen from a nearby Santas Village.
- 3 Toursets I chose this spot for seclusion, and now there are rhyming signs advertising it for 10 miles up the highway!
- (4) Signage There are legal disclaimers in almost-impossible-to-see fire print pointed up and down nearly every entryway. It's a wonder Stanley hasn't been sued yet
- 5 Weather ware The weather ware makes no sense! W. H. A. and T aren't directions! What does that even mean?!

### EVERYTHING HAS CHANGED!

My inventing room? Now a hall of ludicious taxidermies! I mean, what the heck is a "HAM-PIRE"?!

My thinking parlor? Now a "man cave" tackier than a T.G.I. Apple Rucker's Family Restaurant! My Tree shull is being used as a coffee table!

HAM-PIRE?

Even my storage

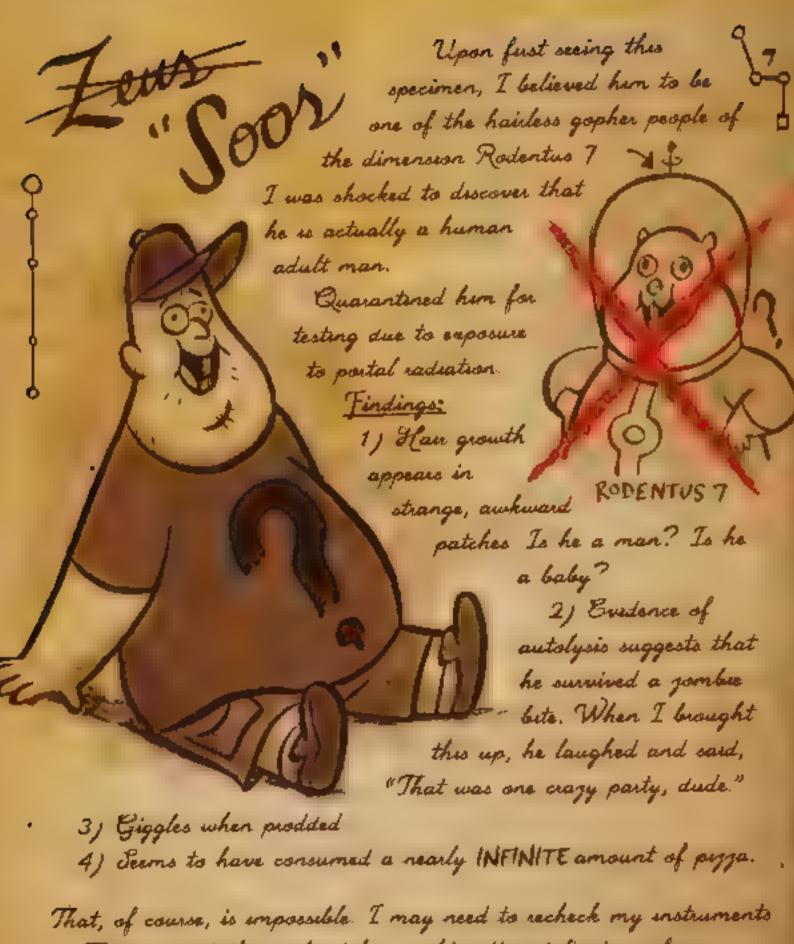
room is now ar overpriced
"gift shop" more cluttered
than Pines' Pawns! A

tourist asked me if she
could get a discourt on a
"Burpin' Stanford Pines"
figurine, since it wasn't
"burpin' loud enough."

These are the bane of my existence I gathered them up and burned them

immediately.

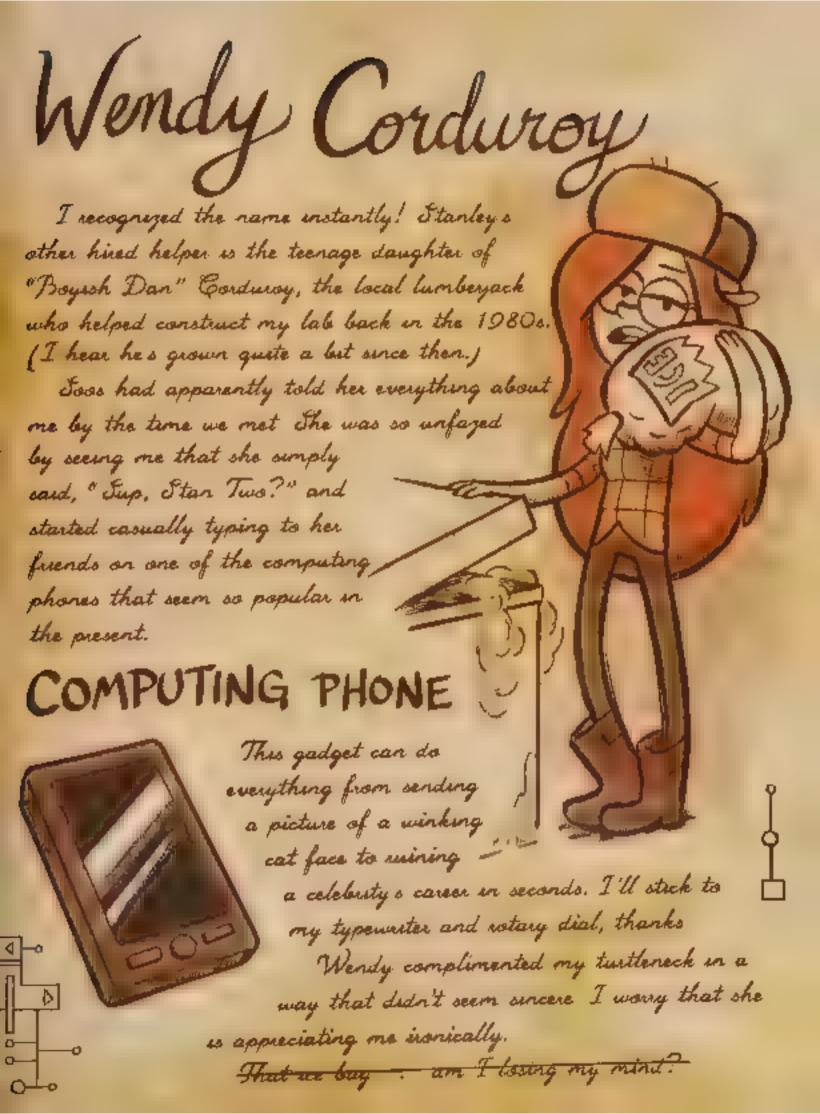
Walking around my old lab, I feel like a dead man's ghost haunting a strange fun house murar version of his past life. I resolve to take back my home and rebuild the life that Stanley has taken from me. But I must wait until the summer is over, for the sake of the summertime newcomers I find living and working here. My impressions of them are as follows.

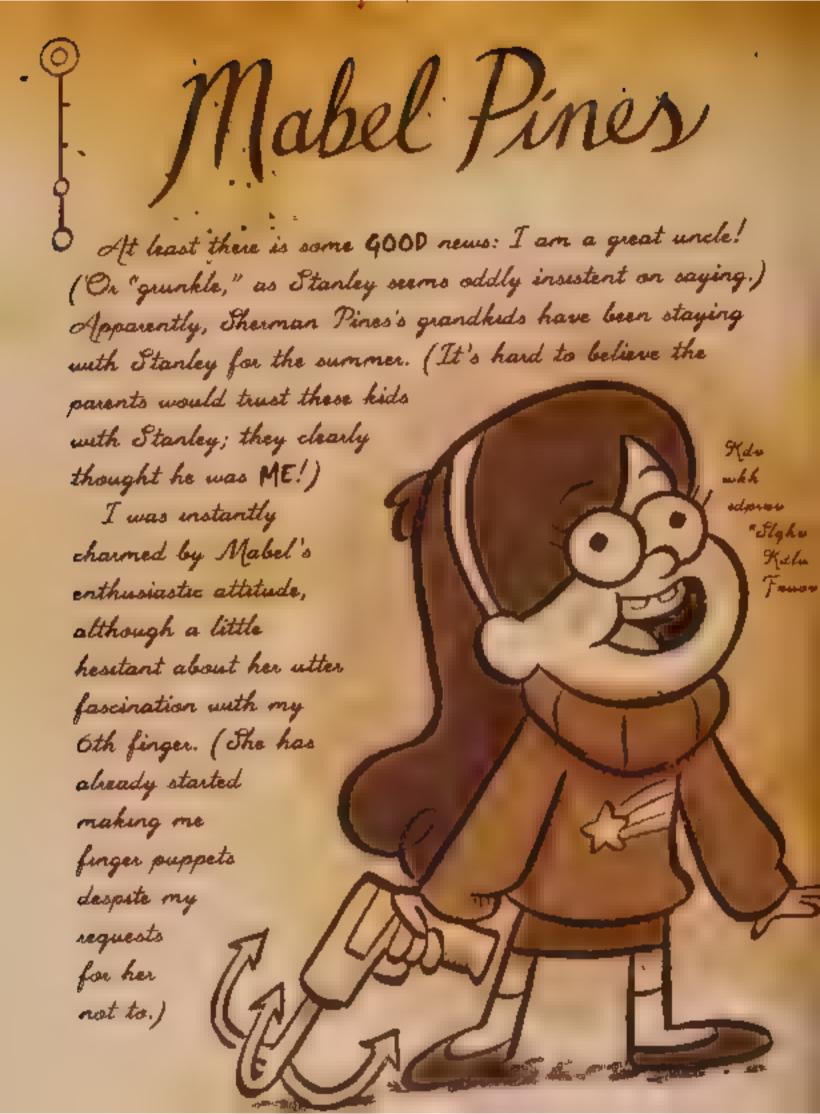


That, of course, is impossible. I may need to recheck my instruments.

The strangest thing about him is his utter idolization of my brother Stanley.

That much on his shut is so furnition ...





After getting her to calm down for a moment, I eventually subjected Mabel to the same testing as Soos and found her to be an odd specimen as well

- 1) When I asked her to say "ah," she screamed for a whole minute and coughed up glitter. Not normal.
- 2) Theres the family sweet tooth. Diet seems to consist solely of stems with the word "gummy" in them. I will need to discuss nutrition with Stanley.
- I may request her help in repairing mine.
- 4) I gave her several different Rorschach tests to make sure she wasn't psychologically damaged by our experience with the portal. Here's how she interpreted the inhblot designs:



BUNNY



LOLLYPOP



FRIENDSHIP

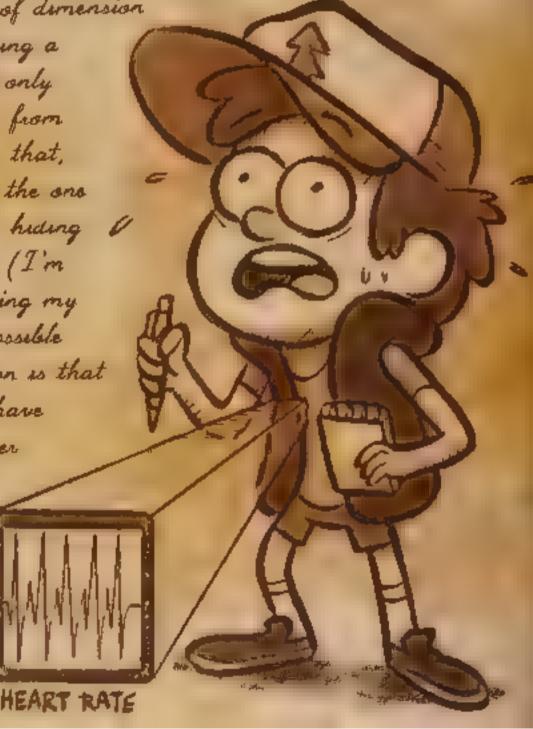
These interpretations are . . unusual.

I may need to do further psychological testing

## Dipper Pines

Twens run in the family although unfortunately that is the only family resemblance I see in this overly-eager, unusually sweaty 10-year old 12-year old Every time I made direct eye contact with this fretful child, he started gagging like he was going to throw up, and when I tested his heart

rate for side effects of dimension fever, I found it going a mule a minute. The only thing I could glean from his stammering was that, shockingly, HE was the ons to find Journal 3s hiding place in the forest! (I'm not sure how accessing my journal was even possible The only explanation is that the circuity must have become unstable over time and perhaps water damage loosened the machinery)



Although I'm grateful to have my journal back, a quick book through reveals that he has been treating this important occuntific document as his own personal diary and generally scribbling over my work with his own notations I will have to review when I have a moment to survey the damage.

#### Observations.

1) Constantly oweating Perhaps he takes after Stanley

2) Fidgeting suggests he may still be recovering from shock of portal contact.

3) Very then limbs. Almost noodle-y Were his bones

weakened by exposure to portal radiation?

4) Rank odor Clearly hasn't bathed recently Stanley

should never be put in charge of children!

5) Refused to take off his hat That hat . . . this is far more than a coincidence. The sense of dija vu I get looking at these symbols is overwhelming.











The cave writing I saw many years ago said that these symbols (and others) had the power to bring about great change—but so many prophecies and legends turned out to be Bell's lies. Could this just be another one of Bell's tricks? How well did the ancient people of Gravity Falls truly understand Bell's power? And what are the odds that this randomly assorted group could have anything to do with my destiny?

I must not give this too much thought. The time for ancient

superstituous is past I must focus on scientific ways to address

the troubles I fear are coming ...

#### 

I was dismantling the portal

for good and salvaging what parts

I could for future experiments when I

made a horrifying discovery. Although

I thought the dimensional gateway was permanently closed, I found at my feet a small tear between worlds, sparking and hovering a foot above the ground. In a panic, I scooped it up in a mason jar like it was a mosquito, and was able to create a temporary containment unit. It is just as I feared: apparently, Stanley's reckless use of the machine overtaxed it and ripped a tear in the dimensional fabric—the same way an overheated oven might burn a hole in hitchen linoleum. I had to contain it!

Reft—A glittering window into the chaos I thought I'd escaped forever. If you hold it up to your ear, it

The Rift

mocking

laughter.

Base
I could really
use Feddleford's
help in stabilizing
this I wonder what's

happened to him after all these years? When I asked, everyone abruptly changed the subject

Containment dome

Al house for the

Reft. Admittedly.

I was inspired by

the snow globes

in Stanley's geft

shop (I must

keep this away

from Mabel,

considering how

many snow

globes I saw

her break in

an hour.)

The path before me is clear. The world is safe from Bill Cipher as long as the reft remains contained. But I fear my device well not be strong enough to hold these cosmic forces at bay forever. I must remain vigilant and stand watch, lest trouble arise again. And if I've learned anything from a life of misfortune, it's that this is a burden I must shoulder alone

When I tried to share my burdens with Fiddleford, it destroyed our friendship and took its tall on his mental health

When I tried to chare my burdens with my brother, he knocked me into the portal, separating me from my home for 30 years

And after all those years in exile, living across multiple dimensions, there are precious few beings that I feel comfortable calling a "friend" What are the odds that in this one dimension, I can find someone who understands me or what I've been through?

No. The life before me is one of constant solitary rigilance against the unimaginable insanity that is Bill Eigher. I brought him into this dimension, and I'll take him out. If it's the last thing I do.

Well, the harm in showing it to Dipper turned out to be quite large During one of our games, my hotheaded brother got his hands on it and accidentally conjured this jerk.

## Probabilitor the Wizard

Full Name Probabilitor Pythagorus Decimaldore the 3 1415th

Claims that
his staff is
powered by
"pure math,"
but I m
quessing it's
just a lot of
D batteries

Mainly makes annoying math jokes He said
"Algebra "Kadabra" at one point, and everyone boosed loudly

Believes that
eating brasns makes
you smarter, which
as a really dumb
adea for someone
who never shuts
up about having a
master's degree.

Out of all

the wyards

His
henchman is
much too good
looking to be
pure elf. They are
typically much shorter
and way uglier. His
ugly elf dad must
have married up

WEAKNESS:

I've ever encountered, (and that includes Blandalf the Boring from the Unremarkable Dimension), this one was the most insufferable!

BEING OUTPLAYED!

I can't believe I'm writing this, but today I actually had FUN. My grandrephew Dypper literally fell out of the sky and remended me that, even in due cucumstances, one must take joy in the simple pleasures of life

In this case, that simple pleasure is my favorite board game of all time—Dungeons, Dungeons, & More Dungeons by Ball Way Games (copyright 1974). Stanley always mocked my love of this game, and even some of my college friends called it "Gulfriend Repellant" But apparently, Dipper shares my love of a good game.

He's setting up the game as I write this. Wast tell he sees my

## Infinity-Sided Die

7 H 00 00 4

Infinite oides mean infinite outcomes

But you d be surprised how often you roll

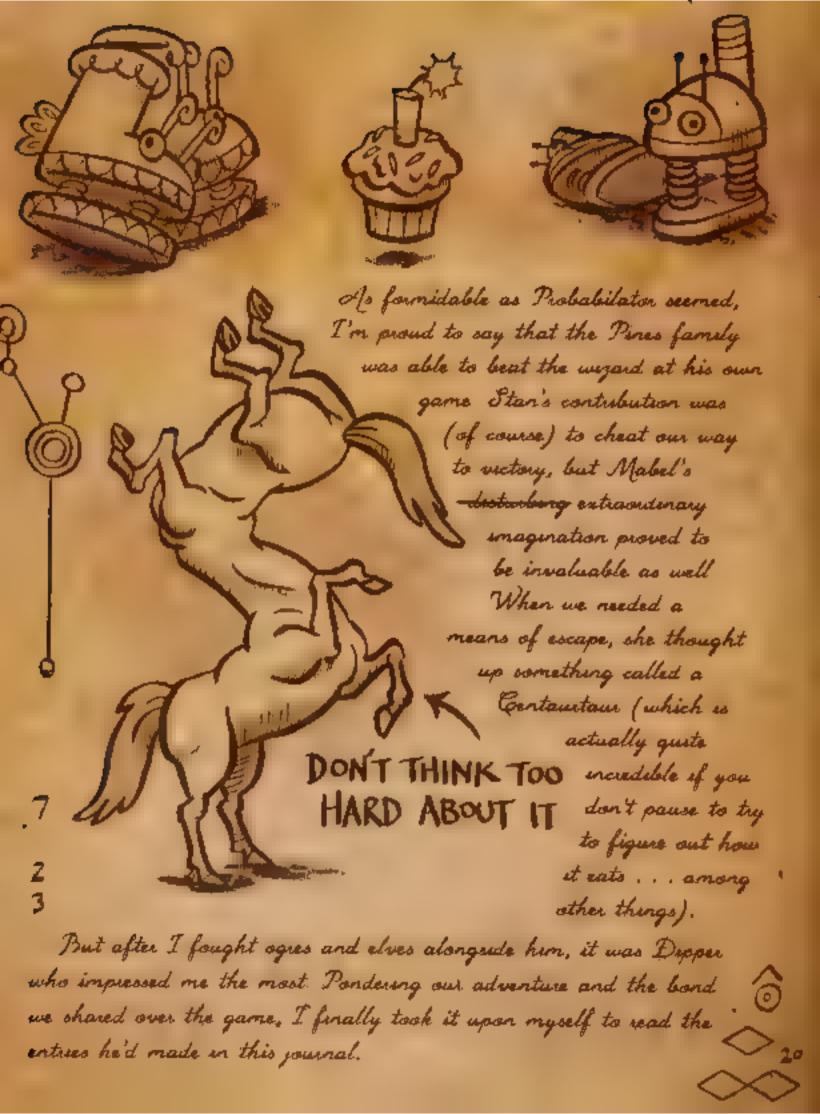
a 4

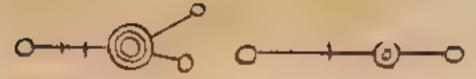
This thing has saved my life 3 times and endangered it around 20 Apadable in infinite colors. But only 2 sizes

of quantum
uncertainty Don't
stare at it for too
long unless you want
a headache!

One time I rolled it and the sky permanently changed color Luckely, that was in the Land of the Blind Dimension, and no one noticed (although their one-eyed king did seem annoyed)

Observedy it's too dangerous to use in a simple game of D & D & More D, but what could be the harm in just showing it to Dipper?





I don't mean this lightly when I say I was floored by what I saw. Instead of the aimless aggression of a typical adolescent, I discovered the same obsession with the supernatural as myself Page after

page, I read on as he navigated beasts,

evaded villains, defeated ghosts

(twice!), and even took down

a Gremloblin. Sure, he's rough

around the edges (and prone to

romantic distraction), but he

possesses bravery, cleverness,

imagination, and drive far

beyond his years.

More surprising still, he has a buth deformity—just like me! To say that I felt like I was reading about a younger version of myself is an

understatement. I always thought I

was the odd member of the family, but perhaps I truly have found a kindred spirit.

I presumed that there was no one on this Earth who I could consider an ally and friend. I may have been wrong

Trusting in someone new is not coming easily. I told Dipper about the rift But when he asked me where I've been for the last 30 years, I had no idea how to begin or what to reveal I've been trying not to think about it, but perhaps writing about some of it here will help me get my thoughts in order. Perhaps it's time I finally reveal.



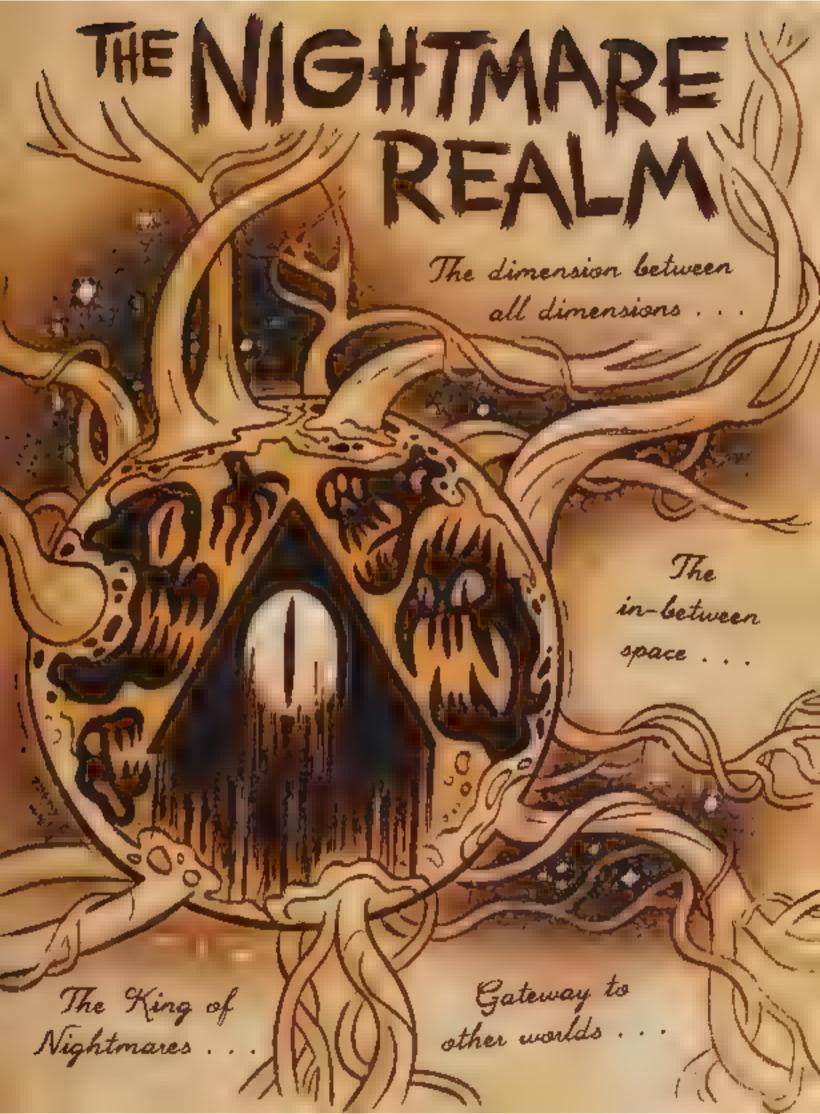
I remember those first moments after I was cast into the portal like it was yesterday. The sudden feeling of weightlesoness, the helpless terror, knowing that I would soon face whatever mysterious horror had driven Fiddleford

to madness.

As I felt myself being sucked away from my home (a dimension I would come to learn is referred to in the multiverse as 46'\), I held my breath and accepted that this could be the end.

· As luck would have

it, it was only the beginning. I found myself suched through the door to the place Bill had designed the portal to access, a place he screamingly refers to as . .



Juinming through a gravity-free sea of lightning and swirling colors, I reached into my pocket for a spare pair of glasses (always handy, considering how often I break them) and found myself staring at, quite literally, a living nightmare.

Bill's universe is not exactly a dimension, but rather a boiling, shifting intergalactic foam between

dimensions -a lawless, unstable crawl space between worlds that only the strangest and most unknowable beings call home.

0-0-0-0-0

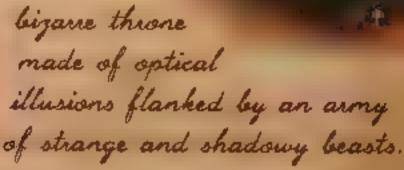
The portal closed behind me, and

I found myself trapped

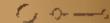
there, possibly for eternity.

Before I had a moment to properly panic over my fate, I realized that I was hovering

before Bill, who perched on a







"LOOK WHO DECIDED TO FAY ME A VISIT!" he shrucked, his voice echang through infinity. "CARE FOR A GAME OF INTERGALACTIC CHESS! THIS TIME, YOU'RE THE FAVON!"

He snapped his fungers, and one of his beasts, a 60 foot-tall ball of fungers and teeth, let out a howl like a humpback whale and charged at me, fingers and teeth wiggling and gnashing! I managed to hide behind an asteroid field in the nick of time as the monstrosity passed me by, and I swam through the an in a panic as multiple beasts tore through the space rocks, searching for me.

Fleeing for my life, I miraculously managed to make shelter in the crater of a large passing asteroid as the monsters swarmed by. Hidden deep within the recesses of the stony caverns,

I could hear Bill a shrill voice:

"SIXER WANTS TO PLAY HIDE-AND-SEEK!
FIRST ONE TO FIND HIM AND BRING HIM
TO ME GETS THEIR OWN GALAXY."

It was followed by the manue laughter of creatures large and small racing off to locate me I was so crazed

from fatigue and rage that my fust
impulse was to give myself up to Bill
so I could curse him right to his
face. Fortunately, before I could
do anything crazy, I discovered
that I was sharing my cave with
a shivering family of intergalactic
refugees.

Me

## THE REFUGEES





Huddled around a strange glittering purple fire, these bandaged, war-torn creatures beckoned me near and told me their tale.

Apparently, they were asteroid miners whose ship was suched into a dimensional wormhole, and they found themselves lost here like me (When things in the multiverse go missing, they usually end up here) When I mentioned Bill, they shriehed and covered their ears like I had said something obscene.

Their leader, a hairy, enaggletoothed mur between a guinea pig and a purate, explained that my old "Muse" is actually one of the most feared beings in the entire multiverse. Bill took over the Nightmare Realm as a hideout for him and his cronies, but because this place is lawless, without any consistent physics or rules, it is eventually fated to self-destruct. This is why Bill seeks a new, more stable dimension to take over and a foolish mind willing to let him in. A foolish mend like mine.

I explained to them my history with Bill and my desire to

destroy him for what he's done

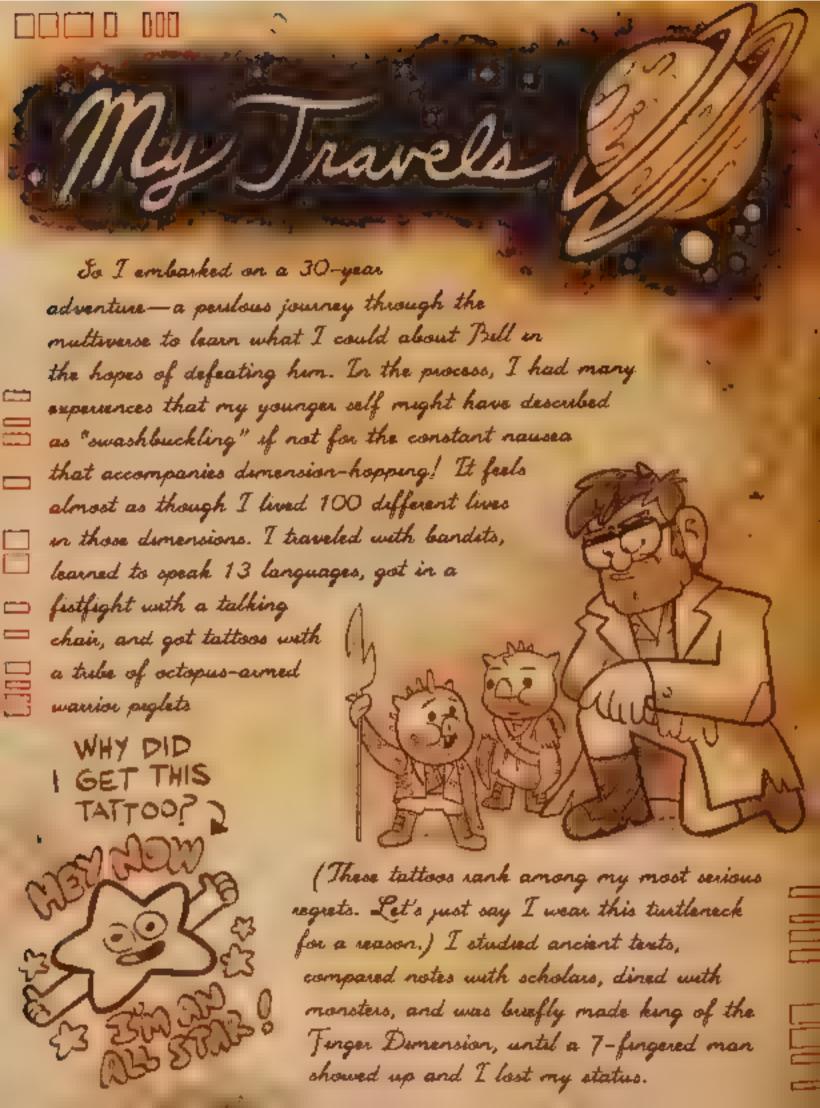
Although they were skeptical, the creatures took pity on me and offered help. They gave me one of their o dimensional translators and some rations.



I asked them the odds of ever making my way home, and they said they were slim. To a plan began to form in my mind. I would travel from dimension to dimension, learning what I could about Bill—his weaknesses, his secrets. I'd gain my strength, bide my time, and once I was ready, I would return to the Nightmare Realm and destroy him once and for all. I might never see home again, but at least I could save the multiverse from his wrath, and wreak vengeance for the life he stole from me

The creatures cheered me, shouting, "Praise the Arobotl!" (I have no idea what that means), and waved goodbye as I left their asteroid and swam to the nearest wormhole, casting my fate

to the wind to discover what new worlds awaited me.







Thanks to my quick wit (and dimensional translator), I was able to talk my way into and out of food and shelter—although a number of dimensions consider me an outlaw to this day. Ironically, in the multiverse I'm just as wanted as Stanley! But my crimes had a noble purpose. I only stole supplies to work on my Quantum Destabilizer, which proved to be one of the most difficult inventions I've ever worked on. To fully chronicle my adventures would take 10 volumes, but here's a catalog of some of the most cutlandsh dimensions I saw.



No, my nuce Mabel ded not draw this This is what it wally looks like.



Ugh! Writing about this place after all these years has brought back to life the extreme frustration I felt while I was trapped there. The whole reality offended my ordered and scientific mend. I mean, how does it even make sense for a vacuum to be designed like this??

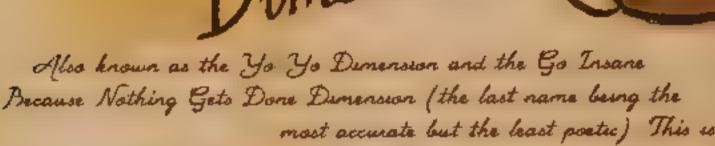


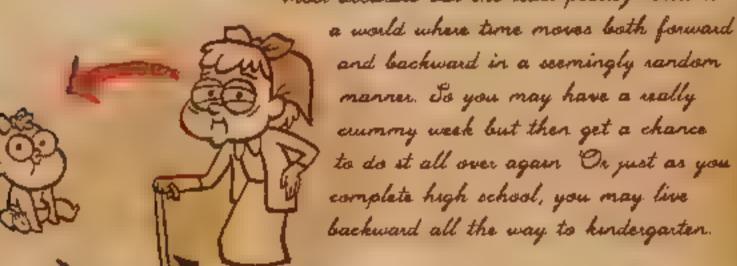
If you think that's dumb, try looking at their alphabet: it's just the letter "M" 26 times! Why does a universe like this exist? Why did I have to spend time there? Why did they keep

telling me to "mave a monderful mime!"?

Even though I was feeling "muicidal" after just 10 minutes there, at least they were relatively hind to me, considering how strange I must have looked to them. Not like the people in the Symbol Dimension. Those guys are @\$\$&@!!s.

# The Do-Over 5





The Do Over Dimension

can move forward normally

for really long spans of

time or "yo yo" back

and forth several times

in one day Professional

"timelineologists" are like

weathermen who try to

accurately predict "what the time

will be like" or any given day

As the old saying here goes, "one step

forward, infinite steps back, then two and a

half steps forward, for no discernable reason."

The main problem with the Do Over Dimension is that you remember every time you relive each section of your life. This may sound great at fust—who hasn't wanted a chance to "do over" some aspect of their life? But let's see how at actually plays out

TIME 1 It's been 6 months since you moved into your fust apartment and things have gotten pretty messy And now you we only got 2 hours to clean up before your new gulfriend sees the place for the first time. RECULT 1 The is hornfied at the mess and leaves early.

BUT TIME REVERSES!

TIME 2 It's been 5 1/2 months since you we moved into your fust apartment and things have gotten pretty messy But you've got 2 weeks to clean up and redecorate before your new gulfwend sees the place for the first time. It's a lot of work, but you make the place into a palace.

RESULT 2 The asks you to marry her BUT TIME REVERSES!

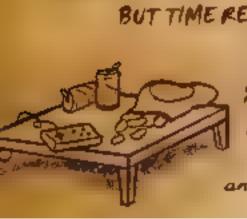
TIME 3 Its only been 5 months since you've moved ento your first apartment. It's as messy as before and you remember how much work it was to get it in shape last time You're not really ready to go through all that again. You do a basic cleanup and get some new curtains

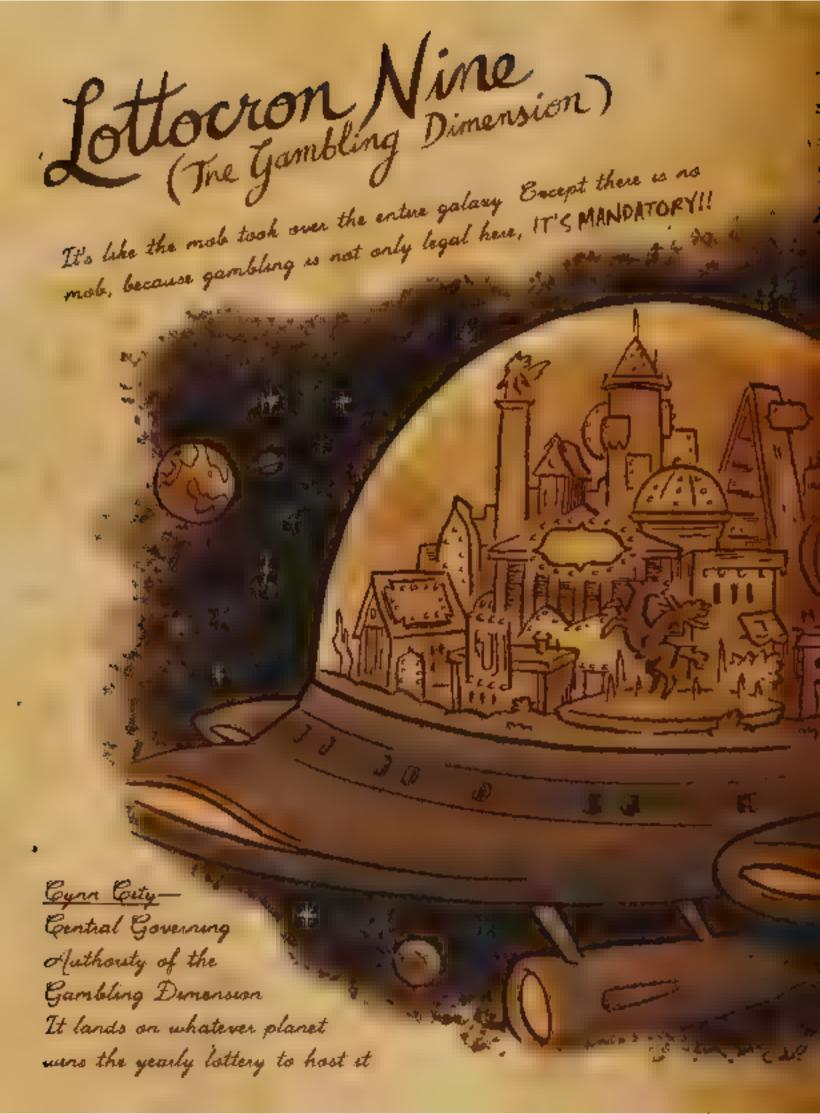
RESULT 3 Meh.

but time reverses!

TIME + It's only been I day since you've moved into your fust apartment. Everything is still in boxes and you don't even have a gulfrund yet.

RESULT & You decide to leave everything in boxes and play rudes games all day





#### Lyra pl Laulalub alk khuh!

Every aspect of life is left up to chance in this dimension.



Babues
learn to roll dice
before they learn
to walk, and no
one over the age of
five goes anywhere
without their lucky
Even choosing your

deck of cards. Even choosing your soul mate is left to Lady Luck.

Luckily, the government is effective. The Galactic Senate meets at the track every Saturday to debate bet on their favorite laws. Stan would have loved this place, but it just made me

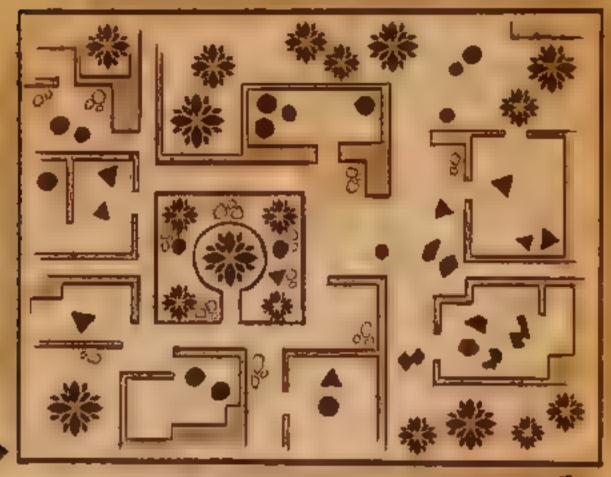
depressed. Although I had a good run in the Gambling Dimension, the dimensional bouncers ended up kicking me out for counting cards!

What are the odds?



My quest to defeat Bell led me to a strange would that I mestakenly believed to be his buthplace

# The Dimensional Dimension



A residential neighborhood in the 2-D world (a.k.a Exwhylia) as seen from above ("Above" being a direction that they know nothing about and does not exist.)

This drawing approximates how my

3-D body entersected with their 2 D universe

Looking at this picture, you might think me

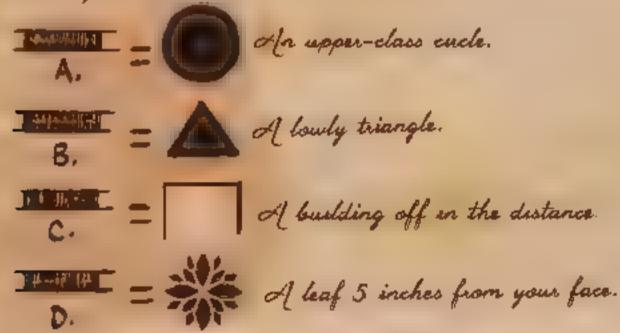
a god in then world—but not so much



This is what the world of Bruhylia looked like to me while I was there



My 3-D eyes were worthless in their 2-D world! There is no sky above them and no sun to bathe them in directional light and create shadows! But here's how the Bruhylians would interpret the objects above:

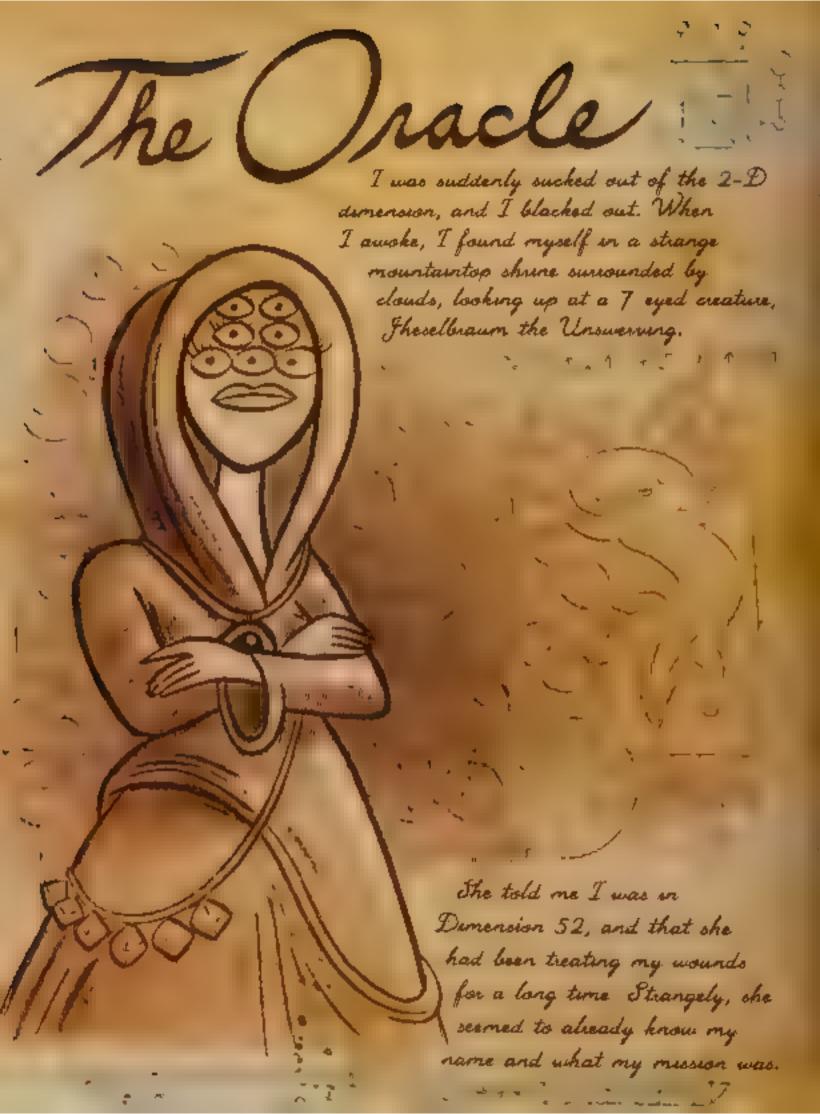


I believed Bell came from a similar world that was mysteriously destroyed But how? I didn't have much time to envestigate The Eswhylians considered me to be an "Irregular"

shape, which is vulgar in their society.

I was unable to explain myself, cence my mouth was stuck outside their world, and I soon found myself under attack.

Though small, the Bruhylians' bodies are rajor-sharp, and several hundred of them began slicing into my head Luckily, I was saved by one of the most extraordinary creatures I've ever encountered.





Whether she was psychic or had just read my wanted poster is hard to say. But she had some stunning insight about Bill The said that if I truly wanted to face him again, I would have to protect my mind—and that she could help me, but it would require putting a metal plate in my head with difficult surgery. Maybe it was the thin mountain an, but I agreed instantly.

For a week, as I recovered, we had many long conversations about Bill. Apparently, his thirst for power caused him to destroy his home dimension—including his parents and everyone else he'd ever known. The spoke of him without anger, but with a calm, steely, clinical resolve to see his reign of terror end The looked deep into my eyes and said I had the face of the man who

-7773

PLATE X-RAY was destined to destroy Bill. I was so excited that we open the entire night partying and durking Cosmic Sand—the very same hind Time Baby himself consumes When I awoke the next moining, she was gone and I was in another dimension entirely. It was time to continue my quest

I sometimes wonder where she is now & how she knew so much

about me

THE PARTY

512

#### PARALLEL EARTH DIMENSIONS



Unlike the dimensions
I've already described, many
dimensions in the multiverse
are "parallel Earths," very
similar to my dimension, but
with a few major differences

There are parallel Earths where dinosaurs still rule (one way or another).



And ones where dolphins (rather than Homo sapiens) took over as the dominant openess after the dinosaurs went extinct

(These dolphin Barths invariably have the best water parks)

There's a dimension where all music is just screaming, one where terms balls chase dogs, and one where everyone is



the same—except they re all babies. I didn't linger there too long—I don't care for being spit up on

## a Better World

But after nearly 30 years of dimension-hopping, I came upon a parallel Earth almost identical to our own. There was at least one crucial difference.

On this Earth, I was never pushed into the portal by Stan.

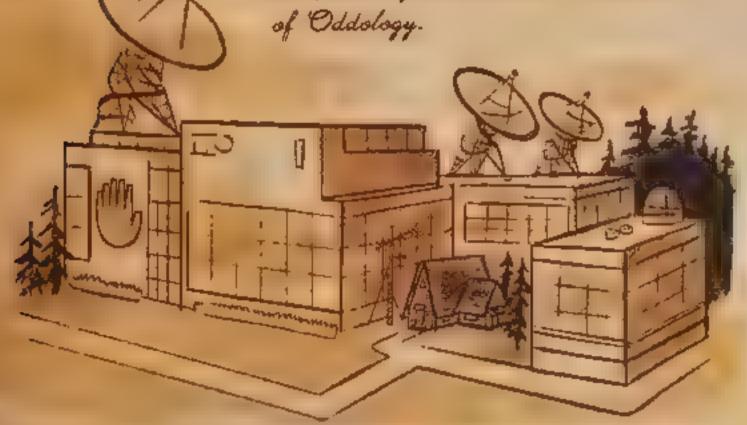
On this Earth, my brother listened to me and took Journal 1

away from Gravity Falls.

On this Earth, I reunited with Fuddleford, and together we created a Dimensional Vortex Neutralizer that allowed us to use the portal without any risk of a connection to Bill's Nightmans Realm.

By the time I vesited this parallel Earth, my parallel self was a celebrated star of the scientific community, and my small cabin in Gravity Falls had become

the sprawling International Institute of Oddologu.



Like a moth to a flame, I was drawn toward the Institute.

Luckely for this particular Earth, I ran into Parallel Fiddleford

before encountering my parallel self. He quickly recognized that I was

not his Stanford Pines, and had me detained by campus security

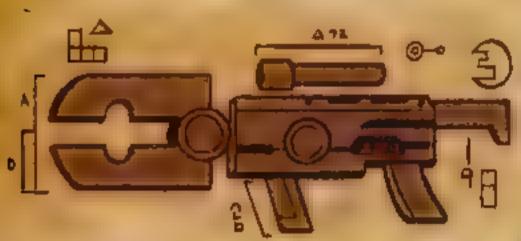
I put up quite a fight, but when I finally calmed down, PF explained why he was holding me captive. I few years back, he had been leading a portal expedition to a particularly dangerous dimension when one of the security officers ran into his parallel self of soon as they touched hands, the entire dimension began to warp and fizz with static Fiddleford and the rest of his team escaped back to their own dimension, but that officer was never heard from again. In fact, that whole dimension has ceased to exist



As much as I might have wanted to revel in my parallel selfs success, it was clear that there was literally no place for me in this dimension. Even if I could have stayed there for the rest of my days, my own conscience would not have allowed it I still held onto the vow I had made close to 30 years earlier to destroy Bill Copher.

When I mentioned my vendetta to DF, his knee began to bounce with agitation and excitement, the same as my own Fiddleford's knee. Although his dimension was safe from Bill, he understood the threat Expher posed to

the water multiverse. He was anxious to help in any way he could.



I showed him my unfinished Quantum
Destabilizer—a weapon
I was designing to blast
Bill into nonexistence

The problem was the power source In all my travels since leaving Theselbraum, I had never come across an element that had both the necessary power and the required stability.

DF suggested an element that he had discovered in the Parador Dimension It was inest when visible, but highly radioactive when hidden. He called it Now Weest Now U.Dontrum (A unique flair for language was something else he had in common with my Fiddleford)

After just a few days of tenkening and minor adjustments to my blasters design, the Quantum Destabilizer was finally fursished

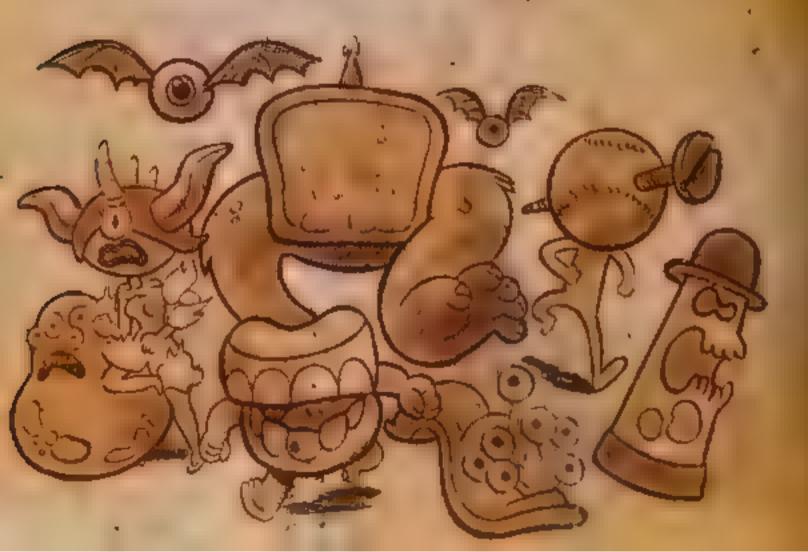
I was ready to face Bill.

# MY RETURN TO THE NIGHTMARE REALM

something that I had planned in my head for so long that it was difficult to believe it was actually happening. Plus, there are dimensions where everything happens in your head, so it can get confusing.

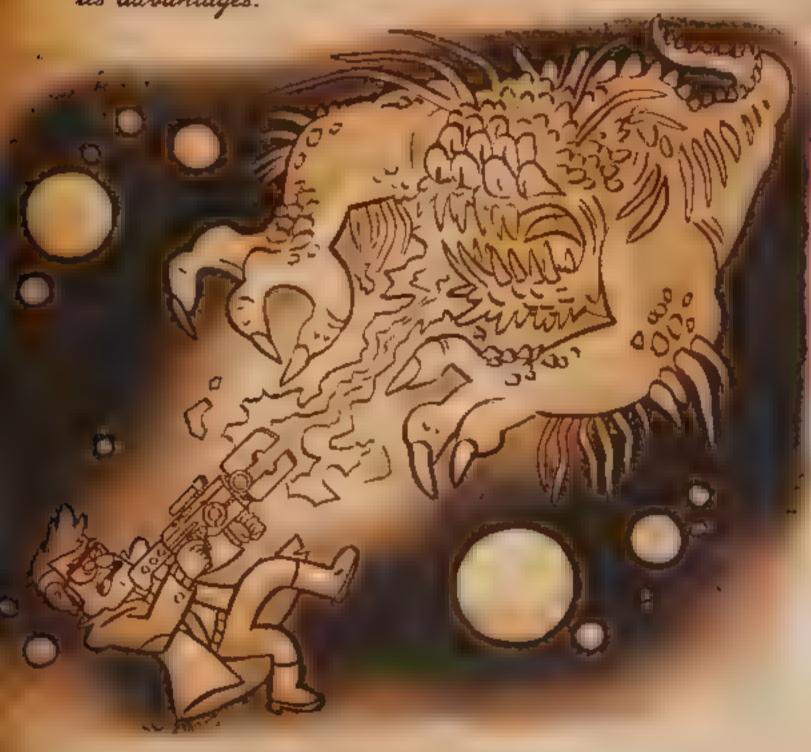
But there was no mistaking the Nightmare Realm for another dimension. The constantly shifting kaleidoscope of color, lack of gravity, and persistent smell of burnt hair were all signs that I was in the right place.

And of course there was also the fact that Bill Expherinstantly spotted me and unleashed his goons.



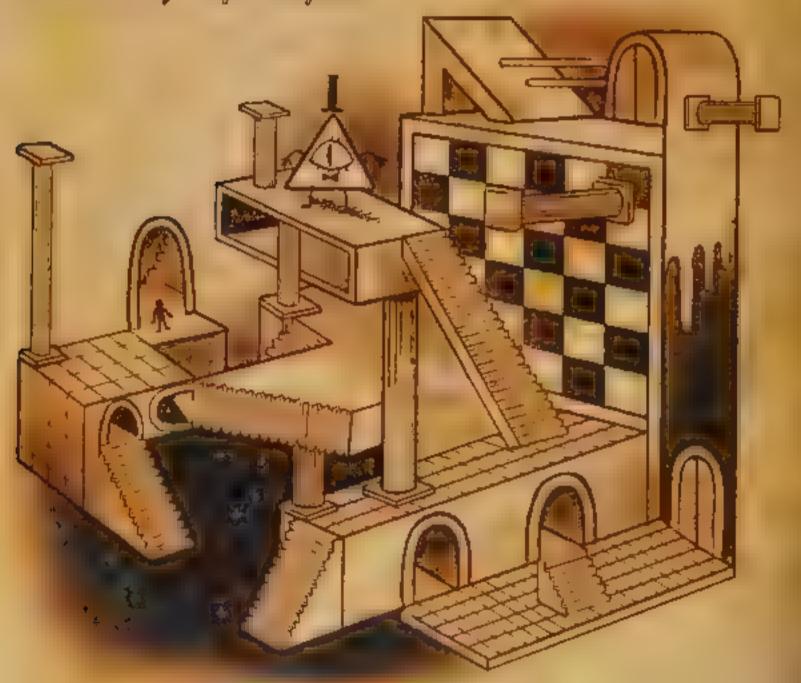
Although I was 30 years older than the last time I had faced these monsters, I was a fair bit more fit and agile.

Also, having a death ray in my hands did have its advantages.





With his henchmen in disaway, I had what would probably be my only chance to attack Bill directly. Eigher sensed that, for once, momentum was not on his side, and so he retreated to something called the "Quadrangle of Qonfusion."



I only had minutes till Bill's forces regrouped, and it would take me hours to untargle the unreal architecture of his fortress. Then I realized that in the Nightmare Realm, you did not need to follow the rules of physics, and I lunged right at him. The moment I had worked towards and struggled for all those long years had finally come. I had Bill Expher in my crosshaus! But at that moment, the entire Nightmare Realm shook as the portal was reactivated!!! There was no time to question why or to curse my luck. Bill was incapacitated with laughter, but I needed to beat the rest of his hench monsters to the portal or my home world would be envaded by Bell's forces. I ran along the length of the Quadrangle, and as I approached the edge, I jumped up in the air while simultaneously tossing a concussion grenade behind me. The - 1 force of the blast catapulted me past Bill's demonic gang and through the portal.

The passage between the two dimensions collapsed behind me. I

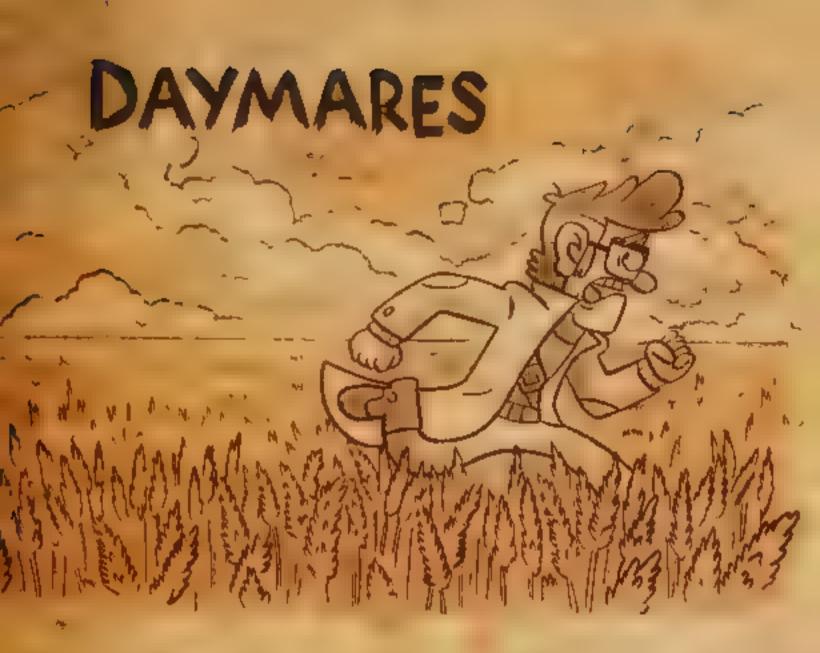
reentered the world of my youth to face a brother I had not seen in 30 years. My frustration was indescribable—once again, my brother's actions had sabotaged everything I had ever worked toward.

My resolve to defeat Bill has never been stronger.



Last night I awake covered in sweat—and not just because I slept in my clothes Bill Cipher has decided to pay my mind a visit once more. Although the metal plate I got installed in my head prevents Bill from being able to access my thoughts directly, he can still haunt my dreams. Last night, he appeared to me in a wheat field, cackling about the end of times and saying that I will be powerless to prevent his reign!

Our family is in danger, and I have to do something about it. I have been hesitant, however, to talk to the rest of the Pines about Bill (even Dipper, who I've grown to trust). I'd like to believe that this is out of a desire to protect them, but if I'm honest with myself, it's because I'm ashamed. . .



What would they think of me if they knew that it was my folly, my hubris, that conjured Bill in the first place? That he tricked me into creating the portal, and that the rift is a direct, physical reminder of the terrible deal I made so many years ago? Would Dipper still look up to me—or would he just consider me a fool?

No, I need not tell them everything. Just enough for now In the meantime, I have sent Mabel on an enand to see if she can retrieve some unicorn have to protect the Shack from Bill's influence. It's a long shot, but it's worth a try.

IN STORYBOOKS . . .

1) Their horns are supposed to determine whether you are worteny of their friendship, and shoot lasers at you if you aren't!

we are makes no sense.

- 3) Lick their necks and they taste like your favorite f avor in the world!
  - 4) They ove to go on quests and will happily accompany you and a bumbling unzard companion on an animated PG adventure for the whole family



1) Horns just play rave music, and not even the good kind. Barely danceable!

week of miles of her a

- 3) Say super mean 8 carry stuff! Celestabelieabethabelie called Wendy "Suretch," and told Candy that she was pretty, but not "TV pretty."

  What the necks
- 4) As a turns out, necks just taste like . horses' necks. Not good.

4 0 - 0 - 0 - 0 - 0

(ALSO: GRENDA)



encounter with some unicorns, so Grunkle Ford asked me to write a journal energy about them. He said I'm possibly the only person who's ever defeated one, so I guess I'm basically an expert now?

Whadat?

The main unicorn I deant with was named Cerestabelleabethabene (Pressy sure I specied that wrong.) She was supposed to tell me if I was pure of neart, but instead she just made a bunch of junk up and was super rude. Turns out that unicorns aren't anything like in storybooks so here's a handy guide to FACT vs FICTION of unicorns! (To make it more horse, he, I'm calling it YAY vs. NEIGH) I'm very worried Bill might try to play tisches on Dipper's mind. In order to prevent this, I have decided to employ one of my old devices

# The Mind Reader

I hope to encrypt his thoughts or "Bell-proof" his mind.

Stray thoughts I noticed in Dipper's head:

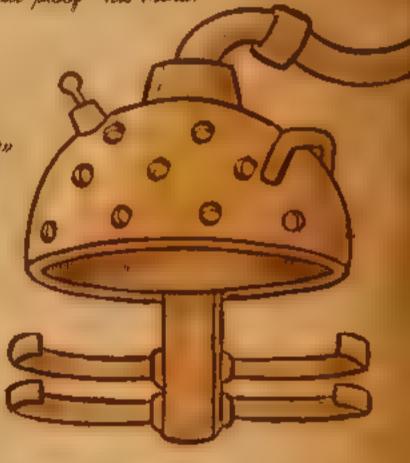
—"I'm itchy. Why am I always itchy? Will I be itchy forever?"

—"I hope 'Ghost Harassers'
lasts another few seasons."

—"Stan needs to hede his magazine collection better."

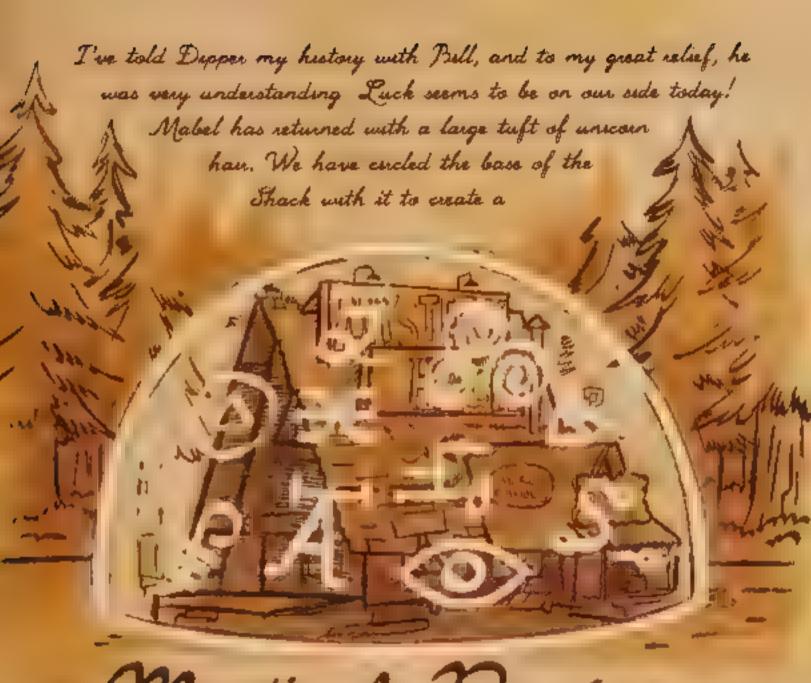
-"I hope Ford's not looking too closely at three thoughts."

—"Try to think of nothing."
Ugh, that was something!"



The procedure takes hours to complete, and when I fell asleep wasting, my clover nephew used the Mind Reader to see into my mend. My jumbled memories made him believe that I was still in cahoots with Bill, and he defended himself with Fiddleford's memory gun

What a disaster! And the whole thing could've been avoided if I had just come clean about Bill. It is time that I tell Dipper everything, regardless of what he thinks of me afterward.



## Mystical Barrier.

Although we were unable to "Bell-proof" Depper's mind, this should make the Shack and anyone would it impervious to Bell's power. After our latest misadventure, I realized it was time to tell Depper everything I knew about Gravity Falls. I sat him down and told him to ask me any question he could think of about the town. No more secrets His fust question made me beam with pride

WHY IS GRAVITY FALLS SO WEIRD?

# The true theory of WEIRDNESS

I told Dipper that I'd spent my young adulthood obsessed with this question. Bill Cipher told me that the weirdness in town leaked in from another dimension—but this was a lie. Bill was simply trying to trick me into opening a door so he could claim Gravity Falls for himself.

The truth, I explained, was a but stranger. To help Depper

understand, I borrowed Stanley's car, and we drove until we reached the

town border of Gravity Falls I pulled a bag of jellybeans

out of my pocket and began to explain.

Everything in the universe is like a jelly

bean—made of the same basic materials, varied in color and flavor, but all more or less conforming to an expected pattern

But every now and then,

by chance, a bear comes out deformed

odd . wend. I pulled an especially

strange bean out to show him, and then dropped of

it and the rest of the bag at my feet

The beans began to tumble downhall,

but one bean, the deformed one, almost

magically rolled backwards,

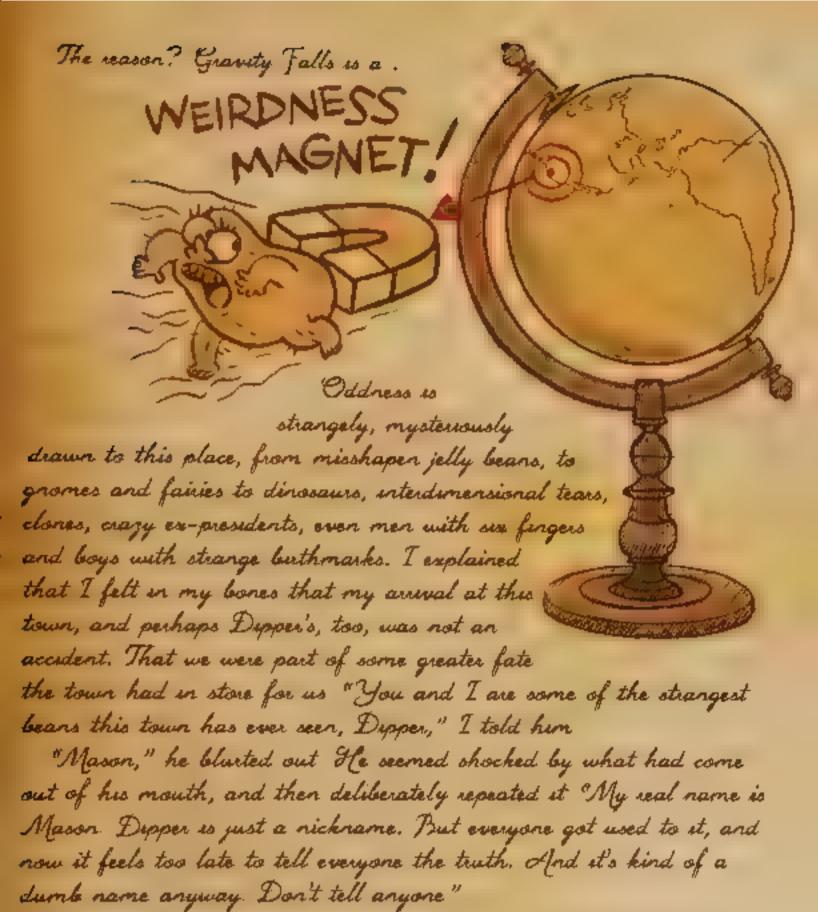
UF the hell, right UP TO

THE TOWN BORDER

ODD ONE

0000000

Dippers eyes widered I could see him beginning to understand Why had this one bear volled uphill?



I tussled his han and smiled at him. "Your secret's safe with me, Mason." I said "And I think it's a great name. The Masons are a great secret society, you know" He smiled. I realized how much he trusted me—and what a shame it was that he was leaving at the end

of the summer. I have begun to form an idea

### THE RIFT CONTAINMENT UNIT IS CRACKING!

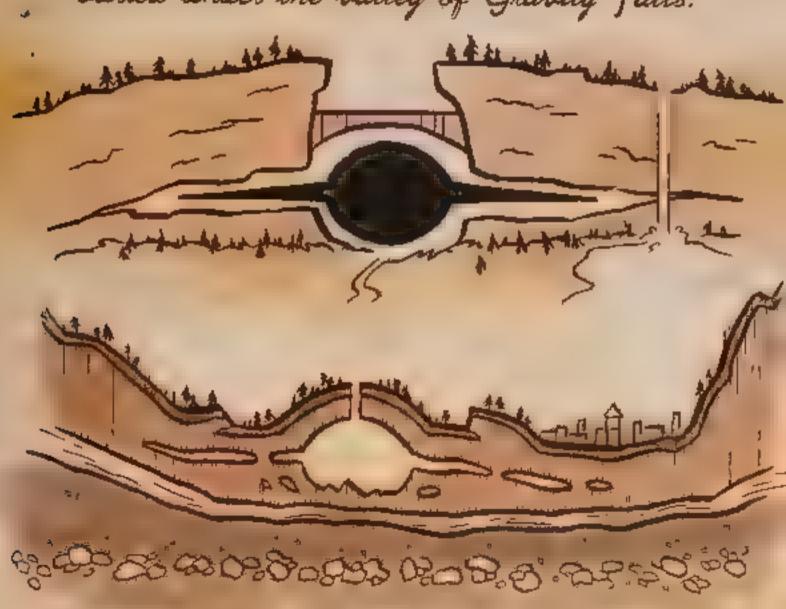
I suggested it would be a good time for Stan to take the kids on that wad trip he's been talking about while I puzzle over this problem. If the unit breaks, all the madness of Bill's Nightmare Dimension



In order to seal the reft for good, it is going to take an adhesive of unearthly strength. I must return to Grash Site Omega—although I suppose there's no longer any need for that coy nichname invented in my youth Since my rephew has decided to share his secrets with me, then I shall share mire as well oils I referenced in Journal 2, there is an

### ENORMOUS EXTRATERRESTRIAL CRAFT

buried under the valley of Gravity Falls.





The enormous scale of the enture interior would be impossible to capture on these pages. But here are a few of the more intriguing aspects of the ship . . .

In my long, dimension-hopping life, I've only encountered one creature that fits this skeleton shape the Pan-Dimensional Beings of

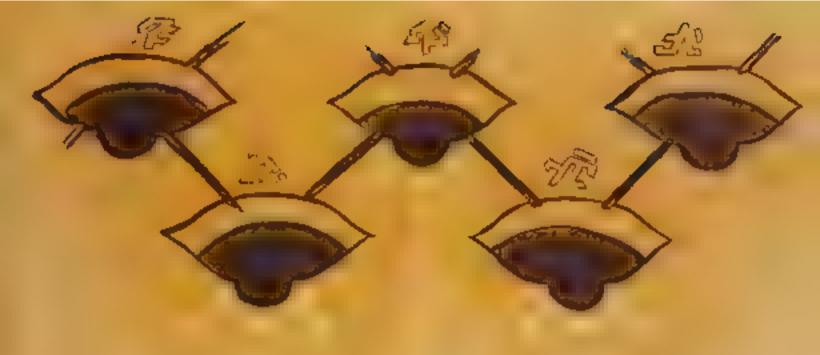
Trilagger Beta Fince they exist in 7 to 11 dimensions at once, they have a horuble sense of direction. No wonder the ship crashed.

of ship this big has not only climate control, but also actual full-blown weather I spotted levers for sunshine, rain, and even snow.

Not our what the tornado button is for Maybe a quick way to wipe out the crew in case of a muting?



WEATHER CONTROLS

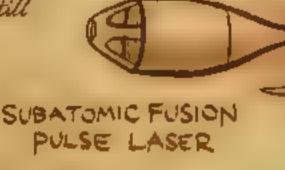


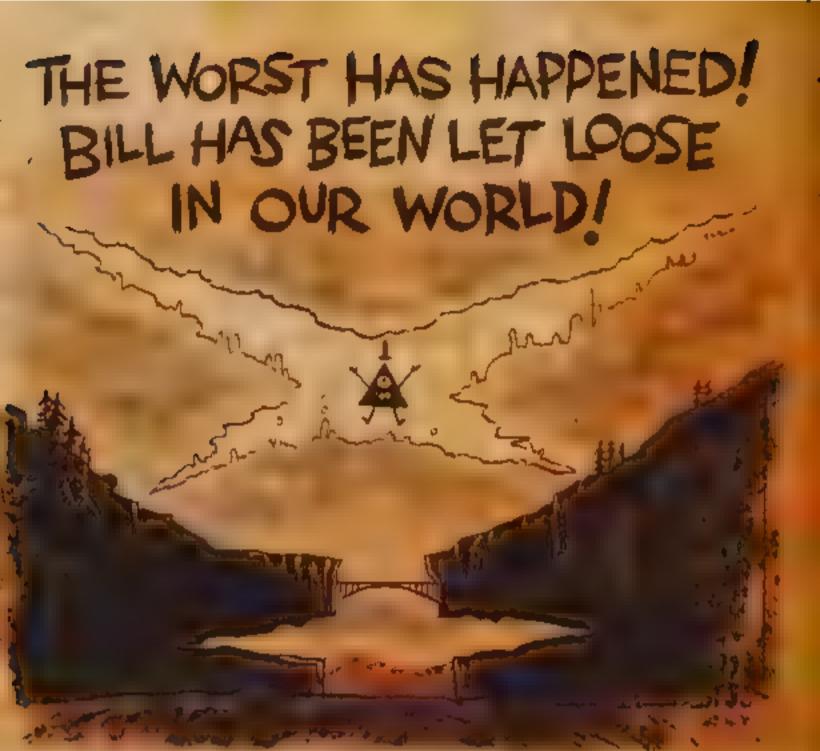
Having an alien ship under the town has caused many odd disturbances Stoplights that don't work properly Electrical interference Sick livestock. And occasional stories of vehicles being magnetically hurled off roads

A heavely guarded biological containment center apparently once housed eggs and larvae of other species discovered on alien worlds although judging by the claw marks and shattered glass, it seemed likely something escaped. Something occurred very furniture about this.

Of course, I doubt that I will have time to show any of this to Dipper on his first trip to C.O. Well need to retrieve Alben Adhesive, and I'm thinking of discussing my apprenticeship offer with him this afternoon. If luck is with

us, the security system is still defunct.





I don't know who got hold of the reft or who Bell deceived, but right now it does not matter. There is very little time to write, but I feel it necessary to quickly summarize our plan in case we fail and it falls to others to fight this beast

I only have one charge left on my Quantum Destabilizer, the weapon that required Parallel Fiddleford's builliance to complete. If all goes according to plan, we will use it to destroy Bell It should transform him into a wendress black hole, and such all the strangeness from the Nightmare Realm out of our own world.

But only a direct hit to the center of his body will work!!

I pray that if we fail, others will take up this fight. The fate of the world, the fate of the entire universe, depends on it!!!

This may be the last time that I write in this journal, or any journal, ever again I know I have made many mistakes in my life, but I pray that I can finally make things right





August 25,

Dipper here! I can't believe I'm holding this book in my hands. I saw Bill burn all 3 journals right in front of me!! But this morning, Soos found the journals lying in the woods, unharmed. Apparently, defeating Bill didn't just deweird the town, it also restored many of the things he destroyed—including the journals!

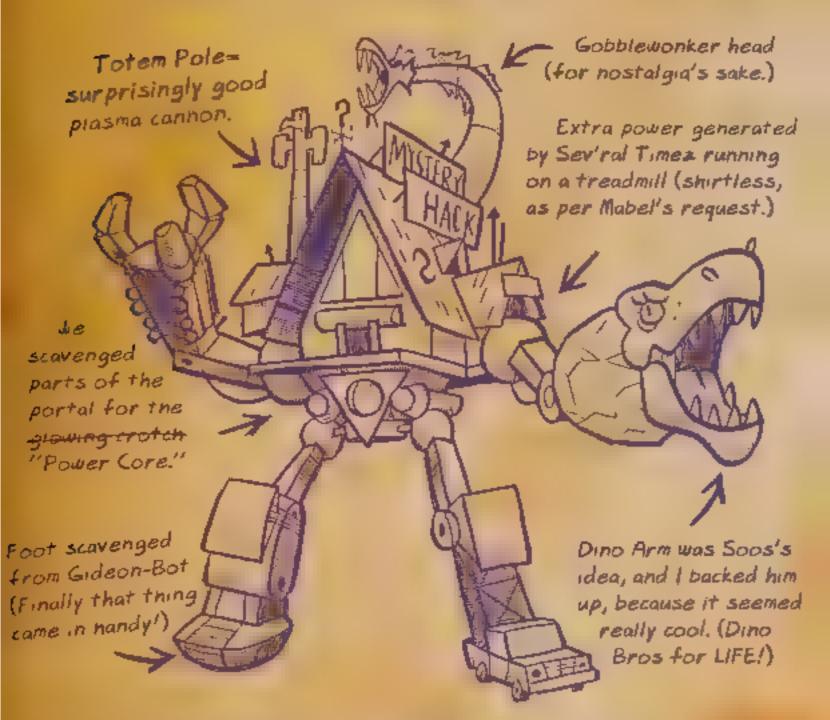
But I'm getting ahead of myself again. Let me start over:

- 1) Bill came out of a rip in the sky and took over Gravity Falls.
  - 2) Bill captured Ford and turned him to gold.
- 3) Bill tried to trap Mabel in a mind prison, and blew up Time Baby. (I wonder what ever happened to Blendin . . . I hope he's okay.)
- 4) The town banded together to save Ford and defeat Bill, and it was McGucket who figured out how. True, his solution to every problem is "Build a giant robot!", but this time he was on OUR side!

I don't know if he's gotten saner or crazier after the events of Weirdmageddon, but either way, he's become a bona fide hero—and made the rest of us heroes in the process. No one else could have dreamed up...

# THE SHACKTRON!

The robot's fighting style was inspired by Soos's favorite anime, "Neon Crisis Revelations Angry Cute Girl Annihilation" He kept requesting giving the robot a "Gun-Sword," but we told him that's ... not a thing.



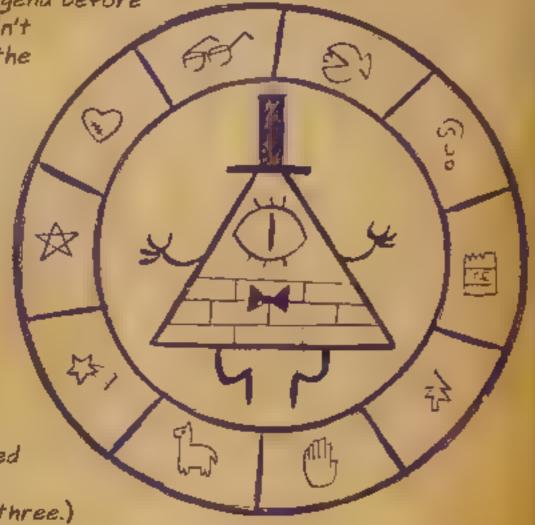
While Candy and Grenda led the Snacktron into battle, our rescue team parachuted inside the Fearamid and unfroze Ford He told us that we all had a crucial role to play as part of.

According to Ford, this was a prophecy found painted in the same cave where he originally summoned Bill. Ford had never

believed the legend before (apparently he couldn't believe that saving the

world involved so much getting along with others), but he thought it was finally worth a try

We seemed to
have all the right
people—amazingly
it even included
past enemies,
like Pacifica,
Gideon, + Robbie
(in retrospect, it's
pretty good we ended
up getting over our
grudges with those three.)



Unfortunately, Stan

long enough to join hands, so the whole thing fizzled out and Bill attacked us!

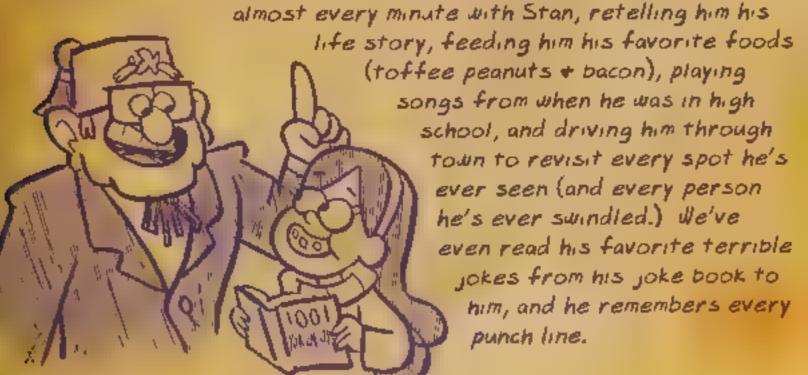
We still have no idea what would have happened if we had completed the Zodiac's prophecy! Soos imagines that the Zodiac would have given us all "radness powers." Somehow I doubt that this is what the ancients had in mind.

**RUNLIFELY** 

In the end, it turned out
to be Grunkle Stan who
saved us all—by erasing
his own mind, with Bill
inside. When Mabel and
I found out what had
happened, I think both
of us were too shocked
to believe it And luckily, Mabel
refused to believe it! After tearfully
showing Grunkle Stan her scrapbook, she
managed to spark bits of Stan's mind back to life—and
began recovering his memory bit by bit!

It turns out that the memory ray's effects can be undone through exposure to important images and people from your past (in the same way that McGucket began his road to recovery when he saw the tape of himself as a young inventor). The reason Stan recovered so much faster is that we began recovery while the erasure was still fresh—less than an hour after initial contact

Still, it's taken about a week of intensive scrapbook therapy to get Stan fully back to himself While the townsfolk and McGucket helped rebuild the Snack, Ford, Mabel, + I have been spending



Ford's been working at it the hardest. Seeing Stan's memory erased is the only time any of us have ever seen Ford cry. There have been several nights we've found that Ford has fallen asleep on the couch next to Stan, exhausted from a marathon of describing their childhoods together—and from apologizing for his mistakes.



Ford even found an old film reel of them as kids, which he amazingly saved all these years. There are clips of them playing on the beach, goofing around at the dinner table and pawn shop, and dressing as explorers in oversized helmets trying to find the "Jersey Devil."

Stan +
Ford are
downstairs
in the living
room watching
the home
movies right
now. As much as
we want to watch
too, we think this
is something they
should do on their own.
They've earned it.





I'll admit, I've been geeking out hard-core the last couple of days over having all 3 journals in my possession. Not only did defeating Bill fix the journals, but it turns out that it also restored pages that had long since been burned or ripped out. There's countless pages in here that I never saw before, things I would have killed to know earlier in the summer. The journals even SMELL better. (Slightly less like millipedes!)

Part of me wants to keep the journals forever as a birthday gift to myself, but I know I've got to tell Ford about them. They belong to him. I just hope he won't be mad that I've kept them to myself this long.

Besides, there's no way I could forget the strange creatures and events we've both written about here. This journal was my guide to someone else's adventure—and now it's time I start my own

I've even started my own journal to take back to California. (Do you like the cover?) I told Ford that I wouldn't be taking his apprenticeship, and he completely understood. Apparently he's thinking of asking someone else to be his new partner in crime. (And I think we both know someone who's great at crime.)

I'll never forget the most amazing summer of my life or the family and friends who made it that way—and I'll never forget the book that first opened my eyes to the mysteries of the universe.

This is At Dipper Pines, signing off for the final time

(Don't be mad, Grunkle Ford!!)

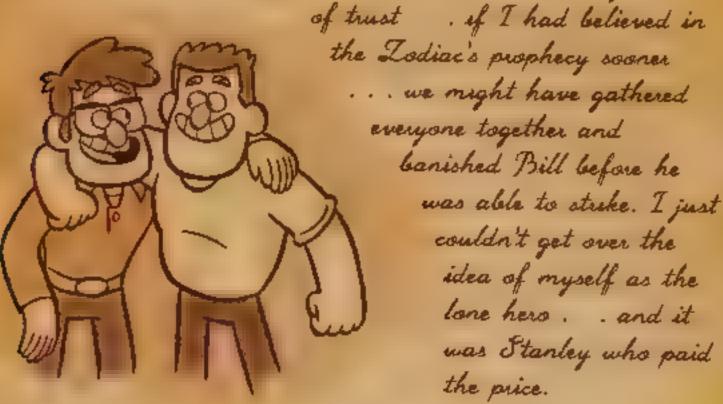


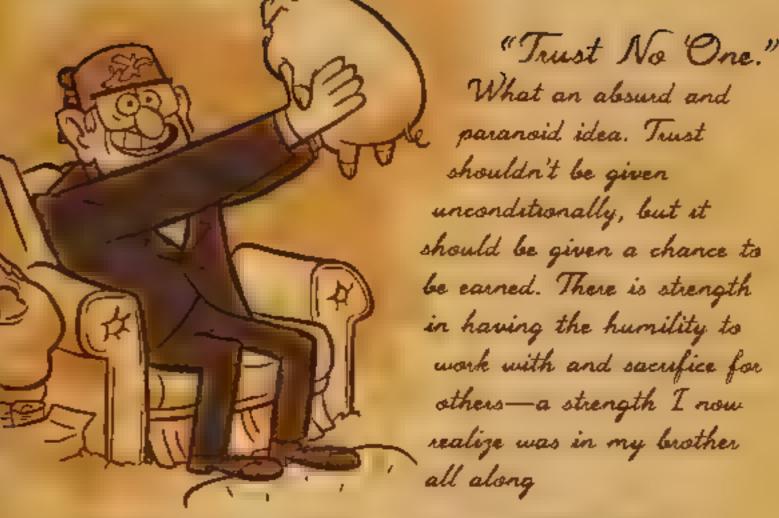
My grandrephew's fears are unfounded all I feel toward him is love and pride He is a wiser man at twelve thirteen than I was at thirty. He has an incredible future ahead of him—one in which he will hopefully avoid repeating my terrible errors.

Looking back on my lifetime of catastrophic mistakes, I realize one great pattern in all

my follies. I thought being a great man meant being alone. Opart from the crowd. I bristled at the idea of sharing my accomplishments with anyone. I shunned my brother for one dumb mistake, and I shunned Fiddleford for having the sense to try to stop me from dooming the world

Even when I was given a second chance, I still held others at a distance. If I had been able to widen my circle





Stanley Pines was the man who saved the world, not me. I spent so long thinking he was a selfish jerk, and he turned out to be the most selfless man I've ever met in

any dimension. If I'm totally

honest, I must admit that he's a hero's brother.

And Im shay with that.

Thank goodness he is recovering his wonderfully twisted mind I wow to spend the rest of my days making things right between us . . .

If only he gives me a chance.



## There was someone else I needed to make amends to ... my old partner, Fiddleford McGucket.



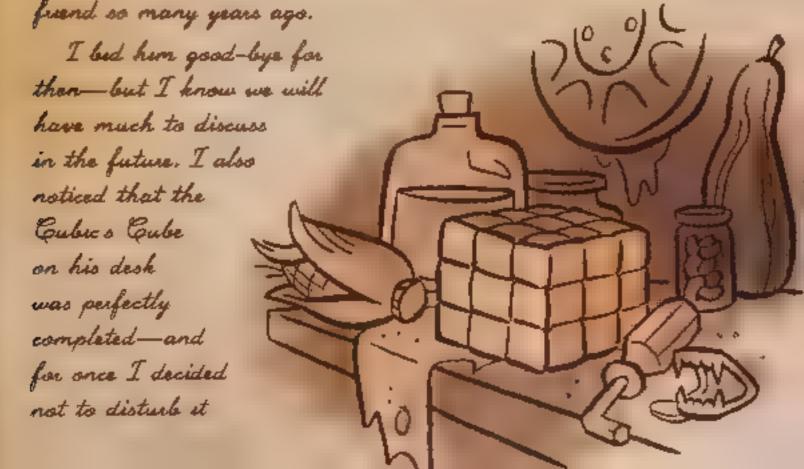
We rewrited during Wendmaggedon, but it was far too breef, so after things calmed down, I went to west him. Dipper had warned me about Fiddleford's unever mental state, but when I saw that he was living at the dump, it became clear how deeply I had hurt this man that I had once held so dear.

He was overyoged to see me, and we spent hours talking. He was fascinated by my tales of the multiverse, and his probing questions made it clear that his excellent mind had recovered most of its enormous capacity. My feelings of quilt returned when the conversation turned to the subject of his self-induced memory loss, but T dismissed my attempts to apologize. Not only is this mans mind superior to mine, but he has one of the biggest hearts I've ever seen.

I have found one way to try to make things up to him During my visit, I discovered a large trove of blueprints. T dismissed them as "doodles," but in truth they are an amazing array of futuristic machines the likes of which I have never seen. I existed that he submit these plans to the U.S. government I believe the royalties will allow him to significantly upgrade his living awangements (And possibly wear shoes for the first time in 30 years.)

We also talked about our family members and how his had turned their backs on him when he lost his mind. I encouraged him to reach out to them. No matter how haid it is, everyone deserves a chance at having a family. Amazing that it took me so long to understand this.

Before I left, Fuddleford insisted that I listen to him play the banyo. I could have sworn that as he joyfully played, I could see the age lift off his face, and see the Fuddleford who had been my





Gravity Falls is back to normal (at least, as normal as things get in this place) And although unusual phenomena are concentrated here, they are not confined to this location. There is a whole would out there that needs to be protected—and based on some strange signals I've seen in the Arctic Ocean, I think a new adventure might be right on the horizon.

When Stanley and I were kids, we would often read tales of the Sibling Brothers -about two boys who deducated their lives to exploring mysteries together (For the record The butler stole the capers OBVIOUSLY.) With a new anomaly to investigate, I've been thinking about those tales more and more lately

Dipper is no longer my apprentice, and Feddleford has a genuine career as an inventor ahead of him—so I think it's time for the Pines Tuens to join forces again. At least, I hope so I haven't discussed my idea with Stan yet But if I know my brother, he will jump at the chance to find "money and babes"

The path before us is clear oford it looks like this



It is a beautiful summer day. Everyone is packing for their respective futures, but I have found my mind drifting to how lovely the cloudless sky looks beneath the August sun. I've spent too long with my head in a book, its time to look at the world - and people—around me once more.

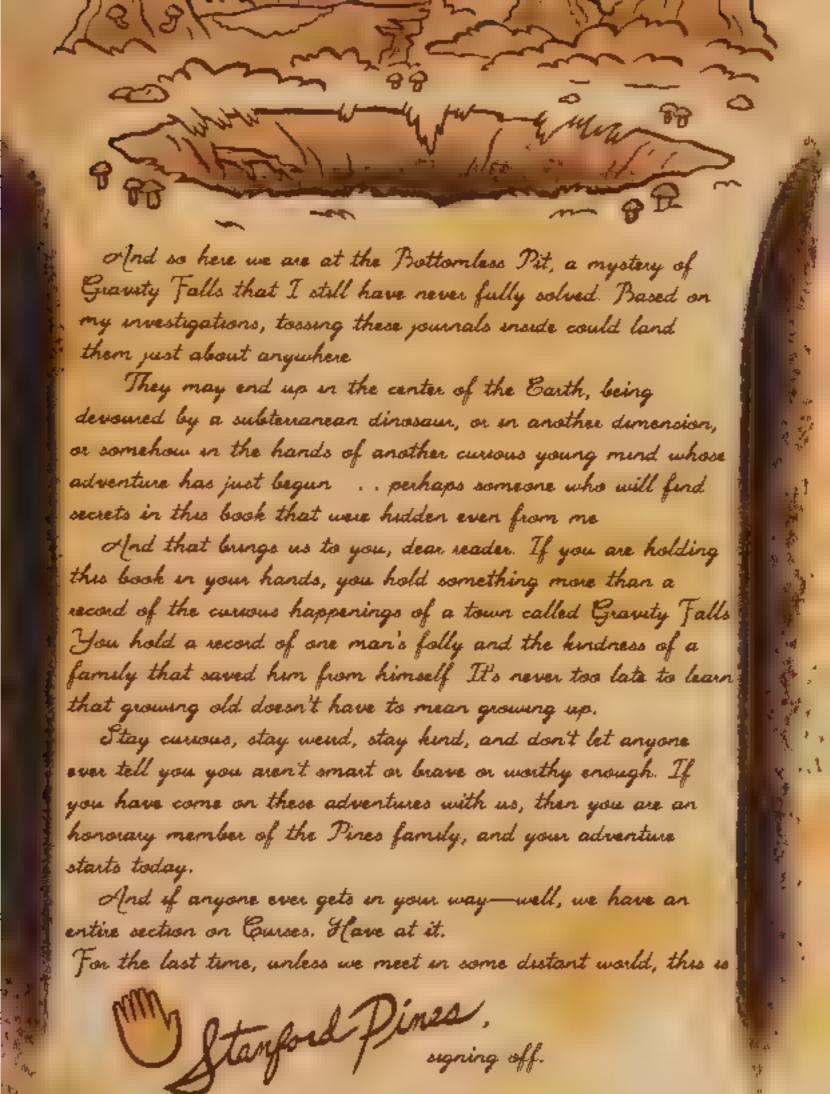
But what to do with these journals? They we been created, destroyed, lost, found, buried, and burned, and yet, somehow, despite everything, they remain here like a curse I cannot escape.

I had suggested to Dipper that because of all the misfortune caused by them, we burn them in the last campfue of the summer. Mabel, Joss, & Stan all seemed very excited by this notion.

But Dipper had a better idea. we burn all my Bill Copher artifacts instead. So we did. My scrolls, carpets, window. . everything I'd ever collected with Bill went into the fine. We made a mores and told stories until survice.

It was Mabel who ultimately came up with the best solution of what to do with the journals.







Spok found at Forest in Oregon, Unknown Jouan For Sun Light Be of interest. Orego: Parks Department, 20 6

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le Involved with

Alex Hirsch is the creator of Gravity Falls and the voices of many of its characters. There are rumors that he is actually a bunch of gnomes stacked on top of each other in a trench coat, but this is not true, probably. In his spare time he enjoys writing biographical blurbs about himself in the third person.

Rob Renzetti has written about a wide range of strange creatures, including Category 10 ghosts, teenage robots, and magical ponies. He lives in LA with his favorite mermaid and their supernaturally smart lagomorph.

Andy Gonsalves is not secretly a reptilian disguised in a human form bent on manipulating society to advance the agenda of his alien overlords. He's a designer and illustrator responsible for the journal pages seen on Gravity Falls and many more in this book. Again, not a reptilian.

Stephanie Ramirez is among the top hundred Canexican American character designers at Disney Television, and helped Ford and Dipper to illustrate many pages in this be . . She loves her toothless nd her mouse potato riend (in that order).

